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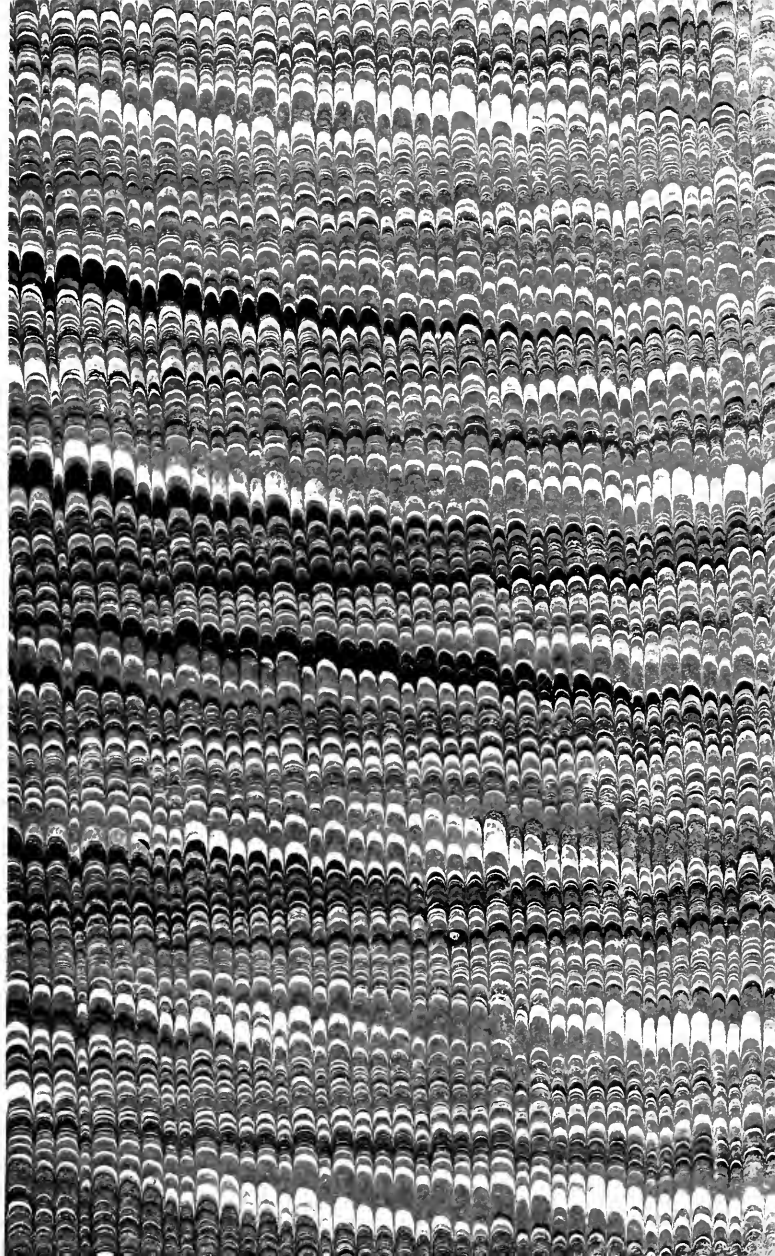
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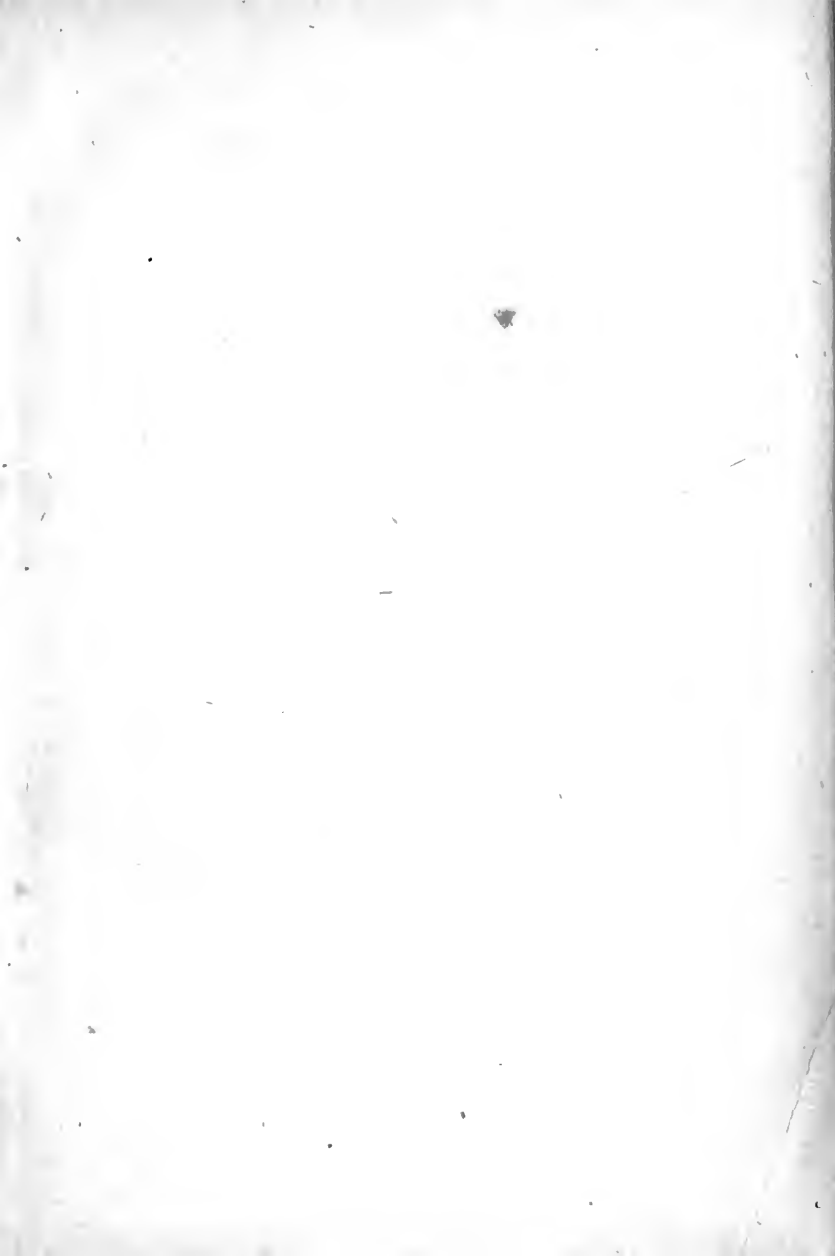


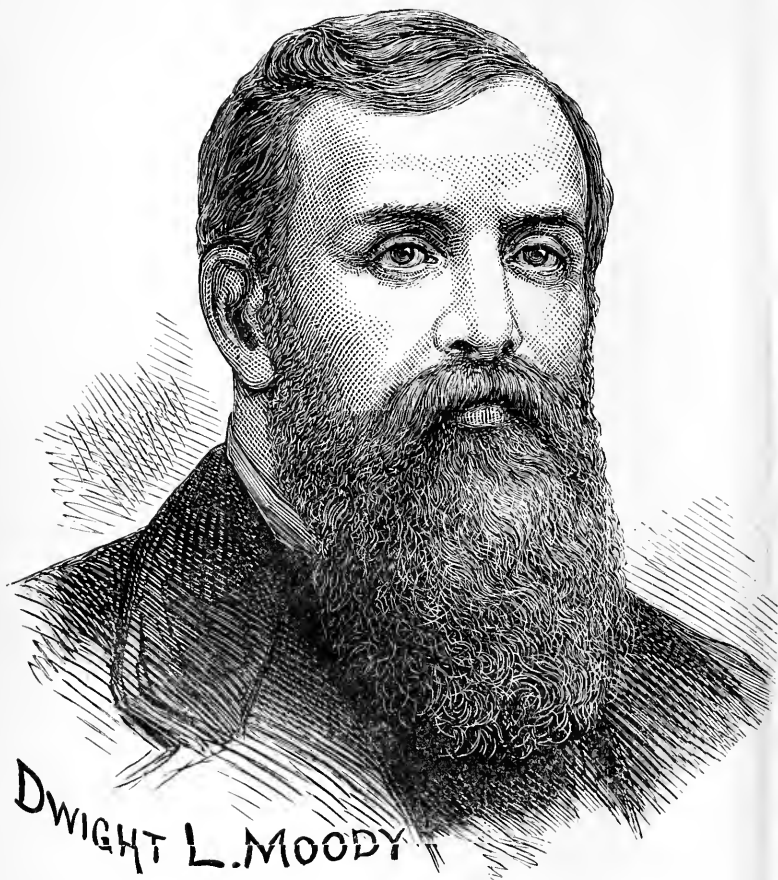
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THE
LIVES AND LABORS
OF
MOODY AND SANKEY

GIVING

A CONCISE NARRATIVE OF THE EARLY LIVES, LATER EXPERIENCES, AND GRAND ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL EVANGELISTS OF MODERN TIMES;

BEING

A FULL HISTORY OF GOD'S WORK IN GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA THROUGH THE AGENCY OF THESE MEN; AND EMBRACING, ALSO, MR. MOODY'S SERMONS AS PREACHED ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC, HIS BRAYER-MEETING TALKS, AND "GEMS OF THOUGHT," MR. SANKEY'S HYMNS, TOGETHER WITH EVERYTHING OF INTEREST CONNECTED WITH THEIR TRULY WONDERFUL CAREER OF CHRISTIAN CONQUEST.

BY

REV. ROBERT BOYD, D.D

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

REV. JOHN POTTS,

Pastor of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto

—
NEW EDITION.
—

TORONTO, ONT.:

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1876.

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RETIRED clergymen, school-teachers, professional men, and young men from the country of fair education and good address, are wanted to act as agents in introducing this book, and my other popular and standard publications, into every township in the Dominion. I now have a large number of agents engaged selling my publications, many of whom are of the highest respectability, and include ministers, school-teachers, farmers, and mechanics, who have left their former occupations to engage in this enterprise because of the large profits to be realised and the great good they may accomplish.

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NO. 48 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONT.

INTRODUCTION.

*By Rev. John Potts, Pastor of the Metropolitan Church,
Toronto.*

I **FEEL** it a great pleasure to introduce to the Christian Churches of the Dominion a Canadian edition of a book written by Dr. Robert Boyd, of Chicago, giving an account of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, their lives, and their wonderful evangelistic work.

The issue of this volume is at a time when there is a general interest awakened on the subject of religion. The reading of this thrilling narrative will contribute largely to increase that interest by giving directness to the zeal and efforts of God's people, and encouraging the timid but sincere seeker to trust the compassionate Saviour, whose power and willingness to save are so amply illustrated in every chapter of this work.

The names of D. L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey are familiar in every English-speaking country throughout the world, and are well known in lands where the English language is not spoken. Why are the names of those men as household words among all denominations of Christians? Who are they? They are not ordained ministers of Christ. They are not trained in the learnings of the schools, and they make no pretensions to be masters of theology. They are laymen; but

laymen wholly consecrated to God, and called to leave their secular affairs for the great business of preaching and singing the Gospel. Their mission, already greatly honored of God, is destined to prove an unspeakable blessing to many yet unreached, and yet unborn. While the preaching and singing of these men have been blessed to thousands in their conversion, I believe that their chief work has been in the Churches—awakening drowsy professors into a quickening spirituality, and leading them out of the wilderness of doubt and barrenness into the promised land of abiding faith and unceasing fruitfulness. As a result of the visits of these honored servants of the Lord*Jesus, it is found that there is witness-bearing and working for Jesus unknown before, and now a mighty power for good in the communities where such are “about their father’s business.”

What is the secret of the success—the unparalleled success—which has attended the earnest and untiring efforts of these men, whom God has delighted to honor?

The Bible has had unusual prominence, yea pre-eminence in all their services. Mr. Moody is a man of one book, and his unflinching faith in its contents, both of promise and threatening, is positive. He speaks of the facts of Scripture, the doctrines of Scripture, the promises of Scripture, and the threatenings of Scripture, as if doubt had no lurking place in his heart; and by God’s blessing he has been able to communicate both his reverence for and faith in the Bible to a multitude of disciples, who are now feasting on its Divine truths, and declaring, “More to be desired are they than

gold, yea, than much fine gold ; sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb."

Prayer has also had a large place in this movement. We learn, and can easily credit the statement, that Mr. Moody is a man of prayer. The work that he has been able to do is largely the fruit of " effectual fervent prayer." Then, he has drawn around him a band of choice spirits from the ranks of the ministry and membership of the various branches of the Church of Christ—souls on whom the anointing of the Spirit has rested, and thus the whole movement has been surrounded with an atmosphere of prayer.

The preaching of Mr. Moody cannot be overlooked in accounting for the success which has attended the services. The sermons are earnest, direct spiritual expositions of the Word of God. There is an intensity in the appeals which burns its way to the heart and conscience, and there is such an appropriateness in the illustrations and anecdotes, that the most ordinary hearers can see and often feel the application of the Gospel message. I incline to the opinion that Mr. Moody has done good service in opening the eyes of ministers to see that hearty, earnest sermons are better than dry, elaborate discourses or polished essays upon general topics of Scripture. These are days when ministers of Christ should speak with such force of truth and unction that men may feel that messengers of heaven " are beseeching them in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God."

The singing of Mr. Sankey has formed a very attractive feature of the meetings. While Mr. Moody has preached the

Gospel, with no less earnestness has Mr. Sankey sung the Gospel—sung it until heads were bowed in prayer, until bosoms heaved with emotion, and hearts cried out to “Jesus of Nazareth passing by,” “Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy upon me.”

In accounting for the unusual success of this evangelistic movement, the first place must be given to the Holy Spirit. The chief workers and subordinate helpers have acted as if they heard the voice of God saying, “Not by might, nor by power; but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.” Every step has been taken with the utterance upon the lips of the leaders, “We believe in the Holy Ghost;” and thus depending upon the Spirit, the Spirit has attended the songs of Zion, and the proclamation of the Gospel, with the power that enlightens, subdues, attracts and saves. I confidently hope that this volume may stir the hearts of God’s people, and constrain many to engage more fully in the blessed work of winning souls.

TORONTO, *August*, 1876.

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MOODY AND SANKEY.

CHAPTER I.

HISTORY OF THEIR EARLY LIVES.

WHILE seeking to satisfy a natural curiosity respecting the men who have accomplished the grandest evangelistic work of modern times, and who seem but to have entered upon their wonderful career of Christian conquest, we also unfold a stranger page of Divine Providence than we usually encounter, and see how God trains His servants for the peculiar service to which He invites them. Whatever truly represents a human life must be interesting, however lowly that existence and humble its surroundings. We could wish for more information concerning our blessed Lord and His early Life, but enough has been given to verify Him to us as a real personage, and to show that all was in keeping with the unique character He possessed and the double office He performed. The same is true respecting the apostles and evangelists. We have no burdensome minutiae of description, but only general outlines and occasional facts of characteristic interest and historic importance.

In reference to these new candidates for honor as great harvesters in the field of souls, one of whom (Mr. Moody) is a personal friend, and has been an intimate acquaintance for fifteen years, in addition to personal knowledge, we find ample

materials scattered in books and periodicals, and gather them into such forms as will best meet the wants of our readers, being careful to exercise judgment in the selection and grouping, that we may portray truthfully the ways of Providence in their course of education and training for their present mighty success.

Dwight Lyman Moody was born in Northfield, Massachusetts, February 5th, 1837; being the sixth of nine children (seven sons and two daughters) of Edwin Moody. When he was but four years old his father died. All that was left to his mother for the support of herself and children was the little home on the mountain side, with an acre or two of land; and even this was encumbered with mortgage. Some of her worldly-wise neighbours advised her to give away or bind out her children; but this she determined not to do. God had endowed her with unusual strength both of body and mind, and, trusting in Him, she bravely lifted her burden of poverty and toil, and carried it patiently, hopefully, and at length cheerfully, until her little ones were able to help her bear it, and at last to fill her hands with plenty as they had filled her heart with love and care. The pressing cares and heavy burdens of Mrs. Moody led her to seek for a Friend and Helper in the Lord. She was determined to do all she could to save her children in this life; and believed in a God who would do the same for them in the life to come. She placed herself and family under the instructions of Pastor Everett, and they were all baptized together, and received into the Unitarian Church of Northfield, after the fashion of those days.

The shadow of poverty was over them, but the love of the Great Father above, and of the godly mother below, kept the little ones from want and gloom, and made their home a happy one in spite of their misfortunes.

A lovelier spot than that old homestead would be hard to find. It stands on the eastern slope of the valley of the Connecticut River, which here flows through narrow meadows, with grand hills on either side, rising here and there into peaks, which if there were not so many of them in that part of the State, would be called mountains and honored with separate names. Whatever advantage there is in glorious natural scenery, the boy Dwight enjoyed it in great perfection. Certain it is in after life his manners came to be quite suggestive of bold peaks, mountain torrents, and hurricanes sweeping over woods and hills.

His mother still lives in the old home at Northfield, and to that cherished spot Mr. Moody hastened upon his arrival from England, his name known and blessed throughout the whole civilized world. Surely that mother has met a great reward for her faithfulness and love ; the bread she cast upon the waters years ago has been found again.

A writer gives us an incident of the early home which Dwight often uses with powerful effect. Being himself a man of the strongest domestic attachments, he appeals to these tenderer elements of our nature with rare and tremendous skill and power.

One of the elder sons, with a boyish ambition to make his fortune in the great world, suddenly disappeared.

For years no tidings of the lost boy reached the widowed mother. It seemed sometimes as if her heart would break for him. "Oh ! if I could only know he was dead, it would be better than this ! Maybe he is sick and in want !— maybe he has fallen in with wicked men, who will make him like themselves !"

They would all sit in a semi-circle about the fire of a stormy winter's night, and listen to stories of their dead father : what he did, what he said, how he looked, how he

was kind to a friend and lost a great deal of money by him, and so their little home was mortgaged, and they were poor. But if by chance any one spoke the name of the absent brother, a great silence fell upon them; the tears would come into the eyes of the mother, and then they would steal away to bed, whispering their "good-nights," and walking softly as they went; for that name was like a sword-thrust to the mother's heart. Then they would lie awake listening to the roar of the wind among the mountains, thinking maybe *he* was out in the cold somewhere, or, worse than that, perhaps he had gone to sea, and while they were snug in bed, was keeping watch on a wave-beaten deck, or climbing a reeling mast in just such darkness and storm.

Now and then between the gusts a sound would be heard like the wail of the summer wind when it used to make harp strings of the leaves and branches of the great maple trees in the yard: low and gentle now, and again rising into louder and stronger tones. Then they held their breath and listened. Mother was sitting up to pray for her lost boy.

Next morning perhaps she would send them down to the post-office in the village, a mile and a half away, to ask for a letter—a letter from *him*, though the mother never said so. But no letter ever came.

Long years after, when the widow was growing old, and her soft dark hair was turning white, one summer afternoon a tall, swarthy man, with heavy black beard, was seen coming in at the gate. He came up under the porch, and, the door being open, he stopped and looked in, with an eager anxious face, as if he were afraid he might not find the one he was seeking, though he had stopped at the church-yard on his way through the village, to see whether there were two graves instead of one, where his father had been laid so

many years ago. Surely his mother was not dead, but was she still at the old home?

The widow came to the door to bid the stranger in. The eyes that had watched so long for his coming did not know him now. He was only a boy when he ran away; years of hardship and exposure to sun and storm had made him strange even to his mother.

"Will you come in?" said she, in her courteous and kindly way.

But the stranger did not move or speak. He stood there humbly and penitently, in the presence of her whose love he had slighted, and whose heart he had broken, and, as a sense of his ingratitude began to overwhelm him, the big tears began to find their way over his weather-beaten face.

By those tears the mother recognized her son. He had come at last! There was so much of the old home in him that he could not always stay away. But he would not cross its threshold till he had confessed his sin against it, and heard from the same lips which had prayed for him so often and so long, the sweet assurance that he was forgiven.

"No! no!" said he; "I cannot come in till my mother forgives me."

Weeping upon his neck, forgetting all the sorrow he had caused her in the joy of seeing him once more, she forgave him because he asked it, and because she loved him.

"And that is just the way," says Moody,—who sometimes tells the story to his great congregations,—"that is just the way God forgives all the prodigal sons who come back to Him. Do you think mother kept her long-lost boy out there in the porch till he had gone through with a string of apologies, and done a list of penances, and said ever-so-many prayers? Not at all! She took him to her heart at once. She made him come right in. She forgave him *all*,

and rejoiced over his coming more than over all the other children. He had been lost, and now he was found !”

At the age of 17 Dwight felt an irrepressible anxiety to strike out for himself, and he accordingly went to Boston with his mother's blessing on his head, and commenced his city life as a clerk. He was drawn to Dr. Kirk's Congregational church, and with Edward Kimball's Bible class. Here he made considerable sport by his desire for knowledge, and his abrupt ways. He was led to Christ by the instrumentality of these influences, but through lack of instruction was not permitted to join the church till a year had passed, or he was able to give an intelligent account of himself as a believer. Nothing daunted, he kept straight on ; but at last, feeling his own deficiencies among a people composed so largely of the educated, and being kindly advised by his pastor that he had not better attempt to speak in the meetings, he became discouraged and left the East, and gravitated to the metropolis of the West, and began work in a shoe-store in Chicago, September, 1856. Says one of his biographers :

“ On Sunday he sought out a Mission Sunday School, and offered his services as a teacher. He was informed that the school had a full supply of teachers, but if he would gather a class, he might occupy a seat in the school-room. The next Sabbath he appeared with *eighteen boys*, and a place was assigned him for his new and rough recruits. This was the beginning of his mission to the ‘ masses.’ On that day he unfolded his theory of how ‘ to reach the masses ’—‘ Go for them.’

“ Soon after, he commenced the ‘ North Market Hall Mission School.’ The old market-hall was used on Saturday nights for dancing ; and after the motley crowd had dispersed, Mr. Moody and his associates spent the late hours of Saturday night and the early hours of Sunday morning in removing

the sawdust and filth, cleansing the floor, and putting the room in order for their Christian work. The repetition of this kind of labour week after week was obviously not very agreeable ; but it was cheerfully rendered by a young man who lived for one object—the salvation of souls. In this hall the school was held for six years, and increased to over one thousand members. Many were brought to Jesus ; and the work was carried forward amidst marked encouragements and discouragements.

“ Finding it extremely difficult to hold prayer-meetings or Sabbath-evening services in this hall, Mr. Moody rented a saloon that would accommodate about two hundred persons. He boarded up the side windows, and furnished it with unpainted pine-board seats. It was a dismal, unventilated place, and during service it was necessary to have policemen to guard the door and building. Here he collected the poor and the vicious ; and sought, by melting appeals and fervent prayers, to lead hardened sinners to abandon their evil courses and accept the offers of salvation.”

Says another : “ The man who may be called, *par excellence*, the Lightning Christian of the Lightning City, is Mr. Moody, the President of the Young Men’s Christian Association, and a man whose name is a household word in connection with missionary work. I went to one of his mission schools, and have rarely beheld such a scene of high-pressure evangelization. It made me think irresistibly of those breathing steamboats on the Mississippi, that must either go fast or burst. Mr. Moody himself moved energetically about the school most of the time, seeing that everybody was at work, throwing in a word where he thought it necessary, and inspiring every one with his own enthusiasm.

“ As soon as the classes had been going on for a specific number of minutes, he mounted a platform, rang a bell, and

addressed the children. He is a keen, dark-eyed man, with a somewhat shrill voice, but with thorough earnestness of manner and delivery. His remarks were few, but pointed and full of interrogation, keeping the children on their mettle. It is one of his first principles, never, in any of the religious exercises, to allow the interest or attention of the audience to flag for an instant. At a great religious convention held at Chicago to which five hundred delegates came from all parts of the United States, he got a resolution passed that no one should be allowed more than three minutes for his speech. The result was that an immense number got an opportunity for speaking, and an admirable check was put on the American tendency to copious, flowery oratory. Every man had to dash in at once, say what he had to say without loss of words, and leave out all minor points to get time for the points of most importance. One or two of Moody's remarks were, 'Services are not made interesting enough, so as to get unconverted people to come. They are not expected to come, and people would be mortified if they did come. Don't get into a rut. I abominate ruts. There are few things that I dread more.'

"Though earnest in his piety, and full of religious conversation, Moody has no patience with mere cant, and wants everybody to prove his sincerity by his acts. At a meeting in behalf of a struggling charity, a wealthy layman, loud in his religious profession, offered up a prayer that the Lord would move the hearts of the people to contribute the sum required. Mr. Moody rose, and said that all the charity wanted was only two thousand dollars, and that he considered it absurd for a man with half a million to get up and ask the Lord to do anything in the matter, when he could himself, with a mere stroke of his pen, do all that was needed, and ten times more, and never feel the difference.

“The first thing Mr. Moody does with those whom he succeeds in bringing under Christian influence is, to turn them to account in pushing on the good work. He considers no place too bad, no class too hardened, to be despaired of. He sometimes takes a choir of young people, well trained in singing, to the low drinking saloons, to help him in wooing the drunkards and gamblers away to the meetings. On one such occasion, which was described to me, he entered one of these dens with his choir, and said, ‘Would you like to have a song, gentlemen?’ No objection was offered, and the children sung a patriotic song in fine style, eliciting great applause. Mr. Moody then had a hymn sung by them, and meanwhile went round giving tracts to those present. When the hymn was over he said, ‘We shall now have a word of prayer.’ ‘No, no,’ cried several in alarm, ‘no prayer here.’ ‘Oh yes, we’ll have a few words of prayer. Quiet for a minute, gentlemen,’ he said, and proceeded to offer up a few earnest petitions. Some of the men were touched; and when he invited them to go with him to his meeting and hear more about salvation, half of them rose and went. It is believed that if Pandemonium were accessible, Mr. Moody would have a mission started there within a week.”

Mr. Reynolds of Peoria said recently at a Convention in Toronto, Canada, as if in illustration of this last remark :

“The first meeting I ever saw him at was in a little old shanty that had been abandoned by a saloon-keeper. Mr. Moody had got the place to hold the meeting in at night. I went there a little late; and the first thing I saw was a man standing up, with a few tallow candles around him, holding a negro boy, and trying to read to him the story of the Prodigal Son; and a great many of the words he could not make out, and had to skip. I thought, if the Lord can ever use such an instrument as that for his honour and glory, it will

astonish me. After that meeting was over Mr. Moody said to me, 'Reynolds, I have got only one talent: I have no education, but I love the Lord Jesus Christ, and I want to do something for Him; and I want you to pray for me.' I have never ceased from that day to this, morning and night, to pray for that devoted Christian soldier. I have watched him since then, have had counsel with him, and know him thoroughly; and, for consistent walk and conversation, I have never met a man to equal him. It astounds me when I look back and see what Mr. Moody was thirteen years ago, and then what he is under God to-day—shaking Scotland to its very centre, and reaching now over to Ireland.

"The last time I heard from him, his injunction was, 'Pray for me every day; pray now that God will keep me humble.'"

"I shall always remember Mr. Moody," says one; "for he was the means of leading me to Christ. I was in a railway train one day, when a stout, cheery-looking stranger came in and sat down in a seat beside me. We were passing through a beautiful country, to which he called my attention, saying,—

" 'Did you ever think what a good Heavenly Father we have, to give us such a pleasant world to live in?'

"I made some indifferent answer; upon which he earnestly inquired,—

" 'Are you a Christian?'

"I answered, 'No.'

" 'Then' said he, 'you ought to be one at once. I am to get off at the next station, but if you will kneel down, right here, I will pray to the Lord to make you a Christian.'

"Scarcely knowing what I did, I knelt down beside him there, in the car filled with passengers, and he prayed for me with all his heart. Just then the train drew up at the

station, and he had only time to get off before it started again.

"Suddenly coming to myself out of what seemed more like a dream than reality, I rushed out on the car platform, and shouted after him, 'Tell me who you are?'"

"He replied, 'My name is Moody.'"

"I never could shake off the conviction which then took hold upon me, until the strange man was answered, and I had become a Christian man."

Thus he wrought with men wherever he could find open ears to hear the message of salvation, whether in a saloon, the railway car, the mission building or the sanctuary.

His soul being intent on saving men, he knew that by joining others in his Christian enterprise he would thus vastly multiply his usefulness. He accordingly made himself a recruiting agent for his school, and brought the neglected multitudes of the North side into classes taught by such helpers as he could yoke up with himself. The population of his district was largely made up of Germans and other foreigners, who are accustomed to a Sabbath not of the Puritanic but rather the Satanic sort.

Sunday is the day devoted by many to concerts, balls, and pleasure generally. Mr. Moody saw that to succeed in such a population, a school must be exceedingly lively and attractive, and as he observed that the Germans made constant use of music in their meetings, he was led to consider whether music might not be employed somewhat prominently in the service of Christ. Not being himself a singer, he got a friend who could sing to help him, and for the first few evenings the time was spent between singing hymns and telling stories to the children, so as to awaken their interest and induce them to return. A hold having in this way been established, the school was divided into classes and conducted more in the usual way.

This school became the basis of wider operations. After a time a lively interest in divine things began to appear among the children. This led to the holding of meetings every night, and to the offering of prayers and delivery of addresses suitable to the circumstances of the children. These meetings began to be attended also by the parents, some of whom shared the blessing. It may be stated here that some of those young persons who were converted at this time, remain to the present day the most valuable and active coadjutors in the work with which Mr. Moody is associated in Chicago.

In most cases neither the children nor their parents had hitherto been connected with any Christian church. Mr. Moody began to find himself constrained to supply them with spiritual food. At first he encouraged them to connect themselves with other congregations. But it was found that in these they were next to lost or swallowed up; they felt themselves strangers, sometimes unwelcome strangers, while they lost all the benefit of neighborhood, mutual interest, and combination in the worship of God. Gradually, therefore, Mr. Moody felt shut up to taking charge of them, and supplying them with Christian instruction. Both school and church continued to increase, the school amounting to about a thousand, and suitable buildings were erected through the liberality of friends. Mr. Moody had by this time given up business, so that he might be free to give his whole time and attention to the work. As he felt himself called by the Lord to this step, he resolved to decline all salary or allowance from any quarter, and trust for the maintenance solely to what it might be put into the hearts of God's people to contribute. Being quite destitute of private means, this resolution showed that his faith in a divine call to give himself to Christian work was capable of bearing a great

train. At the same time, while adopting this course for himself, he has never pressed it upon others, unless they would clearly see it to be their duty. And while believing himself called to a kind of supplementary work in the ministry, he is very far from prescribing the same *role* to others. On the contrary, he is the steady friend of a regular ministry, being fully persuaded that in "ordaining elders in every city," the apostles meant to set up the permanent platform of the Christian Church.

Mr. Moody had acquired a position of much influence in the United States in connection with Sunday-schools and mission work when the war broke out between North and South. This led to a new turn being given to his labors. There was a large camp in the neighborhood of Chicago, to which he gave much attention, going there night after night and striving to bring the soldiers under the influence of divine grace. When the Christian Commission was organized, under the presidency of his friend, George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, Mr. Moody became one of his most energetic adjutors. He did not go into the army as an agent of the Commission, but he was President of the Executive branch for Chicago, and nine different times he went to one or other of the scenes of warfare, remaining some weeks and working with all his might. These services with the army were of no little use, not only in producing direct fruit, but also in developing that prompt and urgent method of dealing with men, that strenuous endeavour to get them to accept immediate salvation, which is still so conspicuous a feature of his mode of address. With wounded men hovering between life and death, or with men on march, resting for an evening in some place which they were to leave to-morrow, it was plainly, so far at least as he was concerned, the alternative of "now or never;" and as he could not allow himself nor allow them

to be satisfied with the "never," he bent his whole energies to the "now."

In all this work Mr. Moody bore an important and honorable part. His frequent excursions to battle-fields and camps made him, more than any other man, the medium of communication between the work in the army and the work at home. He was on the field after the battles of Pittsburgh Landing, Shiloh, and Murfreesboro, with the army at Cleveland and Chattanooga, and was one of the first to enter Richmond, where he ministered alike to friend and foe.

The war being ended, Mr. Moody had more time to develop his work in Chicago.

To set others to work in the vineyard had long been one of his chief aims, and by means of the Young Men's Christian Association, in which he took a great interest, he was highly successful. Mr. Moody strove to inspire the Chicago Association with his own spirit, and to send them to work in the vineyard. The hall of the Association became one of the stated scenes of his own labors. The Association was very unfortunate in the matter of fires—its first building having been burnt down in 1867, and its second in the great fire of Chicago in 1871. According to Mr. David Macrae, "the lightning city" showed such activity of movement, that the money for the second building was all subscribed before the fire had completed the destruction of the first. This, we believe, is somewhat hyperbolic; but in sober truth, the arrangements for the restoration of the building after the first fire were made with wonderful rapidity. The new building contained a hall of enormous size. Mr. Moody was accustomed to preach to his own people in the morning, to superintend a Sunday School of about a thousand in the afternoon, and to preach again in the evening in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association.

In October, 1871, occurred a terrible fire which destroyed a great part of Chicago. Mr. Moody, with his wife and two children, was roused in the middle of the night to find the fierce fire approaching their dwelling, and leaving his house and household gear to their fate (all the property he possessed), had to hurry along and seek shelter in the houses of friends. Mr. Moody's school and church, as well as the buildings of the Young Men's Christian Association, perished likewise in the conflagration. The feelings of himself and his fellow-citizens, on going to see the ruins, can hardly be conceived. But after the first stunning sensation was over, faith and hope revived. In one month after the fire a temporary erection was completed ! No small energy must have been required to accomplish this, amid the confusion, the bustle, and the infinity of things that had to be attended to. But reared the wooden building was, and it has served the purpose of church and school till a new and substantial building has been erected.

When things had settled down after the Chicago fire, Mr. Moody began to think of permanent premises for his school and church. A suitable site was secured, and it was resolved to proceed with the erection of a large and commodious building, which, besides accommodation for the schools, will have a hall or church, containing sittings for 2,500. The cost of the whole will be about \$100,000. Mr. Moody, by his disinterested labors, has made so many friends all over his country, that the contributions have flowed freely from all parts. Among the most interesting was a colossal subscription from 500,000 Sabbath School children, of five cents each, all anxious to have a brick in Mr. Moody's tabernacle. From Pekin he received a contribution of \$300 from an unknown friend. A few converted Chinamen collected a few dollars even from their Pagan countrymen.

Mr. Moody was now so well known that invitations to hold or address meetings poured in upon him from all parts of the country, and his connection with the Young Men's Christian Association gave him prominence, and won him hosts of influential friends. He saw that he could be more useful in widening his sphere of labor, and this also induced him to cross the sea, and catch the inspiration from earnest hearts in England, where piety runs deeper than it usually does in our active communities. A large number of his congregation in Chicago were also Britons, and this circumstance gave him an introduction to the scenes where he has won his splendid triumphs.

Twice has Mr. Moody visited England and become known by his preaching and by organizing a daily prayer-meeting in London. His heart was won by young Harry Morehouse, who gave him many beautiful lessons in preaching by his example, and also encouraged him in those Bible readings which have made him a power for good in many cities and communities at home and abroad. Morehouse and Varley were chosen friends of the American Evangelist, and they welcomed him to their own country with hearty enthusiasm. Mr. Varley relates that :

“ On visiting at a friend's house with Mr. Moody in England, some years ago, I said to him, ‘ It remains for the world to see what the Lord can do with a man wholly consecrated to Christ.’ Mr. Moody soon returned to America, but those words clung to him with such power that he was induced to return to England, and commenced that wonderful series of labors in Great Britain. Mr. Moody said to me on returning to England, ‘ Those were the words of the Lord through your lips, to my soul.’ ”

Mr. Moody also passed through some marvellous religious experiences that roused him to attempt great things for God,

so that when asked why he was going to England a third time, he answered, "to win ten thousand souls for Christ." He had no means to go with, but having felt called of God to enter upon his tour, he prepared for it as if the money was already in hand. And up to the very eve of his departure he knew not where the money was coming from to pay his passage. Then a gentleman came to him, and said he thought he might need funds after he got to England, and placed in his hands five hundred dollars.

Mr. Moody's financial condition after the Great Fire was well shown by an incident that occurred the following Sunday night. He had been invited by Dr. Goodspeed, the pastor of the Second Baptist Church, to preach for him. This invitation was conveyed to him by his brother-in-law, W. H. Holden, Esq., Superintendent of the S. S. of the Second church, and accepted. After sermon, the pastor offered him ten dollars with the remark, "this is all I have." "Then," said Mr. M., "I won't take but half of it, though I have not one cent." An immense congregation greeted the preacher, and Dr. Robert Patterson, who was present, remarked that there was more Gospel in that sermon than in half a dozen ordinary ones. His Bible, which he had snatched from the flames, he left on the desk, and the pastor finding it there examined it with care, and observed with wonder how thoroughly and faithfully it had been studied, as was shown by the ink marks it bore on almost every page. He had been wont to rise before day, and give himself with absolute devotion to the prayerful, conscientious study of that Divine Manual of instruction for the preacher's work. Going forth clad in the panoply of God, he has filled the world with his fame as a herald of Christ, who has honored him with power over men for salvation such as few of the world's heroes and saints have ever had.

What are the elements of Mr. Moody's power? He is not a man of much education or culture; his manner is abrupt and blunt; his speech bristles with Americanisms; his voice is sharp, rapid, and colloquial; and he never attempts anything like finished or elaborate composition. But he is in downright earnest. He believes what he says, he says it as if he believed it, and he expects his audience to believe it. He gets wonderfully near to his hearers, without any apparent effort. Whatever size the audience may be, he is at home with them at once, and he makes them feel that they are at home with him. He is gifted with a rare sagacity, an insight into the human heart, a knowledge of what is stirring in it, and of what is fitted to impress it. He has in his possession a large number of incidents and experiences well fitted to throw light on the points he employs them to elucidate, and to clench the appeals which he uses them to enforce. In addition to all this, he has a deeply pathetic vein, which enables him to plead very earnestly at the very citadel of the heart. At first his tone may seem to be hard. He will take for his text, "There is no difference," and press the doctrine of universal condemnation as if the worst and the best were precisely alike. Possibly the antagonism of his audience is somewhat roused. But by and by he will take them with him to some affecting death-bed, and his tone will show how profoundly his own heart is stirred by what is happening there. The vein of pathos comes out tenderly and beautifully. He seems as if he were lying on the ground pleading in tears with his hearers to come to Christ. But, most important of all, he seems to rely for effect absolutely on Divine power. Of course, every true preacher does, but in very different degrees of conscious trust and expectation. Mr. Moody goes to his meetings, fully expecting the Divine presence, because he has asked it. He speaks with the fear-

lessness, the boldness, and the directness of one delivering a message from the King of kings and Lord of lords. And he takes pains to have his own heart in the spirit of the message. He tries to go to his audience loving them, and actively and fervently longing for their salvation. He says that if he does not try to stir up this spirit of love beforehand, he cannot get hold of an audience ; if he does, he never fails. He endeavors to address them with a soul steeped in the corresponding emotion. He seems to try, like Baxter, never to speak of weighty soul concerns without his whole soul being drenched therein.

With all this, there is in Mr. Moody a remarkable naturalness, a want of all approach to affectation or sanctimoniousness, and even a play of humour which spurts out sometimes in his most serious addresses. Doubtless he gets the tone of his system restored by letting out the humour of him after a long day's hard and earnest work. For children he has obviously a great affection, and they draw to him freely and pleasantly. We should fancy him a famous man to lead a Sunday School excursion party to the country, and set them agoing with all manner of joyous and laughing games. We are sure he himself would be the happiest of the party, enjoying the fun himself as well as pleased at their enjoyment of it. The repression of human nature, or the running of it into artificial moulds, is no part of his policy. We are sure he must agree with the late Dr. Guthrie, that there is nothing bad in human nature except its corruptions, and that our aim should be not to destroy it or any part of it, but to get it restored, as God at first made it. His instincts of sagacity make him recoil from all one-sidedness, and desire that men and women, under God's grace, should hide no true accomplishment, and lose no real charm.

Speaking of his preparation for Christ's service, one tells

us of a prayer-meeting where he and others offered themselves to Him with a new spirit of consecration. "We have reason to believe that at that time Mr. Moody received a fresh and full baptism of the Spirit, and that this was the Divine preparation in his soul for the great work upon which all Christendom looks to-day with wonder and with thanksgiving to God.

Among Mr. Moody's gifts is the rare one of bearing rebuke with Christian meekness. Some time before the period just referred to, a person met him and said, "I fear, Brother Moody, that you may be losing some of your humility and religious devotion, and with these your power in Christ's service." He replied, in substance, "Perhaps I am ; I will look into my heart, and endeavour to humble myself before God."

The question is often asked, What are the elements of Mr. Moody's power? They are certainly not his natural gifts. They flow directly from Christ. Filled with the Spirit, he seems to lose sight of everything but the message of his Master to perishing sinners ; and he cannot rest until they are rescued from peril. His Heavenly Father is around him and within him, pressing him every moment to serve him, and to think of nothing else. The love of the Saviour pervades and quickens all his sensibilities, and is the atmosphere through which he sees his fellow-men. He can say with the Apostle Paul, "I live ; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Dr. Van Doren, of Chicago, says : "An incident, some twelve years ago, occurred at the city of——, where the pastors and friends of a revival sought were assembled. Mr. Moody, as his manner *then* was, laid the blame of spiritual coldness on the church, and of course the several ministers present felt the strokes.

"One arose and brought down the lash on what he called

the Pharisaic display, &c., and repelled the charge. Poor Marsyas did not come out of the hands of Apollo more thoroughly flayed alive than did Brother Moody from the hands of that trenchant speaker. Instead of resenting it, he arose, and trembling with emotion, said, 'I, from my heart, thank that brother. I deserve it;' and then asked that brother who held the rod, '*to pray for him.*' Every heart was melted; and when that prayer was ended, not one, we believe, in that vast audience but was willing to embrace and welcome Brother Moody from that moment to this.

"Secondly: Our Brother Moody is a man of inextinguishable zeal. In our city of 400,000 people all the boys of this wicked city know him, and respect him too. A short time since, while distributing tracts, I rebuked some boys kindly for profanity. 'Say, Mister, do you belong to Brother Moody?' At one time, walking in the crowded South Water street with a friend, he met a knot of worldly acquaintances. Pausing a moment—'Friends, we may never meet again. Here is an alcove. Let us have a prayer.' Love like that drew them aside, and he led, all standing. Waving his hand, and with an eye beaming with tears, he passed on in silence.

"Brother Moody is a firm believer in God's word. It is a marvel to all our ministers, that while so many educated clergymen in the Evangelical Church treat the Bible as Homer or Plato, he practically writes over every verse, '*Thus saith the Lord.*' Hence he has avoided all those *crotchets* that weaken and deform the influence of many good preachers. His profound, adoring love of the Scriptures has led some to think that he reads nothing else. But, like Dr. Johnson, who was said 'to take the heart out of the book,' he grasps an author's plan and illustrations with an intuitive glance.

"Thirdly: He is a man of prayer. This, I hold, includes

faith. We know that Luther spent half the night in prayer, at times.

“When President Edwards preached that memorable sermon, ‘Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God,’ at Enfield, New England, and a glorious revival began, it was discovered by chance, that the elders of the church had *spent the whole previous night in prayer* for a descent of the Holy Ghost.

“What is remarkable with Brother Moody is, that the Holy Ghost seems actually to *precede* him, as the cloudy pillar did Israel; and when he comes, his announcement of the terms of mercy falls on open ears and open hearts.”

Before we accompany this beloved brother to England, we must give some account of his famous coadjutor, the sweet singer,

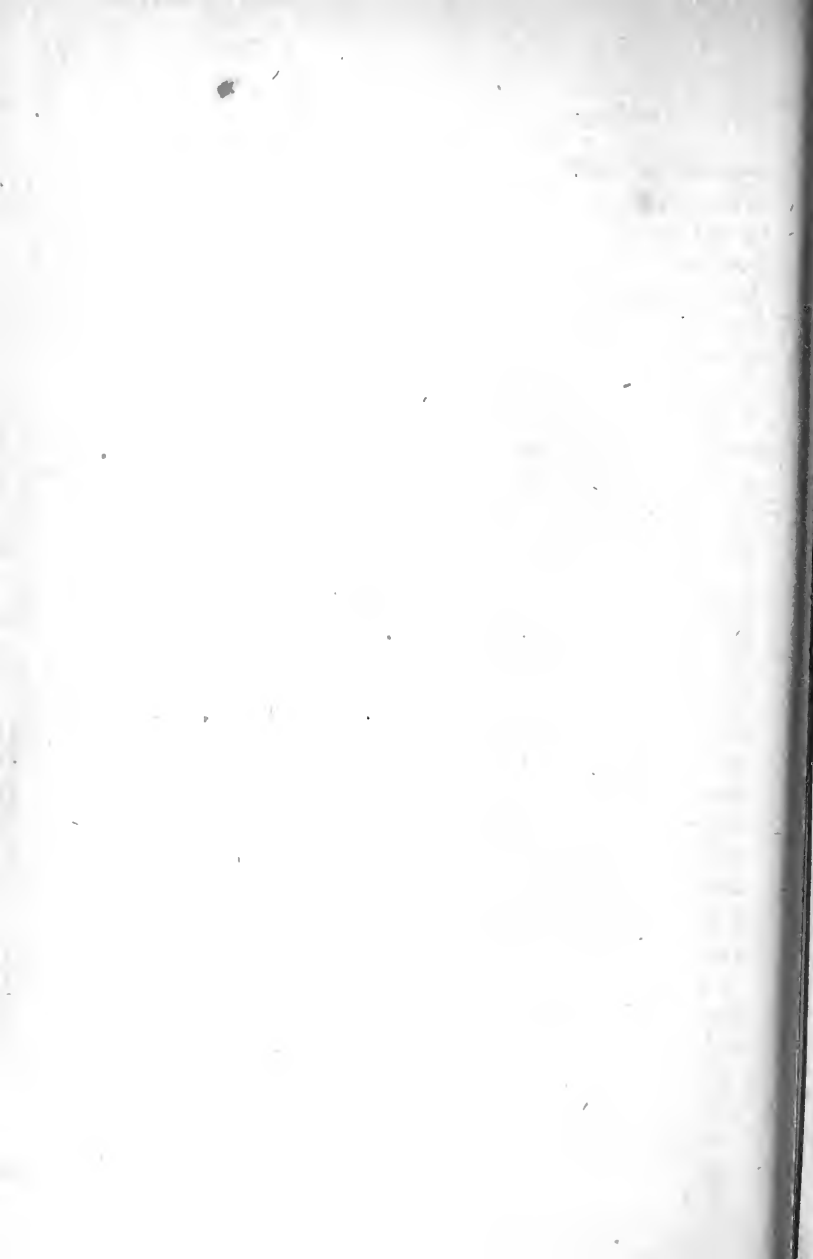
IRA D. SANKEY.

He was born in Edinburgh, Pa., in 1840. His father's family were originally from England; his mother's from the North of Ireland.

Both his parents were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and he, with his four brothers and four sisters, was trained up for the Lord, to whom he was consecrated in his infancy. His father was an influential man in the State, being for a length of time a member of the lower, and after of the upper house of the legislature of Pennsylvania, while his wealth and influence made him an exceedingly useful member of the Church, in which he was also leader and exhorter. When Ira was but sixteen, the family removed to Newcastle, in the same State, when the father assumed the presidency of a bank, and the son entered an academy, where he completed his education. His first religious impressions



IRA D. SANKEY.



were received from the instructions of an old Scotch farmer in the neighborhood.

In a speech at a children's meeting, Mr. Sankey says of this good man, Fraser, "The very first recollection I have of anything pertaining to a religious life was in connection with him. I remember he took me by the hand along with his own boys to the S. S.,—that old place which I will remember to my dying day. He was a plain man, and I can see him standing up and praying for the children. He had a great warm heart, and the children all loved him. It was years after that when I was converted, but my impressions were received when I was very young, from that man. He was seventeen when he joined the M. E. church, and at twenty he was a S. S. superintendent, and then began to sing, as an attraction to the children, the bright melodies they love. He developed an early taste for the Word of God, and as a class-leader encouraged his brethren to use Bible language in their remarks. He was a soldier in the war for the Union, and retained his faith and zeal amidst the temptations of army life. He was President of the Y. M. C. A. of his town of Newcastle, and thus came into contact with Mr. Moody, who at first sight fell in love with his style of singing, and felt drawn towards him as a dear brother. He also made overtures to him to join him in evangelizing labors at Chicago and elsewhere. After solemn deliberation, he resolved to cast off all worldly business, and devote his life to the service of song. He united himself with Mr. Moody, and they began operations, with Chicago as a centre. This was only a short time before the city was burned; the church of Mr. Moody's gathering was likely to be broken up. But this calamity was averted, and Mr. Sankey ministered to the flock while Mr. M. was absent. He related an incident in Dundee that is illustrative of the blessing God early gave his labors.

“I want to speak a word about singing, not only to the little folks, but to grown people. During the winter after the great Chicago fire, when the place was built up with little frame houses for the people to stay in, a mother sent for me one day to come and see her little child, who was one of our Sabbath School scholars. I remembered her very well, having seen her in the meetings very frequently, and was glad to go. She was lying in one of these poor little huts, everything having been burned in the fire. I ascertained that she was past all hopes of recovery, and that they were waiting for the little one to pass away. ‘How is it with you to-day?’ I asked. With a beautiful smile on her face, she said, ‘It is all well with me to-day. I wish you would speak to my father and mother.’ ‘But,’ said I, ‘are you a Christian?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘When did you become one?’ ‘Do you remember last Thursday, in the Tabernacle, when we had that little singing-meeting and you sung, ‘Jesus loves even me?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘It was last Thursday I believed on the Lord Jesus, and now I am going to be with him to-day.’ That testimony from that little child, in that neglected quarter of Chicago, has done more to stimulate me and bring me to this country, than all that the papers or any persons might say. I remember the joy I had in looking upon that beautiful face. She went up to heaven, and no doubt said she learned upon the earth that Jesus loved her, from that little hymn. If you want to enjoy a blessing, go to the bedsides of these bed-ridden and dying ones, and sing to them of Jesus, for they cannot enjoy these meetings as you do. You will get a great blessing to your own soul.”

These testimonies have been frequent since those humble beginnings, and Mr. Sankey has proved himself only less gifted in speech than in song. He was sought by others as a companion in evangelizing towns, but providentially clung to

Mr. Moody, and together they set sail for the old world. How admirably he was adapted to meet the tastes of the British, the following testimonies, and a multitude of others, may serve to show.

“As a vocalist, Mr. Sankey has not many equals. Possessed of a voice of great volume and richness, he expresses with exquisite skill and pathos the Gospel messages, in words very simple, but ‘replete with love and tenderness,’ and always with marked effect upon his audience. It is, however, altogether a mistake to suppose that the blessing which attends Mr. Sankey’s efforts is attributable only or chiefly to his fine voice and artistic expression. These, no doubt, are very attractive, and go far to move the affections and gratify a taste for music; but the secret of Mr. Sankey’s power lies, not in his gift of song, but in the spirit of which the song is only the expression. He, too, is a man in earnest, and sings in the full confidence that God is working by him. Like his colleague, he likewise has a message to lost men from God the Father; and the Spirit of God in him finds a willing and effective instrument in his gift of song, to proclaim in stirring notes the ‘mighty love’ of God in Christ Jesus. ‘It was a few evenings ago,’ said a youth in the Young Men’s Meeting in Roby Chapel, ‘when Mr. Sankey was singing in the Free Trade Hall “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by,” that I was made to feel my need of a Saviour; and when he came to these words, “Too late, too late,” I said to myself it must not be too late for me, and I took him to my heart there and then.’ ‘I was in great darkness and trouble for some days,’ said a poor woman, rejoicing and yet weeping; ‘and just a little time ago, when Mr. Sankey was singing these words’ (pointing to them with her finger), “And Jesus bids me come,” my bonds were broken in a moment, and now I am safe in his arms.’

“Who ever heard of a fine voice and sweet music yielding such results as these? It is mere scoffing to say that Mr. Moody’s touching stories and Mr. Sankey’s sweet singing are the secret of the power exercised by these men. The work is of God, and they are His instruments, each earnestly using, to the best of his ability, the gift that God has given him, in the full confidence that the blessing will and must follow.

“Not a few have been, not unnaturally, offended by the phrase, ‘Singing the Gospel,’ which was at first used in advertisements; and some have, unfortunately, never taken the trouble to inquire what was meant. But everyone who has heard Mr. Sankey sing is well aware that his hymns are more than the mere accessory to speeches, as they have too often been among us. He has taught by example how great is the power of song when a man with gifts of music loves the truth of which he sings; and the hymns which we have heard him sing, with his wonderful distinctness of articulation, unaffected feeling, and magnificent voice, will linger in our ears and hearts till our dying day. A few weeks have made his favorite hymns as familiar to every rank and to every age as those older hymns which we have known best and longest. Poor sufferers in the wards of the infirmary, lone old men and women in dark rooms of our high houses and back streets, are now cheered in a way no one dreamed of before Mr. Sankey came, by visits from those who do not attempt to preach to them, but only to sing psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. The consoling power of song has been tested and proved at many a sick-bed, and many a death-bed. And that is not all; for we have been led to see that it is a mistake to confine song to utterances of praise or prayer in Christian meetings. We have learned to value more highly its power in instruction. The use of song for instruction and for the application of the truth is not new. It is as old as

David, as old as Moses, but it has received a new impetus among us ; and we who are called to 'teach and admonish one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs,' may well be glad to have been reminded how this may be done."

"The admiration of Mr. Sankey's music is enthusiastic. When he sings a solo a death-like silence reigns, or as the *Irish Times* describes it, 'It seems that he only is present in the vast building.' When he ceases there is a rustling like the leaves of a forest when stirred by the wind. We might apply to him the language of Scripture: 'Lo! thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one who hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument.' No one can estimate the service he has rendered to the Church of Christ by the compilation of his book of 'Sacred Songs' and their sweet tunes. They are the delight of all ages. I have heard in Scotland that already they are sung in our most distant colonies. Ere long I believe that they will be sung wherever the English language is spoken over the earth. Nor will they be confined to that language, for a lady is at present engaged in translating them into German. He was a wise man who said, 'Let me make the songs of a country, and I care not who makes its laws.'"

Mrs. Barbour says: "Mr. Sankey sings with the conviction that souls are receiving Jesus between one note and the next. The stillness is overawing ; some of the lines are more spoken than sung. The hymns are equally used for awakening, none more than 'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.' When you hear the 'Ninety and Nine' sung, you know of a truth that down in this corner, up in that gallery, behind that pillar which hides the singer's face from the listener, the hand of Jesus has been finding this and that and yonder lost one, to place them in His fold. A certain class of hearers come to

the services solely to hear Mr. Sankey, and the song throws the Lord's net around them.

"We asked Mr. Sankey one day what he was to sing. He said, 'I'll not know till I hear how Mr. Moody is closing.' Again, we were driving to the Canongate Parish Church one winter night, and Mr. Sankey said to the young minister who had come for him, 'I'm thinking of singing "I am so Glad," to-night.' 'Oh!' said the young man, 'please do rather sing "Jesus of Nazareth." An old man told me to-day that he had been awakened by it the last night you were down. He said, "It just went through me like an electric shock."' "

"A gentleman in Edinburgh was in distress of soul, and happened to linger in a pew after the noon-meeting. The choir had remained to practice, and began 'Free from the Law, O happy Condition,' &c. Quickly the Spirit of God carried that truth home to the awakened conscience, and he was at rest in the finished work of Jesus.

"It is interesting to know that there are scarcely two of those hymns which Mr. Sankey sings by the same author. They have been collected during an eight years' experience of the Lord's use of them among believers, inquirers, and the careless. In the singing of them he seems to become unconscious of everything but the desire that the truth should sink deep into the souls of the listeners, and that the people who sit in darkness should see a great light shining for them from the cross of Him who hung upon the tree.

"In a Highland parish, a young man who had lived far from God, and seemed to his minister inaccessible to the truth, was found one day last summer deeply awakened. When asked to what this was owing, he said it was in consequence of hearing his little sister sing,

'When He cometh, when He cometh,
To make up His jewels.'

“ Perhaps not a week has passed during the last year in which we have not had evidence that the Lord had directly used a line of one of these hymns in the salvation of some soul. A young man who had been deeply impressed, and was yet unwilling to stay to the inquirers’ meeting, and about to leave a church, was arrested at the door by hearing the choir sing, ‘ Yet there is Room.’ He felt there was room for him, went back to the pew, and after having the truth clearly laid before him, received Christ.

“ The wave of sacred song has spread over Ireland, and is now sweeping through England. But, indeed, it is not being confined to the United Kingdom alone, for away off on the shores of India, and in many other lands, these sweet songs of a Saviour’s love are being sung. Mr. Sankey’s collection of sacred songs has been translated into five or six languages, and are winging their way into tens of thousands of hearts and homes, and the blessing of the Lord seems to accompany them wherever sung.

‘ We may forget the singer,
But will ne’er forget the song.’


“ Mrs. Sankey is an earnest Christian woman, and fully sympathizes with her husband in his blessed work. Both are members of the Methodist Church ; while his sweet songs float over and inspire multitudes in all Christian denominations.” The Harp of David was the prototype of the Harmonium of Sankey.



MOODY AND SANKEY IN GREAT BRITAIN.

CHAPTER II.

BEGINNINGS ABROAD.

N the 7th of June, 1873, Messrs. Moody and Sankey sailed for England. They had been invited by Rev. Mr. Pennyfather, of London, an Episcopalian, and two other gentlemen, to hold meetings in that country. No one else had joined in the invitation, and no one else was interested in their visit. They had no appointments. No arrangements were made for them. No compensation was promised. No one knew of their intention to come. They were persuaded that God sent them, and therefore they went. Mr. Moody carried his Bible, Mr. Sankey his organ and singing book. In June they landed in Liverpool, sought a place to preach and sing the Gospel, and held a few services. No attention was attracted and nothing accomplished, and after a few days they proceeded toward York to find the friends who had invited them over. Two of the men were dead. But with a confidence that resembled audacity, they found a place to preach and went to work. One preached the Gospel; the other sang it. They held their meetings, conversed with sinners, prayed to God; and men and women began to ask what they must do to be saved. They labored in York a month,

and it is believed that two hundred persons were converted to Christ.

On Sunday, July 27th, they went to Sunderland, a considerable town near York, on the invitation of a Baptist minister, Rev. Arthur Rees. The other ministers generally hesitated, or opposed the work. "We can never go on in this way," was Moody's characteristic remark; "it is easier fighting the devil than fighting the ministers." At length a delegation of young men from the Y. M. C. A. of Sunderland, waited upon the Evangelists at their lodgings, and one of them tells the story of their reception in the following fashion:

"They had already been a week in Sunderland; but, as yet, I had not seen either of them. Ah! thought I, what a lift heavenward shall I get from these holy men! We were shown into a back parlor by the servant, and very soon the two Evangelists sauntered in, in a style neither ecclesiastical nor dignified. Turning to me, Mr. Moody asked, in true Yankee fashion, What was our business with him? He did not show us a seat; he did not offer us his hand: altogether an auctioneer-like reception.

" 'We represent the Young Men's Christian Association, Mr. Moody, and have come to ask if you will give us an address in Victoria Hall, on Sunday afternoon.'

" 'Preach for you? Oh yes! I'll preach for you,' replied Mr. Moody.

" 'We don't want you to preach for us; we want you to preach for Christ.'

" 'Oh yes—yes! All right! I'll preach for you.'

" 'Our committee,' continued I, 'hope you will not misunderstand the reason of their not joining you earlier in your work. It is not for want of sympathy; but because you came to us in a sectarian connection, and have allied yourself with Mr. Rees; and if we were to join you on sectarian

grounds, we should injure our institution, which has enemies enough already.'

"After explaining his position, and that his connection with Brother Rees and his congregation had no sectarian significance, he said,—

" 'I go where I can do most good : that is what I am after.' And when we left, he followed us out to the gate, saying, 'It is souls I want : it is souls I want.'

"Alas ! I had mistaken the man ; and whether he spoke of souls or anything else, it is all the same to me now."

" 'Well, Frank, what did you think of it ?' asked my companion, as we walked off from this strange interview.

" 'Think ! it is money : that is what it is, James.'

"However, I went to the meeting, being careful to keep out of sight ; but when Sankey began singing, I felt it draw me, and very little more of it would have pulled me on to the platform.

"That was not a good afternoon for Mr. Moody. His eye blazed with mournful earnestness, as it ranged that crowd, looking for anxious faces ; and its strange light lives in my memory yet, while all my prejudices and misconceptions are dead and rotten.

"On the following Sunday night, when I got to the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, I found the meeting on fire. The young men were speaking with tongues, prophesying. What on earth did it all mean ? Only that Moody had been addressing them that afternoon. 'What manner of man is this ?' thought I ; but still I did not give him my hand. . . . Many of the clergy were so opposed to the movement that they turned their backs upon our poor innocent Young Men's Christian Association, for the part we took in the work ; but afterward, when the floodgates of Divine grace were opened, Sunderland was taken by storm.

"I cannot describe Moody's great meeting ; I can only say that the people of Sunderland warmly supported the movement in spite of their spiritual advisers ; that there was a tremendous work of grace, when measured by its immediate effects, but far greater in its consequences, after the evangelists were away. All honor to these two brother-soldiers of the cross, who, like Jonathan and his armor-bearer, stormed this fortress of British unbelief alone !"

The second Sunday evening, three thousand people crowded Victoria Hall, and after the sermon, many followed them to a neighboring church, for an inquiry meeting. Among the inquirers, a young man came up the aisle, and threw his arms about his father's neck and kissed him, asking his forgiveness with many tears ; then kissing his mother and asking her forgiveness, afterwards tenderly embracing and kissing his younger brother.

The little fire kindled in York flamed so high in Sunderland, that Newcastle on the Tyne saw it. The ministers came over, and their hearts were warmed. The evangelists were invited to go back with them, and went. Their fame had preceded them, and ministers and people were ready to welcome them. The meetings were so multiplied that as many as thirty-four were held in a single week. They continued through two months, the attendance and interest increasing to the close. Crowds came from all the surrounding towns, caught the fire, and kindled it through all the neighboring counties.

Mr. Moody said :

"We have not done much in York and Sunderland, because the ministers opposed us ; but we are going to stay in Newcastle till we make an impression, and live down the prejudices of good people who do not understand me.

"I am always glad to see a minister come to our meetings, for he always brings a large reinforcement with him."

Among the ministers prominent in connection with these services have been several of the Protestant Episcopal pastors, most of them of the Low Church party. The Rev. Dr. Stewart, of St. Clement's Church, a leading High Churchman, has, however, given utterance to the following sentiments in his pulpit, which will be read with a great deal of interest.

"It is probably well that I should say something respecting the work of certain evangelists who commenced their labors in this city to-day. I have heard that they are regarded with unkindly feelings by several ministers: how far this extends I know not, but it certainly does not reach the clergy of this parish. The right and duty of every layman is, by precept and example to bring erring souls to Christ, and in the exercise of this plain right I bid these evangelists God-speed in their good work of awakening souls, who, when awakened, will seek the church and its sacraments. These men do not come to make proselytes, but Christians, and should be aided rather than hindered in the effort to bring lost souls to their Saviour."

From the interesting narratives of the glorious dealings of God with his people, we compile such as will most graphically portray them to our readers. After three weeks at Newcastle, great blessings were poured out on their work, which began at the Rye Hill Baptist chapel, and thence overflowed on every side.

Every morning at twelve o'clock, in the Music Hall, there was a meeting for prayer, praise, and exhortation, at which were gathered from two to three hundred people, all earnestly desiring the revival of God's work in that irreligious town, and daily bearing before God numerous written requests from

believers, for their unconverted relatives and friends. These prayer meetings have been felt by all to be true means of grace to the hearts of God's children, and numerous and striking have been the answers to prayer for the unconverted. Every evening in the Music Hall and Rye Hill Chapel, Gospel services were held, Mr. Moody and Mr. Moorhouse preaching the Gospel, and Mr. Sankey singing his sweet spiritual songs. At the commencement of this glorious work, Rye Hill Chapel, which will accommodate from sixteen to seventeen hundred people, was used ; but, as many had to go away, not being able to get in, it was thought advisable to have two services on the same evening ; hence the Music Hall, where Mr. Hoyle was carrying on a noble work for Jesus, was opened each night, and hundreds attended there to hear the preaching of the word ; and many were born again by the regenerating power of the Spirit of God.

In connection with these services, Mr. Moody, with that indefatigable zeal and fervor which so eminently characterize him, announced that he intended to have an 'all-day' meeting on Wednesday, September 10th, and earnestly invited all who could possibly come to attend. An all-day meeting was something so novel in the history of religious people in Newcastle, that much wonder was excited as to what would be the result of so bold an undertaking. Many anticipated a failure, others thought that it *might* be a success ; but those who felt the reviving power of God's love, and had made this meeting a matter of earnest prayer, knew that it would not, could not fail. According to their faith it was done unto them. Wednesday morning broke clear and beautiful. It was a day when all nature seemed to be rejoicing in the glad sunshine of the great Father's beneficence.

At ten o'clock, the hour for the service to begin, the wide area of Rye-hill Chapel was about half filled, and the people

coming in quickly. By eleven o'clock the friends from Sunderland, Shields, Jarrow, and neighboring towns, had come in by train, and had occupied nearly the whole of the area. At twelve o'clock the message came, "No more room in the area; we must throw the galleries open." By two o'clock the galleries were well filled, and before the closing hour came round the spacious and beautiful chapel was filled with those who had left business, home cares and work, pleasure and idleness, to come and worship God and hear His word. Never was the faith of God's people more abundantly satisfied. They asked and it was given, they sought and found, they knocked and the door was opened unto them.

According to the programme which Mr. Moody had distributed largely over the town, the first hour of the services was to be devoted entirely to prayer and Bible reading.

After the singing of that beautiful hymn, "Sweet Hour of Prayer," Mr. Moody led the devotions of God's people at the throne of grace, and then read and commented on Nehemiah viii., 1-12, where it is stated that "all the people gathered themselves together as one man . . . and they spake unto Ezra the scribe to bring the book of the law of Moses, which the Lord had commanded Israel." Mr. Moody clearly brought out the appropriateness of this Scripture to the services of that day, and concluded by unfolding and pressing home to the hearts of the people the joyous truth contained in the tenth verse, where Ezra said to the people, "Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared, for this day is holy unto our Lord: neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength."

Mr. Hoyle, Mr. Swinburne, and several of the brethren spoke from the Word of God on the subject of Christian joy, and the hour of prayer and Bible-reading was gone before we

had well begun to open the Scriptures. This hour was felt to be exceedingly precious, and was received by all as an earnest of what was to come.

The second hour was devoted to the promises, Mr. Moody being the leader. He said he wished the friends that day to try to see how rich they were. He thought that very few of us had ever fully considered how much our loving Father really had promised to us. These promises, like precious gems, were to be found in every book of the Bible, and that way we might get into the company of all God's great men who had passed away, and hear what things they had to tell us about our Father's love. We could summon the patriarchs—the prophets—the kings; we could listen to the historians—the biographers—the poets of the Bible; and they would all give to us some of the precious promises spoken by God, through their lives, to the ears of the whole world. The meeting was to be quite open and free; not for speeches about promises, but for the reading forth of these good words of God to our souls. The audience at once seemed to catch up the spirit and intention of these words, and from every part of the chapel—from young and old, from male and female—came passage after passage of the Holy Word, declarative of what in the boundless fulness of His love the Father has promised to all.

The interest of the meeting had been steadily rising, as one Scripture topic after another had been most delightfully unfolded, when the last hour was reached, and appropriately given to the subject of Heaven.

The address was given by Mr. Moody. Having selected numerous passages of Scripture to prove his points, Mr. Moody asked some of the brethren present to read them out as he called for them. This was a delightful picture—a crowded chapel, hundreds of open Bibles ready to be marked

when the passage should be announced, and the subject uppermost in each mind *heaven*. The first thought which the speaker called attention to was the *locality* of heaven. He said that his mind had once been much distressed by an infidel asking him "why he always looked *upward* when he was addressing God? God was everywhere, and His home was just as likely to be below as above." This set Mr. Moody back to his Bible to see what it had to say about the matter. He was soon quite satisfied that God's home was above. The Word said that God, when communing with Abraham, came *down* to see whether the people living in the cities of the plain had done altogether according to the cry that had come to him; the angels asked the disciples on the morning of the ascension why they stood gazing *up* into Heaven; the same Jesus that had been taken *up* from them into Heaven would come again in like manner. These and similar passages were sufficient proof to his mind that the home of God was above, and that we obeyed a divine instinct when we "lifted up" our hearts to Him there.

The locality having been spoken of, the next thought was the *company* gathered together there. Whom have we there that heaven should be so dear to us?

(1) *The Father is there*. Heaven is the home, the dwelling-place of God. No home is complete without the father; and no family is complete unless they can include the father among them. Our Father is in heaven. How delightful the thought of one day being with Him amidst all the joy and splendor of home! Then (2) *Jesus is there*. He about whom we have read, whose Spirit has created us anew in Him, whose blood bought us, and whose love saved us; Jesus is there; and we look to our home in heaven with longing eyes, because there, if not before, we shall see Him who is crowned with glory and honor. Then (3) *the angels*

are there. The pure and spotless creations of God, who have known nothing of sin and sorrow and travail, who have ever lived their life of bright intelligence and holy service in the sunshine of God's presence. These are there, and we shall meet them, and tell them of something they have never felt—the compassion and love of Jesus for sinful men. Then (4) there will be *the saints*, the spirits of just men made perfect. All the old heroes of God, the warriors and the kings, the prophets and the poets, the apostles and the early martyrs, all will be there, and we shall be able to hold sweet communion with them all; and our own loved ones, the father and mother, sisters and brothers, the babes, and the young and old, they will be among this shining band, who swell the ranks of the redeemed before the throne of God. O what a company is there! Father, Jesus, angels, saints—all who have fallen asleep in Jesus—all there! Waiting for us to come.

Another point to which Mr. Moody called attention was that it is our *treasure-house*. The only things we have or can have, as saints, will be found there. All else must be left. Death strips of everything but heavenly treasure. How this should lead us more and more to obey the Master's injunction, and seek "to lay up treasure in heaven." It will be there all safe when we want it; for there neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and thieves do not break through and steal. Not only is heaven our treasure-house—it is our *reward*. There we meet with the full fruition of all our labor; there we receive every man his own reward for his own work. No mixing up, no confusion; to each is given his full due. The Christian need not expect full compensation below; he will not get it. *Heaven*—and in Heaven he will receive all that he expects. Mr. Moody next spoke very beautifully about Heaven being the place where our names

are written. The disciples of Christ came back to Him from one of their journeys flushed with victory, because even the devils had been subject unto them ; but the Master said they had to rejoice because their names were written in Heaven. Our names have gone on before us. Just as a man sends his goods often before him when he is travelling, and he himself follows after, just so our names have gone on before, and we are journeying after them. We are known in Heaven before we get there. The name of each saint is in the book of life, and cannot be blotted out. Then, again, Heaven is to be our *rest*. The time to toil and suffer is *now*. We ought not to want rest here. Mr. Moody, on this point, quoted the example which the life of Paul gives us of a man who conceived of the present being a life of service and not of rest. The speaker's soul seemed to be set on fire with the thought of Paul's labors and consecrated ambition to serve the Master ; with words of true eloquence he described the sacred passion which Paul had for his Master's work, and wound up a splendid panegyric on Paul's character by wishing that modern Christianity could be imbued with some of Paul's fervor.

The last point of this noble address was, "How to get to Heaven." And here Mr. Moody found an opportunity for doing that which is so dear to his heart, namely, preaching the Gospel of Christ to sinful men. The address, which throughout had been interspersed with touching and beautiful illustrations, and now and again by Mr. Sankey singing, was brought to a close with an earnest appeal to all "to become as little children, and so enter the Kingdom of Heaven." Once more, as it had been many times that day, was our dear brother Sankey's voice heard, giving his beautiful rendering of one of his choice solos, and when the benediction had been pronounced, and the six hours' service had come to a close,

all present felt that the time had gone too quickly. The place of meeting had been none other than the house of God and the gate of Heaven. Thus ended the "all-day" meeting, but, thank God, not thus ended the memory of it; that will live till the last year of our lives, and many a soul travelling home to God, will think of it as one of the deep pools by the way, dug by the hand of a loving God for the refreshment of His children.

In the evening a Gospel Service was held, Messrs. Moody and Moorhouse speaking; the chapel was filled to overflowing, and many souls went away having found peace in Jesus.

Let the following incident, reported by Henry Moorhouse, illustrate the feeling among the poor and needy:

A gentleman passing down a street in Gateshead heard some one knocking at the window of a cottage. He stopped, and a respectable woman came to the door and said: "Come in." He said he could not then, as he was going to a meeting.

"Oh, sir, for God's sake come in, and tell me something about Jesus, for I am wretched."

"What is the matter?" said my friend.

She said, "I am lost; oh, tell me what I must do to be saved. I have been standing at my window all the day to see if a Christian would come along, and if it had been a beggar who loved the Saviour I would have called him in."

She had been at a meeting a week before, and had been in a miserable state ever since. A Christian lady called to see her and told her about the love of Jesus. She trusted, and was saved. "I saw her to-day," said the speaker, "as happy and bright as possible."

The Rev. Thomas Boyd, Presbyterian minister of the place, after describing the meetings in the Wesleyan Chapel, says, after the evangelists had gone:

"Such has been the number of cases, and such many of the parties, that had it been told to any Christian friend a fortnight ago, he would not believe it. Even with all this before us, so wonderful is it, that we almost feel as if we dreamt. God's Spirit still works powerfully. Every night souls are aroused, and, under the guidance of Christian friends, led to Jesus."

At Stockton-on-Tees, in which the early part of November was spent, the result is thus described by an intelligent observer on the spot; and once for all we call attention to the union of prayer and Catholic feeling before and in the work :

"This work has been very great; and in examining, for our own future guidance and the guidance of others, into the apparent causes of success, we are struck with the following : First, *the preparation of united, believing prayer*. Mr. Moody said, that on coming into the first meeting, he and Mr. Sankey felt that they were among a praying people; and to this and the next cause, viz.: *the united action of the ministers of the town*, he mainly attributed the fact, that in no place which they had visited had they witnessed such evident results in so short a time. It was very delightful to see, at each of the services, eight or ten of those devoted pastors, most of them in the vigor of young manhood, strong-souled, intelligent men, representing various shades of denominational belief, but merging all differences in mutual affection, and the common desire to aid in the glorious work; and many hearts were constrained by the sight to give thanks for such a ministry in Stockton. Another very important feature was *the absence of noise* in the meetings. The experience of the past few days will, we think, have convinced them that the best and most successful prayer-meetings ever held in Stockton have been the quietest, reminding us of the old lady's descrip-

tion, 'God Almighty was so near that nobody had to shout to Him.'

"Nothing is so remarkable in this revival as the utter demolishing of the old fashioned prayer-meeting. Enter solemn minister and solemn people, scattered—six,—eight,—ten,—over a great area. A long, slow hymn. Long portion of the Word. Two elders pray two long prayers, in which they go from Jerusalem, and round about into Illyricum, and a great deal farther.

"Now we have crammed meetings. All sit close together. The singing is lively—new songs, new tunes, A few words from the minister give the key-note. Prayers are short. A few texts from the Word of God are frequently interspersed. Brief exhortations. . . . All this comes from our brethren from America. Why have we not found out how to conduct a prayer-meeting before? We in this country have been bound hand and foot by traditions. In the far West of America, at Chicago, for instance, there were no traditions. The only people that had traditions there were the Indians. The brethren have thoroughly solved this question of prayer-meetings for us. We thank them.

"The border-town of Carlisle was next approached. The evangelists are nearing Scotland. The place where in former days Englishman and Scotsman used to meet in desperate feud, becomes the scene of victories of another kind. The truth is the weapon, and the Victor is Jesus Christ. This none would more readily own than the instruments He employed.

"This is the Lord's doings: it is marvellous in our eyes. As in other places, the meetings have been crowded to excess. The United Presbyterian Church, of which Mr. Christie is the pastor, proved altogether inadequate to accommodate the throngs, and the large Wesleyan Chapel close at hand was

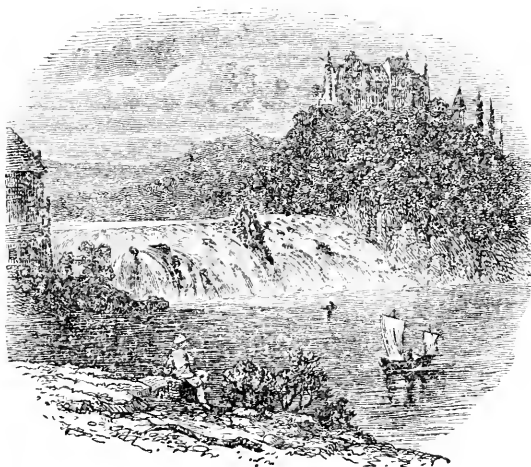
also thrown open, both buildings being completely filled. The power of God was present in a most marked degree ; the solemn and magnificent songs, seeming now to bring Jesus of Nazareth right down into the streets of our own city, or, again, to take us right up to the gates of Heaven, prepared the way for the word of life from the lips of Mr. Moody ; that word was with power, and many were the anxious souls pressing forward to know the way of life. Jesus has become precious to many ; souls have been born of God, and tears of contrition have given place to tears of joy.

“This much as to the blessing bestowed on the unconverted ; but what shall be said as to that which has rested upon the Christians ? It has been a time of drawing together such as we have not known anything of before. Ministers of the different denominations have thrown themselves heart and soul into the work, and the close of the week finds us recognizing, not in theory but in fact, that we are all one in Jesus Christ, and banded together, that by our union in Him we may honor his blessed name.

“Never shall we forget Mr. Moody’s farewell address. He would not say ‘Good-bye !’ No ! ‘Good-night’ rather, and meet them all in the morning, in the dawn of eternal day. Then strong men bowed and wept out their manly sorrow like children, blessed children as they were of the same great Father ; and one of our brothers lifted our American friends up in the arms of love in prayer to our heavenly Father, the Jubilee Singers singing thereupon, ‘Shall we meet beyond the River ?’ Then came the benediction. The business was over, and the grand occasion past, the memory thereof to die no more.

“Although our friends took leave thus of the country brethren, they tarried with us, the people of Newcastle, yet a while. On that Wednesday night, Thursday night, and

Friday, were immense meetings, attended by thousands, overflowing into neighboring churches, although Brunswick Place Chapel would itself hold two thousand. At these Messrs. Moody and Sankey were present. Scores were converted. They were present at the noonday meetings of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, at the last of which between two and three thousand people met from eleven to half-past one o'clock. On Friday there was a midnight meeting, and four were rescued from sin and shame. The Saturday meeting was the last attended by Mr. Moody. Hundreds had private conversation with him afterward, and crowds went with him to the station, *en route* for Carlisle.



CHAPTER III.

THE WORD IN EDINBURGH.



REPORTS of the wonderful interest reached Scotland, and Edinburgh heard the story. "Rev. Mr. Kelman went twice to Newcastle to see if the reports of what they heard were true. He returned overflowing with joy, and full of glowing expectations for Scotland." He spread the tidings; his report was believed, and ministers and laymen united in inviting the evangelists to Edinburgh.

On Sunday, the 23rd of November, they began their work in the Music Hall, with two thousand present, and other thousands seeking admission in vain. The next day five hundred met at noon to pray, and soon the attendance at the daily prayer meeting exceeded a thousand. An all-day meeting was held. A meeting for students was announced in the Free Assembly Hall. So great was the eagerness to obtain admittance, that the doors were besieged by an immense crowd after it had become apparent that the hall was full. Mr. Moody went out and addressed the thousands in the open air, and returned and spoke to two thousand within, the most eminent professors in Scotland sitting around him on the platform. A service was advertised for the lower classes, and three thousand attended. Every evening there were around the pulpit ministers of all denominations, from all parts of the country, while among the audience there were

members of the nobility, professors from the University, and distinguished lawyers from the Parliament House.

At this time many abusive pamphlets were put forth against the methods and the men, and reports were circulated representing that Mr. Moody had not the confidence of his brethren at home. Measures were taken to sift this evil rumor to the bottom. Accordingly in response to inquiries from abroad, the following endorsement was proposed and sent to Scotland :

CHICAGO, May 21st, 1874.

WE, the undersigned, Pastors of the City of Chicago, learning that the Christian character of D. L. MOODY has been attacked, for the purpose of destroying his influence as an Evangelist in Scotland, hereby certify that his labors in the Young Men's Christian Association, and as an Evangelist in this City and elsewhere, according to the best information we can get, have been Evangelical and Christian in the highest sense of those terms ; and we do not hesitate to commend him as an earnest Christian worker, worthy of the confidence of our Scotch and English brethren, with whom he is now laboring ; believing that the Master will be honored by them in so receiving him among them as a co-laborer in the vineyard of the Lord.

This was signed by over thirty clergymen of all denominations, and thus the temporary aspersion was removed, and he was nobly vindicated as a true, honest, earnest man of God.

THE TIDE RISING.

We are having a very good time here just now, under the preaching of Mr. Moody and the singing of Mr. Sankey.

We are all delighted with them ; ministers of all denomi-

nations are joining cordially in the work, and God is indeed working graciously. About 2,000 are out every night hearing ; many more come and cannot get into the church. Two churches are to be opened simultaneously each night next week.

The singing of Mr. Sankey lays the Gospel message and invitation very distinctly and powerfully on the consciences of the people ; and Mr. Moody's Gospel is clear, earnest, distinct, and well illustrated—telling of death and resurrection—the “ Gospel of God.” He is a first-rate workman, and very practical, and God has been blessing his preaching.

Every evening there have been a number of souls coming into the inquiry rooms ; but last night, when preaching on “ the Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost,” the *Spirit* seemed to be working in special power, and old *Formality* got his neck broken, and the wounded and weeping souls came into the inquiry room in droves. I had to speak at one time to seven all at once, because there was more corn than reapers ; and others were similarly circumstanced. I saw Mr. Moody all the evening with generally more than one. Three rooms were open for enquirers, and I don't know what they had in the others, but we had about forty names on the paper at the close, of those we conversed with in our room. Mr. Moody keeps with us in the elders' vestry. Others, who are less susceptible and can stand at doors, do so, and lay hold of the people as they retire. About one hundred, I should think, were spoken with privately last night, and numbers of them decided for Christ. About ten did so (or professed to do so), in conversation with myself. May the Divine Spirit make it a grand reality to their souls that Christ is theirs ! On Tuesday night I had seven who professed conversion.

On Wednesday I fought away with two only, both chronic

cases, deep in the mire of their own thoughts, and feelings, and reasonings, and I left them very much the same as I found them. (One of them has been saved.) This was, I suppose, to teach me this lesson, that it is altogether God's work to save, and man is powerless.

This experience made me go out the next night with Jesus' word on my lips, "This kind goeth not out but by *prayer* and *fasting*;" *prayer* is the symbol of our dependence upon God, and *fasting* is the symbol of "no confidence in the flesh"—or self-renunciation. No devil has so powerful a hold of an anxious soul but that *prayer* and *fasting* will cast him out in the name of Jesus.

Our noon prayer-meeting is well attended; about 700 are out daily, and there is a remarkable quickening and earnestness among ministers and Christians generally. I know Edinburgh well, and I am safe to say that I never knew a time when there was a greater appearance of harmony among Christians; unity among the Lord's workers; and humble, prayerful waiting upon God for blessing.

On Friday there was much blessing to Christians, and numbers of souls were also brought in. On that evening we had a delightful work in the enquiry meeting, and, I think, I had about half-a-dozen I had good hope of. One was specially interesting, a stranger from beyond Stirling. She was passing through, came to the meeting, heard, was awakened, came into the enquiry meeting, and into my hands, along with a girl of twelve, and both professed to see the way of salvation. This woman was astonished to hear that she had just to believe what she read there to be saved. She said, "Is that all? have I only to believe?" "Just to believe that forgiveness is yours as a gift from God." "Then I do believe." "Then God says you are justified from all things."

Large numbers were out again last night, and we had a

meeting for inquirers at the Free Assembly Hall. About forty confessed that they were new converts, and about forty stood up as anxious to be saved, and were asked to go to the other side of the hall, where they were conversed with.

I got down beside a young lady whom I saw anxious in the enquiry meeting, but I did not have the opportunity of speaking to her, and kept at work over an hour with her over the word of God. I could not tell you at length the deep interest of this case ; but at the close I had some hope that she has divine life and will yet get liberty.

A beautiful incident happened as I was speaking to her. A young girl bounded up to us and said, with an overflowing joy, "I am the girl you spoke to at the Barclay Church, and gave the book to ; now I am just going, but could not leave without coming to tell you that *I have found Jesus.*"

We had a very sweet meeting at noon to-day. Mr. Moody gave us the prayers that God does not answer—Moses, Elijah, Paul. I pointed out to him afterward, to his great delight, that Moses' prayer was answered, to see the land 1483 years afterward, but not as in the midst of Israel, but in better company, with Jesus in the midst, on the mount of transfiguration ; and he saw the land in the light of the glory of Christ. And when he returned he did not care a bit for the land. He was all taken up with Christ, and instead of speaking of it or the goodly mountain of Lebanon, he and Elias spake to Him of His decease that he should accomplish at Jerusalem, the thing nearest the heart. That is the sight we, too, shall get (if we do not see it now) when He comes in his glory, and all his saints with Him.

We have had a most impressive address from Mr. Moody this evening on the text, "*Where art thou?*" He spoke very solemnly to Christians, and said if they were to wake up, Edinburgh would be filled with awakening from one end

to the other, inside of forty-eight hours. Then he spoke to sinners, and it was most alarming. The three steps to hell, were—

1. Neglect ; 2. Refuse ; 3. Despise.

He told them, even weeping, of their danger, and besought them to get the question settled now. Ah, it is that tender, weeping power in dear Mr. Moody, that is so overwhelming to sinners. He is now preaching in one of the best and largest churches of the New Town, and yet he has been quite as faithful as when among the poor last week in the Old Town ; and there have been some marked cases of awakening. Mr. Sankey's singing of "Jesus of Nazareth" had a fine effect upon them. "I saw it striking in upon the hearts of many ; and many weeping eyes told of its power. A widow in front of me, with her little boy by her side, was moved deeply, and publicly addressed by Mr. Moody, listened with very wistful eyes ; and both of them came to the second meeting. I was anxious about the result of the inquiry meeting in that church, and they were rather long in coming in, but it turned out nearly as good as before. About fifty were conversed with this first night, and there seemed to be quite a number that believed.

The first I got hold of was a working man ; and after showing him in the Word the way of life and peace, and getting him to decide, he said :

"My wife's here."

"Where?"

"Sitting there by herself."

"Please bring her here."

She, too, professed faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and they went home together believing.

Then I got a youth about eighteen in a terrible state of anxiety, and wrought with him a long time, and though

hopeful, I do not know that he sees clearly ; but he lives near me, and I hope to see him again to-morrow. The life is in, I believe, but he wants liberty.

Then I got a word with about a dozen besides, and gave them books.

I saw three all at once profess Christ in Mr. Moody's hands.

But there were chronic cases that baffled the whole of us, and after ten o'clock there was a man in a corner to whom Mr. Gall had spoken all night, who was all but desperate with conviction. Mr. Moody prayed with him, and he was bowed down and weeping, but he had to leave him still in bondage, showing how entirely it is God's work to set a soul free.

Mr. Sankey sang "*Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.*" There was a power in it ; many wept. At the close I had three or four anxious sinners, and about as many anxious saints. Mr. Moody had a goodly number professing faith in his hands. Others also were busy. I had some interesting cases of saints in darkness who again got light. Just as I was leaving, Mr. Moody put into my hands a young lady who had been conversed with by one and another all the evening ; and just as I spoke the *very last word I intended to speak to her*, her face was lighted up with joy, and she said, " I now trust in the Lord Jesus." Dr. Thomson remarked as we were coming out, that he thought it had been a night of more solid work than any we have yet had. One good thing in being in one of the New Town churches is, that " the poor rich," as a noble worker calls them, have got a chance for their souls. The most respectable men and women have been plentiful in the meeting, and not absent from the inquiry rooms. The poor have far more privileges and opportunities of being saved than the better classes. But they, too, are getting a chance now ; and we have seen some marked instances of salvation

among them. We returned home, praising God for His grace and blessing.

I have observed that Mr. Moody speaks to inquirers with an open Bible in his hands, fixing them down to the Word of God, and anchoring their souls on the living rock of the Holy Scriptures. He also gets them to their knees in prayer ; and I have seen them rise from his side by twos and threes, wiping their eyes, and smiling through their tears, confessing Christ.

Dr. Thomson said, " I think there could not have been fewer than one hundred inquirers here to-night, and I think more have professed faith in Christ than any night." It was very cheering to see the great heartiness with which Dr. Thomson entered into the work of the inquirers' meeting ; and also to see other ministers there in considerable force from his own church and other churches engaged in pointing sinners to Christ. Having been every night at work for an hour and a half in the inquiry meeting, and judging of the work from seeing about forty come to Christ in my own hands, I judge that the Lord is doing marvellous things among us, whereof we are glad.

Seven professed faith in Christ all at one time in one company, and we had a conviction that it was reality in at least four of them. On Friday night, after Mr. Moody's solemn word, there seemed to be a great smashing up of souls (as Mr. Radcliffe used to call it), and among others a lady came into my hands from San Francisco, California, here for the healing of her body ; and her trouble was, that the Spirit, she thought, had left her. We showed that her anxiety to be saved and her clinging to Christ were evidences to the contrary ; and she left after ten minutes' conversation in a state of blessed emancipation and comfort. She was brought to me by one who got out of bondage the night before, and

I said, "Perhaps you will be bringing two each on Sunday night."

The last case we dealt with on Friday night was the most solemn we have seen, except that man who was specially prayed for in the noon-day meeting the other day, and saved that night. This was a young woman weeping floods of tears. She complained of a hard heart, and feared the scorn of the ungodly when she went home; she faintly professed faith in Christ.

I felt such an interest in this girl that I could not sleep without sending her a line by post, inviting her to come next day that my wife might read the Scriptures with her, and tell her more about the Lord Jesus. She came: I was at a meeting I have on Saturday evening. We made special prayer for her, and the person who led us seemed to get near to God, and we had a conviction that we were heard. It was so; for on my return home I was met with the cheering intelligence, "The girl has been here; I have read with her for nearly two hours; and she has just left, saved and happy. She said she faintly believed last night, as you said, but she is now at liberty, and says she never saw the fulness and freeness of salvation as she sees it now. Her eyes were red and swollen with weeping last night; but she was looking bright and smiling; and the only tears she wept were tears of expressed gratitude that Jesus had received her, and that we had been so interested in her as to care for her for Jesus' sake as we had done." We have seen her since and she is looking unto Jesus; but her demeanor is quiet and subdued, and she looks as one would do who had just escaped from drowning, or from a terrible railway collision.

We have had a meeting to-day for parents and children. It assembled—about 2,000 were present; the parents got a

good word. Our dear brother Sankey's singing happily gave the Gospel to the children in a number of gospel hymns.

Mr. Moody addressed parents from Deut. iv. 5-11 ; v. 29 ; vi. 7. Some young people think they hear too much about Christ and salvation from their parents, but here they have authority from God to speak of them, morning, noon, and night ; when lying down and rising up ; when sitting in the house and walking by the way. There should be the most diligent instruction of the young by parents, storing their minds with the Word of God.

Then from Mark x. 13-17 he addressed the children, and said that this is the only time when Christ was said to be much displeased. He told of the daughter of an infidel dying in peace, after being only five weeks at the Sunday school. Also, of a boy of twelve, who heard Dr. Chalmers preach, and came, at the close of the service, and said he had nothing to give, but he would give himself to Christ. He did so, and has been the means in our country of establishing many Sabbath schools, with tens of thousands of scholars, and out of them have grown as many as thirty-eight churches, in which are many precious souls saved and happy, all through this boy coming to Christ and giving himself to Him.

Dr. Thomson said : I should consider it a very superfluous work to say anything of the trustworthiness of these excellent men. They have come among us not as unknown adventurers without "letters of recommendation," but as long tried and honored laborers in the fields of evangelism in their own country, and more recently in Newcastle and other towns in the north of England, where there appears to have been a Pentecostal blessing in which every denomination of Christians has shared. And the ministers, and elders, and deacons of our different churches that have gathered around them every evening, and shared with them in their blessed

work, prove the confidence in which they are held by those in whom the Christian people of Edinburgh are accustomed to place confidence.

The service of song conducted by Mr. Sankey, in which music is used as the handmaid of a Gospel ministry, has already been described in your columns. I have never found it objected to, except by those who have not witnessed it. Those who have come and heard, have departed with their prejudices vanquished and their hearts impressed. We might quote, in commendation of this somewhat novel manner of preaching the Gospel, the words of good George Herbert :

“ A verse may win him when the Gospel flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.”

There is nothing of novelty in the doctrine which Mr. Moody proclaims. It is the old Gospel—old, yet always fresh and young, too, as the living fountain or the morning sun—in which the substitution of Christ is placed in the centre and presented with admirable distinctness and decision. It is spoken with impressive directness, not as by a man half-convinced and who seems always to feel that a sceptic is looking over his shoulder, but with a deep conviction of the truth of what he says, as if, like our own Andrew Fuller, he could “venture his eternity on it,” and with a tremendous earnestness, as if he felt that “if he did not speak the very stones would cry out.” The illustrations and anecdotes, drawn principally from his strangely-varied life, are so wisely chosen, so graphically told, and so well applied, as never to fail in hitting the mark.

I wish once more to call attention to one essential feature in the action of these good men—the daily noon-day meeting for prayer. It began some weeks ago in an upper room in Queen Street Hall. That was filled after a few days. Next it was transferred to Queen Street Hall, which is capable of

holding 1,200 persons. It was not long ere this became overcrowded, and now there are full meetings every day in the Free Assembly Hall, which is capable of holding some hundreds more. It is a fact with a meaning in it, that simultaneously with the increase in the noon-day meeting for prayer has been the increase in attendance in Broughton Place Church at the evening addresses, and also in the number of inquirers afterwards. Before the end of last week every inch of standing ground in our large place of worship was occupied with eager listeners, and hundreds were obliged to depart without being able to obtain so much as a sight of the speaker. The number of inquirers gradually rose from fifty to a hundred per night, and on Monday evening this week, when the awakened and those who professed to have undergone the "great change," were gathered together in our church hall, to be addressed by Mr. Moody, no other persons being admitted, there were nearly three hundred present, and even these were only part of the fruits of one week. I wish to give prominence to the statement that the persons who conversed with the perplexed and inquiring were ministers, elders, and deacons, and qualified private members of our various churches, and also Christian matrons and Bible-women, as far as their valuable services could be secured.

And now, at the close of the week of special services at Broughton Place Church, I wish to repeat the statement in your paper which I made on Monday in the Assembly Hall, that there is no week in my lengthened ministry upon which I look back with such grateful joy. I would not for the wealth of a world have the recollection of what I have seen and heard during the past week blotted out from my memory. When Howe was chaplain to Cromwell at Whitehall, he became weary of the turmoil and pomp of the palace, and wrote to "his dear and honored brother," Richard Baxter,

telling him how much he longed to be back again to his beloved work at Torrington. "I have devoted myself," he said, "to serve God in the work of the ministry, and how can I want the pleasure of hearing their cryings and complaints who have come to me under convictions." I have shared with many beloved brethren during the past week in this sacred pleasure, and it is like the eating of angel's bread, first to hear the cry of conviction, and yet more to hear at length the utterance of the joy of reconciliation and peace !

I was much struck by the variety among the inquirers. There were present from the old man of seventy-five to the youth of eleven, soldiers from the Castle, students from the University, the backsliding, the intemperate, the skeptical, the rich and the poor, the educated and the uneducated ; and in how many instances were the wounded healed and the burdened released !

It may be encouraging to Christian parents and teachers to be told that very much of this marvellous blessing, when once begun in a house, has spread through the whole family, and those who already had the knowledge of the divine truth in their minds by early Christian education, formed by far the largest proportion of the converts. The seed was there sleeping in the soil, which the influence from above quickened into life.

There was a considerable number of skeptics among the inquirers, but their speculative doubts and difficulties very soon became of no account when they came to have a proper view of their sins. Some have already come to tell me of their renunciation of unbelief, and their discipleship to Christ. One has publicly announced that he can no longer live in the ice-house of cold negations, and has asked Mr. Moody to publish the address which brought light to his heart, and to circulate it far and wide over the land.

I witnessed no excesses in the inquiry rooms; but there was often deep and melting solemnity, sometimes a sob of sorrow, and the whispered prayer of contrition or gratitude. There must, however, occur at times imprudent things and excesses in connection with even the best works that have imperfect though good men employed about them. But cold criticism that is in search of faults, of ultra-prudence that attempts nothing from fear of making mistakes, is not the temper in which to regard such events. I would not dare to take either of these positions, "lest haply I should be found to be fighting against God."

I have already expressed my high appreciation of Mr. Moody's manner of addressing. If some think that it wants the polished elegance of certain of our home orators, it has qualities that are far more valuable; and even were it otherwise, the great thing is to have the gospel of the grace of God clearly and earnestly preached to the multitudes who are crowding every night to listen to him. When the year of the jubilee came in ancient times among the Jews, I suspect the weary bond-slave or the poor debtor cared little whether it was proclaimed to him with silver trumpets or rams' horns, if he could only be assured that he was free.

The following paper was issued and sent to every denomination in Scotland:

"Edinburgh is now enjoying signal manifestations of grace. Many of the Lord's people are not surprised at this. In October and November last, they met from time to time to pray for it. They hoped that they might have a visit from Messrs. Moody and Sankey of America; but they very earnestly besought the Lord that He would deliver them from depending upon them, or on any instrumentality, and that He himself would come with them, or come before them. He has graciously answered that prayer, and His own presence is

now wonderfully manifested, and is felt to be among them. God is so affecting the hearts of men, that the Free Church Assembly Hall, the largest public building in Edinburgh, is crowded every day at noon with a meeting for prayer; and that building, along with the Established Church Assembly Hall, overflows every evening when the Gospel is preached. But the numbers that attend are not the most remarkable feature. It is the presence of the power of the Holy Ghost, the solemn awe, the prayerful, believing, expectant spirit, the anxious inquiry of unsaved souls, and the longing of believers to grow more like Christ,—the hungering and thirsting after holiness. The hall of the Tolbooth Church, and the Free High Church are nightly attended by anxious inquirers. All denominational and social distinctions are entirely merged. All this is the God of Grace.

“Another proof of the Holy Spirit’s presence is, that a desire has been felt and expressed in these meetings, that all Scotland should share the blessing that the capital is now enjoying.

“It is impossible that our beloved friends from America should visit every place, or even all those to which they have been urged to go. But this is not necessary. The Lord is willing Himself to go wherever he is truly invited. He is waiting. The Lord’s people in Edinburgh, therefore, would affectionately entreat all their brethren throughout the land to be importunate in invoking Him to come to them, and dismiss all doubt as to his being willing to do so.

“The week of prayer, from the 4th to 11th January next, affords a favorable opportunity for combined action. In every town and hamlet let there be a daily meeting for prayer during that week, and also as often as may be before it. In Edinburgh the hour is from 12 to 1, and where the same hour suits other places, it would be pleasing to meet together

in faith at the throne of grace. But let the prayers not be formal, unbelieving, unexpected : but short, fervent, earnest entreaties, mingled with abounding praise and frequent short exhortations ; and let them embrace the whole world, that God's way may be known upon earth, His saving health among all nations. If the country will thus fall upon their knees, and God, who has filled our national history with the wonders of His love, will come again and surprise even the strongest believers by the unprecedented tokens of His grace. 'Call unto me and I will answer thee and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not.' "

This was signed by thirty-eight ministers of all denominations.

Mr. Moody addressed some special meetings in Free Assembly Hall.

On Sabbath morning, December 14, he addressed the young men of the Sabbath morning Fellowship Union.

On Friday, December 19, he preached to young men on being born again.

On Sabbath morning, December 21, he addressed Sabbath school teachers.

The same evening he preached to the students of Edinburgh University and the New College, on "There is no difference." This was one of the most magnificent sights I have ever witnessed. On the platform with him were numbers of professors of both colleges, and, I believe, the majority of the students. The hall was densely crowded, and I question whether he ever addressed a more intelligent audience, or one that gave him more profound and riveted attention. Had they not had confidence in him, and felt his power, and, we trust, the higher power of God's Spirit and truth, they would not have sat for more than two hours with such quietness. He commanded that immense meeting of about two

thousand men, as no man on that platform, save Dr. Duff, could have done. The living power of God's Holy Spirit was felt giving the word, and laying conviction on the conscience. The Gospel given at the end was most touchingly illustrated ; and the very appropriate hymn sung by Mr. Sankey, " I am sweeping through the gates," gave a spiritual finish to the whole that had been spoken. It was an opportunity such as no man ever before enjoyed here ; and we cannot doubt that God has given and used it for the conversion of souls and the glory of Christ.

At half-past eight o'clock, December 29, there was a meeting held in the Corn Exchange, Grassmarket, which was attended by about 3,000 persons belonging to the poorer classes. The Rev. Mr. Morgan opened this meeting with prayer.

Mr. Moody began his address by telling the well-known story about Rowland Hill and Lady Erskine. Her ladyship was driving past a crowd of people to whom Hill was preaching. She asked who the preacher was, and, on being informed, told her coachman to drive nearer. Rowland Hill, seeing her approach, asked who she was, and when he was told, he said there was a soul there for sale. Who would bid, he asked, for Lady Erskine's soul ? There was Satan's offer. He would give pleasure, honor, position, and, in fact, the whole world. There was also, he said, the offer of the Lord Jesus, who would give pardon, peace, joy, rest, and at last, heaven and glory. He then asked Lady Erskine which of these bids she would accept. Ordering her coachman to open her carriage door, she pressed her way through the crowd to where the preacher was, and said, " Lord Jesus, I give my soul to Thee ; accept of it."

Mr. Moody went on to urge on his hearers to give themselves there and then to the same Saviour who was that day

preached in the hearing of Lady Erskine, and accepted by her. He brought out the freeness of the gospel offer, and the importance of immediately closing with it. He mentioned several instances of conversion—one of them concerning a soldier, who had been at the meeting of the previous night in that same hall, and who had afterward gone up to the Assembly Hall, had received Christ there, and was now professing himself a Christian man.

Mr. Sankey sang several of his hymns—"The Lifeboat," "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," and "The Prodigal Child," being among them.

The meeting on Sunday night, Dec. 28, seems to have been the most extraordinary of all these meetings. Though there were about 5,000 persons present, the most perfect order was observed, and the deepest interest manifested in the proceedings. After this meeting was over, hundreds pressed up to the Free Assembly Hall, and when the question was put if there were any there anxious about their souls and desiring to be saved, the whole body rose to their feet in answer to the question. The interest shown was such as many of those present had never before seen in the course of a long ministry among the people. Mr. Moody expressed himself as more impressed by it than he had been by anything he had ever before seen.

Mr. Moody preached on Sabbath forenoon in Free St. George's Church, his subject being, "What Christ has done for man." This he treated very generally. In the afternoon Messrs. Moody and Sankey conducted evangelistic services in the Free Assembly Hall, and the Free High Church at five o'clock, and in the Established Assembly Hall and Free St. John's Church at six o'clock—these meetings being for females only. The Jubilee Singers sang at each of these meetings. There was an immense meeting in the Corn Exchange, Grass-

market, at seven o'clock. The great hall was filled with people, who stood closely packed together in every part of it. There must have been between 6,000 and 7,000 persons present. Short addresses were delivered by several ministers and laymen, frequent prayer engaged in, and a great number of hymns sung by Mr. Sankey and the Jubilee Singers. These hymns had each of them a bearing on the thoughts or sentiments that formed the themes of the addresses by which they were preceded. There was the most perfect quiet observed by the vast assemblage, and both addresses and hymns were listened to with the utmost attention.

In his address Mr. Moody pointed out that though it was because of Adam's sin man was condemned, it was not because of it that any one would be lost, but because they neglected to lay hold of the remedy.

Mr. Moody preached to about *fifteen thousand* this first Lord's day of 1874, at seven different times. His passion for saving souls is self-consuming. Let all Christians pray that he may be upheld by God, in body and soul, and blessed more and more.

Tens of thousands of men, women, and children of all classes of the community, have crowded the halls and churches, where they have preached and sung of Christ and the Gospel.

Multitudes of men assembled in the Corn Exchange, and multitudes of women in the Assembly Halls and adjoining churches on the Lord's day, to hear words whereby they might be saved ; and on the week days the daily prayer meeting, noon and night, was crowded with eager, anxious throngs of Christians or anxious ones ; while in the Newington U. P. Church and the Canongate Parish Church, fully three thousand came together nightly to listen to the singing and preaching of the glorious Gospel of Christ.

Bible lectures have been held in the Free Assembly Hall,

Viewforth Church, West Coates Church, and Free St. Mary's, and thereby have received clearer light on the Gospel, more stable standing on the sure foundation, and blessed freedom from bondage.

Mr. Moody's excellent plan of making the Bible speak for itself by quoting text after text and commenting on them, and enforcing them by striking illustrations, has been of eminent use among Christians who had life but no liberty. Christ has said through him to many a young and groaning one, "Loose him and let him go."

Mr. Moody's clear preaching of grace reigning through righteousness and salvation by grace without the works of the law, and the believer's place in Christ where there is now no condemnation, and sin shall not have dominion over us, because we are not under law, but under grace, is fitted to give immediate relief to burdened, unclear, and legal Christians, of whom we have crowds.

His mind has evidently been in contact with clear, Scripture teachings, such as one seldom meets with in our day ; for he has learned to draw his words of grace and truth from the clear crystal river of divine revelation, and not from the muddy streams of human theology ; and if we, ministers of Christ, are still to get a hearing from the people who have hung as if spell-bound on the ministry of Mr. Moody, we must preach in the same simple, scriptural, loving, and direct manner. He has lifted up a crucified and glorified Christ, honored the Holy Ghost by believing in His constant presence and grace, and his Gospel has been made the power of God unto salvation to unnumbered souls. We calculate that as many as 30,000 have listened to his beseeching voice.

The work of grace is no doubt deep, wide-spread, and extraordinary, as compared with the state of things spiritually previous to the coming of those earnest men ; but it is only

the ordinary and normal result of prayer and preaching, which the model of the Acts of the Apostles warrants us in expecting when all the disciples of Christ are continuing with one accord in prayer and supplication, and in dependence on the Holy Ghost are bending all their energies to the one work of getting the Christ of God magnified by the conversion of perishing souls. When we consider that the great bulk of the ministers and Christian people of Edinburgh have been doing almost nothing else for nearly two months but giving themselves to receive blessing, and to co-operate with our excellent friends to make the Gospel triumphant in the city ; and when we consider that there has been this concerted, continued, and concentrated effort towards this one thing, we have hardly seen so much fruit as we might reasonably have expected ; and we are very sure if there had not been much grieving and quenching of the Holy Spirit of God among us in connection with this work, both secretly and openly, He would have wrought with mightier power, and the harvest of souls would have been much more abundant.

There has never been, as in other days, thousands Pentecostally smitten simultaneously : whole meetings arrested, as in the years of the right hand of the Most High in times past, and made to stand still and see the salvation of God. Might the Lord not have given such power as would have left hundreds instead of tens, anxiously enquiring what must we do, if there had been an entire exclusion of "the flesh" and a total self-surrender on the part of Christians, more regard for the glory of Christ, less grieving and quenching and more honoring of the Holy Ghost ?

We do not quite sympathize with some things which have been said about Mr. Moody's preaching, and especially that he is not eloquent. What, we would ask, makes the meetings flat when he is absent but the want of a quality he

possesses ? and what makes them full of life and spiritual emotion when he is present, but just the superior divine eloquence which flows in his burning words, as if an electric current were passing through every heart ?

He is the most powerful speaker—the most eloquent preacher—who most fully carries an audience with him and produces the greatest results ; and if Mr. Moody is judged by such a rule, he is one of the most eloquent of living men, for none of us here who are ministers feel the least desire to speak if he is present, for with all our university training we acknowledge his superior power as a Heaven-commissioned evangelist. He has the all-powerful eloquence of a man full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, and fired with indomitable zeal for the glory of Christ and the salvation of souls. He may be devoid of rhetoric (and that, we suppose, is meant), and he may use his freedom in extemporizing grammar to suit himself, but withal Moody is the most eloquent, as he is the most successful preacher among us. The Lord be praised for giving such gifts to men, and for the thousands of souls He has converted by him in this city, or set into the liberty of grace by a fuller knowledge of Christ and His finished work.

What masses of young people from the schools crowded the meetings during the holidays ! And so great has been the attraction of the singing of the one and the eloquence of the other, that hundreds of young persons, especially of the higher classes, who were formerly accustomed to go to the theatre, opera, and pantomime, gave them up deliberately, and from choice and the force of conviction attended the gospel and prayer-meetings. Men who can draw away our educated children by the hundred in this city that boasts of its education, from these haunts of pleasure and amusement, to hear of Christ in preaching and songs, and embrace Him

as their Saviour, and cling to them as their friends, have that spiritual education which enobles the character, implants delicate feelings, generous sentiments, tender emotions, and gracious affections, which the young very quickly discover and reciprocate.

But we have no doubt that a very great part of Mr. Moody's superiority over most ministers as a preacher of the gospel, arises from his superior knowledge and grasp of the Holy Scriptures.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey's principle for gospel work is the recognition of the divine unity of the one body of Christ ; and accordingly wherever they go they say, in effect, A truce to all sectarianism, that the Lord alone may be exalted : let all denominations for the time being be obliterated and forgotten, and let us bring our united Christian effort to bear upon the one great work of saving perishing souls. It is a charming sight to look back over the past eight weeks and think of men who, it appeared, were for all time to come in religious antagonism, because of their controversial differences on the Union question, sitting side by side on the same platform lovingly co-operating with these American brethren and with one another for the conversion of souls. All old things seemed to have passed away, and all things had become new, and all rejoiced together in the blessing which has been so richly vouchsafed by the God of all grace.

There has been such a commingling of ministers and Christians of all the churches—all sectarian thoughts and feelings being buried—as has never been witnessed in this city since the first breaking up of the Church of Scotland, more than 140 years ago. What all the ministers and people of Scotland were unable to achieve—a union of Christians on a doctrinal basis—God has effected, as it were at once, on the basis of the inner life by the singing of a few simple hymns

and the simple preaching of the gospel : for as the unity of the nation was secured by the one purpose to make David king over all Israel :—" All these men of war that could keep rank came with a perfect heart to Hebron, to make David king over all Israel ; and all the rest also of Israel were of one heart to make David king, and there was great joy in Israel " (1 Chron. xii. 37)—so the one purpose to have the Lord Jesus exalted and made supreme, and His glory in the triumph of His gospel and the salvation of sinners made manifest, has united the ministers and Christian people of every name in the metropolis of Scotland : " and there was great joy in that city " (Acts viii. 8). " Be it known unto you all, that by the name of Jesus of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by Him " hath been " shed forth this which ye now see and hear. " " This is the stone which was set at nought of you builders, which is become the Head of the Corner. Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved " (Acts iv. 10-12). " This is the Lord's doing ; it is marvellous in our eyes. THIS IS THE DAY WHICH THE LORD HATH MADE. We will be glad and rejoice in it " (Ps. cxviii. 23, 24).

Mr. Moody is overpoweringly in earnest, and he brings in the direct, straightforward, decided methods of a thorough-going, energetic man of business into his addresses, in conducting meetings, and his dealing with souls, and, as a preacher generally stamps his own image upon his converts, we may hope to see a brood of decided Christian witnesses and testifiers arising out of this time of awakening, that will let it be known that the glory of the Lord Jesus is the uppermost purpose in their hearts.

This witness-bearing has already begun in colleges and schools, in families and work-rooms, in drawing-rooms and

kitchens. There are discussions going on everywhere regarding both the men and the movement. In ladies' schools there are young converts testifying for Jesus, and boldly confessing Him as their Saviour; evening parties, through the influence of the young believers in the household, are being converted into Christian assemblies to talk over the preaching of Mr. Moody, and to sing in concerted worship the hymns and solos which have been introduced by the inimitable singing of Mr. Sankey.

These two quiet and humble Americans have all but turned society in Edinburgh upside down, and by the grace of God, have given its citizens the merriest Christmas and the happiest New Year that they have ever enjoyed, by gathering them around the Lord Jesus. It seems as if a voice from heaven had been saying, "O clap your hands, all ye people: shout unto God with the voice of triumph. God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet. Sing praises to God, sing praises; sing praises to our King, sing praises; sing ye praises with understanding."

WHAT GOOD HAVE MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY DONE IN EDINBURGH?

THIS is a question which, in its inward aspect, can be answered only by Him who knows the hearts of men; but that which is visible and apparent can be set down in writing.

For one thing, Mr. Moody has given the Bible its due place of prominence, and has made it to be looked upon as the most interesting book in the world. This is honoring the Holy Ghost more than all the prayers for His outpouring that have been offered; for it is getting into the mind of God as the Psalmist got, when he said: "Thou hast magnified Thy word above all Thy name." His addresses on such themes as "How to study the Holy Scriptures," and "The

Scriptures cannot be broken ;” his own Bible lectures, which were so full of Scripture, and helpful to hundreds of Christians ; his constant reference to the Bible, and quotations from it in his preaching ; his moving about among the anxious with the open Bible in his hands, that he might get them to rest their souls on the “ true sayings of God ;” and his earnest exhortations to young Christians to read the Word, and to older and well-taught Christians to get up “ Bible readings,” and invite young Christians to come to them, that they might be made acquainted with the mind of Christ, all showed how much in earnest he is to give due prominence to the Holy Scriptures.

Mr. Moody has also given us a thorough specimen of good Gospel preaching, both as to matter and manner of communication. It is not a mixture of law and Gospel : his Gospel is “ the Gospel of the Grace of God,” “ without the works of the law,” the “ Gospel of God” coming in righteously and saving the lost, not by a mere judicial manipulation and theoretically, but by grace, power, and life coming in when men were dead, so that we have not only sins blotted out by the blood of Christ, but deliverance from sin in the nature by death and resurrection, and life beyond death, so that a risen Christ is before us, and we in Him, when it is said, “ There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.” There is “ justification *of life* ” in his preaching, immediately that we are “ justified *by His blood*.”

He has also distinguished with much decision and precision between the Adam nature and the new creation in Christ, and made it as clear as noonday that salvation is not the mere setting right of man’s existing faculties, but the impartation of new life in Christ, a new nature, a new creation, so that there exist two utterly opposed natures in the one responsible Christian man, and that “ these are contrary the

one to the other :” and the knowledge of this gives young Christians immense relief, and a solid foundation for holiness at the very commencement of their Christian course. New creation in Christ—not the mending of the old creation—is Mr. Moody’s idea of Christianity : and it is the divine reality which many are now enjoying.

This also leads to the Pauline theory of holiness, as preached by him. He has imbibed very fully the theology of the Epistle to the Romans on this point, and insisted with much earnestness that Scripture has it that Christians are not under the law in any shape or form, and that this is essential to holiness :—“ For sin shall not have dominion over you ; for ye are not under the law, but under grace ” (Rom. vi. 14) ; “ But now we are delivered from the law that we should serve in newness of spirit ” (Rom. vii. 6). His doctrine is that the law never made a bad man good or a good man better, and that we are under grace for sanctification as well as for justification ; and yet the righteousness of the law is fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh (that is, under law) “ but after the spirit ” (Rom. viii. 4). His clearness in distinguishing between law and grace has been the lever of life to many souls.

Our American brethren have also been of great use in showing us what may be accomplished in the conversion of souls, if the heart is only fully set upon it, and there is a determination to have it. They came to us with that distinct aim and object in view ; and the Lord gave them the desires of their hearts ; and as the result hundreds of souls have professed salvation. They gave themselves to “ this one thing,” and they stuck to it, brushing aside all other things : even the conventional courtesies of life were made short work of by Mr. Moody if he spied an anxious soul likely to escape. His friends might introduce some notable stranger at the close

of a meeting, and feel rather annoyed that, instead of conversing with him or her, he darted off in a moment to awakened souls ; but he made that his work, and everything else had to be subordinate to it. "This one thing I do," seems to be his life-motto ; and in sticking to this all-absorbing object, he has read us a noble lesson of holy resoluteness and decision. If we who are ministers have similar faith and expectancy, and work like our American friends for the conversion of souls, the conversion of souls we shall have. Our Lord said to those who were to be the first preachers of His Gospel, "I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain" (John xv. 16) ; and when they were endued with the Holy Ghost and with power, they did "bring forth fruit" in the conversion of souls (Acts ii. 41 ; iv. 4) ; and their fruit remained (Acts ii. 42), and has done so, in the millions of souls saved in all ages down to the present day.

Our friends have been the means of rescuing hundreds of souls in this city from impending and everlasting damnation. Their labors have been especially fruitful in the conversion of young women and girls, who in course of time will be in the important position of wives and mothers ; and if the thousand of them that appear at the young converts' meeting to receive Mr. Moody's farewell address, should all hold out, it will be an unspeakable blessing that has been conferred by God on this community through their instrumentality.

Persons at a distance have wondered at us having so many ladies among the anxious, and the question has repeatedly come to us, "Where are the men ? Your anxious inquirers are nearly all women, as we read of them in your reports." If such persons had been present on Friday, Jan. 16, and run their eyes over the young converts in the Free Assembly

Hall, between eight and nine o'clock, and counted, as was done, the 1,150 that were present, and failed to find 150 of them men, they would no longer have been at a loss to see why the greater proportion of the cases of awakening mentioned are women.

But we believe also that any one who would affirm, from the excessive preponderance of women over men on Friday at the young converts' meeting, that the movement had only laid hold of women, would be very wide of the truth ; for, although the meetings went on for three weeks almost without men, towards the close there were many young men who were brought under the power of the truth. It is, however, well known that many young Scotsmen, from a variety of influences and motives, even though converted, would rather be excluded from the meeting than face the ordeal through which those had to pass who received tickets ; and had there been a converts' meeting for men to come without any examination or receiving of tickets, hundreds would have attended it.

In a time of awakening it is also well known that women who are religiously impressed will go through fire and water to comply with the wishes of those who have been made useful to their souls. They will do anything they are asked to do ; hence the mass-meeting of women on Friday, the 16th. But not so with men—especially Scotsmen—hence the absence, notwithstanding that many are known to have been converted.

Before that meeting was held we had given it as our calculation, based on the facts that had come under our own observation daily in the inquiry meeting, that there might be 1,500 souls converted, or who had professed to be converted, believing themselves to be so. We are still of the same judgment, and that very many more of them are men than

that converts' farewell meeting revealed. Twelve hundred women and three hundred men and boys seem to be the proportion and sum total who have professed conversion. Hundreds of them may go on flourishingly, and bring forth thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold. Hundreds may go back, die out, or be choked with the world, and many who have divine life in their souls may collapse, and the work may have to be done over again, and they revived and set at liberty because of the lack of teaching. This has been our observation of the results of past revivals, having been in nearly all that have taken place in this country for the last six-and-twenty years. But we see no necessity for this sad outcome of a blessed work of grace, if the professed converts were fully taught in all the precious truth of God with regard to their place in a risen and glorified Christ, as Romans, Ephesians, and Colossians, spiritually and competently expounded, would teach them. Good milk, and plenty of it, makes an infant thrive and grow. "As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word that ye may grow thereby. Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." The only way not to fall is to grow, and growth and strength are by the truth.



CHAPTER IV.

ON TO GLASGOW.



FIVE meetings in one day, at Berwick-on-Tweed, drew thousands together, and the arrows from God's quiver pierced hundreds of hearts.

A few days in Dundee awakened such interest that the evangelists returned five months later, when the enthusiasm far exceeded that of the previous visit. Every evening for a week from 10,000 to 16,000 people assembled in the open air to listen to the Gospel. Hundreds yielded to Christ, and a mighty impulse was given to religion.

On their leaving Dundee evangelistic services were held in various churches with many tokens of blessing. The number of enquiries was very considerable. Many cases were characterized by deep conviction of sin, and there were several remarkable conversions. Of the many hundreds, doubtless some were only slightly impressed, while others are bearing about their trouble to this day. For, whatever may be the explanation, there are always some who very gradually arrive at settled trust and peace in Christ. As the result of the awakening there have been large additions to the membership of the churches—in some congregations as many as one hundred and upward. Great care has been taken in watching over the young Christians, *and we do not know of any who have gone back.*

On the occasion of the second visit of the evangelists to

Dundee, in June, when great open air meetings were held in Barrick Park, Mr. Moody organized and set going special means and efforts for reaching young men. With the aid of a large staff of earnest Christian men, who volunteered their services at the call of Mr. Moody, the Young Men's Association carried out the scheme with energy and success. In the course of two weeks, upward of one hundred and thirty young men were individually conversed with, almost the whole of whom ultimately professed faith in Christ. The work has been carried on throughout the year by the Association, as well as by the direct instrumentality of the churches, with much prayer and pains, and many have been added to the Lord. In the *Post* and *Telegraph* offices alone there are some twenty young men and lads who have come over to the Lord's side, and are zealous in His service. As Andrew found his brother Simon, and brought him to Jesus, so in many a pleasing instance, brothers have been bringing brothers, and young men have been bringing their companions to the Saviour. The seal of God's blessing has been clearly stamped on the efforts of the Christian young men. And although, to the eye of an observer looking only on the surface, nothing may be apparent save the ordinary ripple of Christian work, to those who look more closely, a powerful under-current of spiritual influence is plainly seen to be at work among the youth of our town. In many quarters the tide is fairly turned and is setting in steadily in the right direction; and we expect still greater and better things.

In regard to the work among the children, we have never before seen so much precious fruit in the same space of time. All the year round, there has been great joy in many a family and in many a Sabbath-school. Nor has this joy proved to be evanescent or fruitless. To this fact parents and teachers bear decided testimony. Running parallel with the work of

the Holy Ghost, there has been a remarkable dispensation of Providence in the removal of many little ones to the spirit-world. Beautiful and instructive in many instances have been the last solemn scenes of life. To the clear eye of a child's faith there is almost no darkness in the valley. To the ear of the little Christian, quick to catch the voices from above, the solemn sound of Jordan's waters has no terrors. With marvellous wisdom and force, these dying children gave forth their testimony to Jesus and His grace.

While the immediate results of the work are exceedingly precious, the value of its full outcome can scarcely be over-estimated : believers are refreshed and lifted higher—Christian workers of every class have renewed their strength, and are filled with fresh hope and zeal. The whole body of the living Church has made an advance ; her forces are increased, her methods are improved. So mighty an impulse cannot fail of great and lasting results. But there remains much land to be possessed, and from the recent movement there comes to us a loud and stirring call to go forward. Thanking God for the past, and taking courage, we look into the future with a heart of good cheer ; and we feel assured, "'Tis better on before !"

But the great meeting in Scotland was in Glasgow. On Sunday morning, February 8, 1874, at nine o'clock, Mr. Moody addressed 3,000 Sabbath school teachers and Christian workers, in the City Hall. At half-past five in the evening, an hour before the time for services to begin, the hall was crowded in every corner. The crowds became so great that it was necessary to hold separate meetings for men and women, and even then no building in Glasgow could be found large enough to hold the congregations. The interest among the impenitent was beyond precedent. It was another Pentecost. Again and again 1,000 inquirers remained after the sermon to be pointed to Christ.

During the six days beginning with Tuesday of last week, the suburb of Hillhead was nine times flooded with crowds hurrying to the Crystal Palace. This unique glass house is the largest place of Public Assembly in Scotland, and can seat about four thousand, while a thousand or two more may be crowded into it. Tuesday evening was for the young women. Hundreds appealed in vain for tickets after seven thousand five hundred had been distributed, and hundreds who had them struggled in vain for admission. The building was crowded up to the fainting point, and the meeting was partly spoiled by its numerical success. On Wednesday the young men who were ticket-holders darkened the Great Western road more than an hour before the time of meeting. All comers were welcome on Thursday, so long as there was any room. In spite of the rain the Palace was filled by seven o'clock, and about one-half of the audience seemed to be young men of the middle classes. On Friday the noon prayer-meeting was transferred to the Palace, which was comfortably filled with the better, or better-off, classes. Friday evening's meeting was the most significant of the series. Tickets for it were given only to those who, on applying for them in person, declared that they believed themselves to have been converted since January 1st, and gave their names, addresses, and church connection, which information, we are told, is to be forwarded to their several pastors. It was publicly stated that about three thousand five hundred had received tickets on these conditions. As the Americans did not arrive till six weeks after New Year, and as the tickets were not exclusively for the frequenters of their meetings, it was hardly fair in one of our contemporaries to insinuate that the object was to number and ticket Moody's converts. The children had their turn on Saturday at noon, and the working people at night. On Sunday morning the young women were admitted by ticket,

and at six o'clock P.M. the Palace was filled both inside and outside, as an Irishman would say. While several ministers, along with Mr. Sankey, conducted the service inside, Mr. Moody addressed a crowd in the open air that filled the whole space between the Palace and the gate of the Botanic Gardens. Many hundreds did not even get the length of the garden gate. The estimates of the vast throng—mere guess-work, of course—range from fifteen to thirty thousand. A month ago, in the same place and under the same auspices, another meeting was held for six and a half hours. We refer to the "Christian Convention," which Dr. Cairns declared to be "unparalleled in the history of the Scotch, perhaps of British Christianity." It was reported that about five thousand were present, of whom some two thousand were ministers and office-bearers from Scotland and the North of England.

Now these are conspicuous facts, and challenge the respectful attention and sympathy of all, whatever their religious views may be, were it on no higher principle than that of the ancient poet, "I am a man, and deem nothing human uninteresting to me." Some have already photographed the humorous side of these religious assemblies, and proved what we dare say nobody will deny, that some blemishes cleave to them. We are persuaded, however, that many of our readers will not be disinclined to look at the higher aspects of "these wondrous gatherings day by day;" for we are not aware that so many large and representative meetings have been drawn together in Glasgow by any cause or interest whatever during the past century. Here is a novel addition to the "May meetings"—a new General Assembly, with representatives of almost every class of Society and every Protestant Church in the land.

The religious movement, of which these meetings are the

most outstanding manifestation, dates, so far as it met the public eye, from "the week of prayer" in the beginning of January. The ministers and office-bearers of almost all the churches then met, and formed a committee to arrange for united prayer meetings, and also for the expected visit of the American Evangelists. The record of what was going on in the North of England, and especially in Edinburgh, had previously inflamed, as well as informed, many of the more receptive and sympathetic souls. Tokens of growing interest had also been appearing in many quarters ; and evangelistic services, such as those conducted by Mr. Brownlow North and others, had indicated that the spiritual thermometer was steadily rising. During the first week of January St. George's Church was crowded at noon, while the overflow was accommodated in Hope Street Free Gaelic Church. After the first fortnight Wellington Street United Presbyterian Church was made the centre, where, on an average, about a thousand met daily for prayer. In the second week of February, Messrs. Moody and Sankey began their work among us ; and for the last three months they have conducted meetings every day, with a few exceptions. The mind experiences a sense of fatigue in detailing their efforts. They certainly have not spared themselves. Here is something like an average week-day's work : twelve to one o'clock, prayer meeting ; one to two o'clock, conversations with individuals ; four to five o'clock, Bible lecture, attended by some twelve or fifteen hundred ; seven to half-past eight o'clock, evangelistic meeting, with inquiry meeting at close ; nine to ten o'clock, young men's meeting. The tale of some Sabbath-day's work is even heavier ; nine to ten o'clock, City Hall ; eleven to half-past twelve o'clock, a church service ; five to seven o'clock, women's ; seven to nine o'clock, men's meeting in City Hall. Very few men possess, or at least exercise such powers of ser-

vice; though in addition to the aid from the realm beyond on which true workers rely, we doubt not that congenial and successful Christian work may sustain a man beyond any other form of human effort. Admission to these meetings was usually by ticket, a necessary precaution against overcrowding. The animated scenes of last week in the Botanic Gardens prove that the interest has not waned, even after three months' use and wont had worn off the edge of novelty.

Accepting this as a genuine Christian work, it may be worth while to fix attention on some of its leading characteristics and results. We would say here, in passing, that we cannot well understand why some educated minds, without granting a hearing, condemn religious revivals out-and-out on philosophical grounds. Viewed on the human side, the philosophy of revivals, as they term it, is just a department of the philosophy of history. In no region has progress been uniformly steady and gradual: but it has been now and then by great strides, by fits and starts, and such events as the Germans call epoch-making. In all the affairs of men there have been tides with full floods. Every channel along which human energies pour themselves has had its "freshet." We are familiar with revivals in trade, science, literature, arts, and politics. Times of refreshing and visitation are not much more frequent in sacred than in secular history; and they indicate the most interesting and fruitful periods in both.

To say that the work betrays some imperfections, and that there have been many objectors, is only to say what has been justly said of every great enterprise, civil and religious. But this revival seems to be distinguished from all previous revivals by the circumstance that it has been indorsed by something like the catholic consent of the churches. From the outset nearly all our leading ministers, and not a few of our

foremost laymen, identified themselves with it. They sat and sang together on the pulpit stairs and platform at the daily prayer meeting. A Highland member of the Free Church Presbytery lately protested against some of the accompaniments ; and in a court that numbers about one hundred and fifty members, there was not one to second his lament. One of our most conservative churches—the Reformed Presbyterian—gave its unanimous and cordial approval the other day at its Synod.

The unfriendly letter-writers fall into two classes. Some sign themselves clergymen and are much exercised about their clerical status. If any in these days will make it their chief concern to stand upon their official dignity, they shall find by and by that they have not much ground to stand upon. No evangelists, however, have come among us who have more respected the position and influence of the ministers. Mr. Moody's first statement at his first meeting in the City Hall was, that he met with the Sabbath school teachers first, because he knew that no class would welcome him more heartily, with the single exception of the ministers, and that it would be presumption in him to lecture them. The other class of unfriendly critics write in the interest of intellectualism and culture in its "broadest" sense. We suspect that the "sages," whose profession is, as one of themselves has said, that they are neither great sinners nor great saints, are the enemies of revivals only because they are the enemies of the things revived. Would they object, for instance, to a revival that gave body and popular attractions to the worn-out ideas which they commend as the *ne plus ultra* of attainable truth ? At all events, it will not do for them to say that only the women and children have been attracted, for there has been nightly a most imposing muster of the vigorous manhood of our city, and the City Hall has been often found

too small to accommodate the men who flocked to some of the special services.

Mr. Moody is very fortunate in having such a colleague as Mr. Sankey. He has enriched evangelistic work by something approaching the discovery of a new power. He spoils the Egyptians of their finest music, and consecrates it to the service of the tabernacle. Music in his hands is, more than it has yet been, the handmaid of the Gospel, and the voice of the heart. We have seen many stirred and melted by his singing before a word had been spoken. Indeed, his singing is just a powerful, distinct, and heart-toned way of speaking, that seems to reach the heart by a short cut, when mere speaking might lose the road. Most people admit that the work has been conducted in a very calm and sober-minded fashion. Mr. Moody is credited with a large share of shrewdness and common sense. He has not yielded to the temptations that powerfully assail his class. He does not give himself out to be coddled and petted by well-meaning but injudicious admirers. We have not noticed in him that offensive affectation of superior piety that provoked a sarcastic acquaintance of ours to say that some revivalists seemed to begin their story as Virgil makes Æneas begin his, "I am the pious Æneas." He keeps close to the essentials, and is free from such crochets as often narrow the sphere and destroy the influence of evangelists. It is not irritation but balm, that he tries to bring to our religious divisions. It must be owned that a premium has not been set on the hysterical, the convulsive, and the sensational forms of religious excitement. The proverbial weakness for numbers has been more apparent in some of his sympathizers than in himself. Nor does he make himself responsible for the reality of every apparent conversion. He has set his face sternly against the religious dissipation in which some of his most indefatigable hearers

rejoice. Novelty-hunters and marvel-mongers have not been gratified. Sight-seers have been usually excluded from the meetings for inquirers, and only "workers" have been admitted. That there has been nothing necessarily repellant to thoughtful and educated people is proven by the number of middle-class young men in sympathy, and by the fair proportion of them at the "Converts' Meeting," and also by the crowds of genteel people at the quiet afternoon Bible lectures. Though he has introduced some novel methods, he has stuck to the simple old truths, and his convictions are in entire accord with Scottish orthodoxy. His straightforward, business-like, slap-dash style gives a fascinating air of reality to all he says, while his humor, capital hits, vivid and homely illustrations, and now and again his deep feeling, seldom fail to rivet the attention of his hearers. He has not a round-about and far-off way of handling divine things, and hence many accuse him of abruptness, brusqueness and undue familiarity. The Christian life he commends is manly and genial, intense, and yet not strained or twisted. These features go far to explain what would be called in America his personal magnetism.

Many ask, "But will it last? What is to come out of all this?" In Edinburgh, they say that since the Americans left, the impression has been steadily increasing, and that it has entered influential spheres almost untouched before. The summer scatterings will severely test the reality of the movement, but perhaps they may also scatter a share of the stimulus along both sides of the Clyde. The avowed end from the first has been that the ordinary congregational channels might be flushed and flooded with fresh energy. Such extraordinary efforts are most successful, though their success is less apparent when they add new power to ordinary agencies. If this be the result, the friends of the movement will have no cause

for disappointment, while its enemies will point to the absence of demonstrative accompaniments as a proof that it has entirely collapsed.

We may expect that something will be gained from the experience of the past months. New methods of conducting meetings are already finding favor. Some may be in danger of surrendering hastily the individuality, and adopting modes of speech and action foreign to them. We may easily ascribe too much to the new methods of the American Evangelists. Their success is due largely to the fact that they approach the Scottish Churches on the side on which they are weakest. It would seem that Scottish styles are about as popular in America as American styles have proved in Scotland, and for the very same reason. At the Evangelical Alliance in New York, the speakers from our country were most appreciated, because they were strong where Americans felt themselves to be weak. The career of Dr. Hall in New York is also a notable case in point. By all means let us have more elasticity and a greater readiness to adopt and adapt whatever is serviceable. But, after all, new methods will not help the churches a great deal. The surprise and force of contrast soon wear off; and if men go too far for a little in any direction, they take their revenge in abandoning what formerly they overpraised. Age and repetition by and by make the most skilful methods dull and conventional. The grand need is far deeper—an inward vitality that makes men and churches fresh, vigorous, and fruitful. If, as we are told, multitudes in all the churches have been recently quickened, new bottles should be made, as well as borrowed, for the new wine.

Some confidently expect a more general co-operation of Christians than has hitherto prevailed. Dr. James Hamilton's quaint illustration has been so far verified. When the tide is out each shrimp has a little pool of salt water, which

is to him all the ocean for the time being. But when the rising ocean begins to lip over the margin of his lurking-place, one pool joins another, their various tenants meet and mingle, and soon they have ocean's boundless fields to roam in. It will be a pity if an ebbing tide carries each back to his little narrow pool.

The relation of this work to the masses has been much discussed. Those who blame Mr. Moody for not working among them should remember that the tickets for all the meetings were distributed by the ministers of each district, and that in somecases the non-church-going had the preference. Recent speeches in presbyteries and synods show that many are anxious to give a home-mission direction to the movement. Quickened life in presence of neglected multitudes must approve its sincerity by zealous mission work. We hear that the committee have already purchased a monster tent, capable of holding two thousand, and that it will soon be one of their chief rallying-points. The young ladies of the choir, who give invaluable aid, are likely, it is said, to continue at their post. This would be a very graceful and telling way of bringing together the East and West Ends. Hundreds of young ladies with splendid voices and an expensive musical education might thus find a grateful relief from *cunui*, and a healthful substitute for other excitements. The work among the masses gives them a fine opportunity of gaining a recompense for all the trouble and cost by which they have become gifted musicians. It will be a new power to them and to many preachers who can appreciate such co-operation."

Says one: "It seems to be generally admitted that the young men have had the largest share of the blessing. Their case from the very first was especially laid upon the hearts and consciences of the praying people. Our spiritual dead among the young men were carried forth like the dead son of

the widow of Nain. A widowed Church carried them forth with affectionate sorrow, but not in despair, as Jesus of Nazareth was passing by, and His fame was in the land. At His bidding she stood still, expecting His aid; and many of our spiritual dead heard His life-giving word and were restored to the crown and joy of the Church. I do not think that I have ever seen better religious meetings than some of those young men's meetings."

Among the laborers at Glasgow was Brownlow North, Esq., one of the wonderful men whom God has lately raised up to propagate the Gospel outside the ordinary channels. We give the following obituary notice :

The death of this distinguished lay preacher and evangelist took place at Tillichewan, Dumbartonshire, on the 9th of November. "All that was interesting in his life to the Christian community," says the *Daily News*, "began exactly twenty-one years ago, in November, 1854, when he was suddenly and overwhelmingly arrested by the fear of death when playing at cards. He was then forty-four years of age, and his previous life had been such as to make him tremble at the prospect of death and judgment. His talents were of a very high order; with his athletic frame and vast energy he was fitted to take a foremost position in any line of life he might have chosen. But, not requiring to engage in professional pursuits, he gave himself to what seemed to him a life of pleasure, and, in the highest sense of the word, became a man of the world. But the cold hand of death, as he took it to be, came upon him with a terrible arrest. He earnestly cried for mercy that night; next day he announced to his family that for the future he was a changed man, and he immediately owned God in his house by daily prayer and reading of the Scriptures. After many months he found peace of conscience through our Lord Jesus Christ, set himself to distribute tracts

and visit the sick and dying in his neighborhood. Gradually this led to larger meetings, and then to preaching in country churches, for which his Oxford studies fitted him ; for he had been educated for the Church of England, but his conscience kept him from taking orders."

After three months of toil and conquest almost unparalleled in the history of evangelization, the brethren turned the faces to the North.

On Wednesday night upward of seven thousand men managed to find sitting and standing room within the Palace, packing exceedingly close. The vast assemblage was most decorous, and obeyed orders implicitly. The full, strong singing of the hymns was a sound to be remembered. Numbers of inquirers gathered afterward in the opposite church, and many could state that there was a good result of that night's work.

Admission to these two meetings had been exclusively by ticket. On Thursday night the Palace was open to all ; but soon the doors had to be shut, leaving large numbers outside. The meetings throughout were conducted in the usual vigorous style, Mr. Moody being present, and delivering pointed addresses, clergymen and laymen relating their own experiences, and bringing forward instances and reports of the work elsewhere.

On Friday evening came the meeting for those who professed to have been converted during the last few months. The tickets for this had only been given to those who placed their names and addresses, and the names of their ministers, on a register, opened for that purpose ; and of which, they were informed, extracts would be forwarded to the clergymen to whose churches they belonged, thus to prevent thoughtless application for converts' tickets, an ultimate check being established.

Another brief visit to Edinburgh and Dundee was followed

by a tour of great interest in the Scottish Highland country. Many of their meetings were held in the open air, and attended by vast multitudes. As a specimen of what transpired at these places we take the account of a visit to Elgin, Aberdeen, and Craig Castle.

It was a strange contrast last Thursday ; at five o'clock in the busy Show at Inverness, at seven in the streets of Elgin quiet at all times, but that night altogether passengerless and deserted. Surely something unusual was going on—the streets abandoned, the house doors fast, the shops closed. Through half a mile of the empty streets ours were the only footsteps that echoed on the pavement, and everything was silent and desolate as a plague-stricken city. At last, just on the verge of the town, the stillness was broken by the distant sound of a voice, and the turn of a lane revealed a sight which time can never efface from the memory. There stood the inhabitants, motionless, plague-stricken indeed—plague-stricken with the plague of sin. The sermon was evidently half over, and the preacher with folded arms leaned over the wooden rail of the rude platform. Oh, the sin upon these faces round him ! How God was searching the heart that night ! I cannot tell you who were there, or how many, or what a good choir there was, or what Mr. Sankey sang, or which dignitary prayed. I cannot tell you how beautifully the sun was setting, or how fresh the background of woods looked, or how azure the sky was. But these old men penitent, these drunkards petrified, these strong men's tears, these drooping heads of women, these groups of gutter children, with their wondering eyes ! Oh, that multitude of thirsty ones—what a sight it was ! What could the preacher do but preach his best ? And long after the time for stopping, was it a marvel to hear the persuasive voice still pleading with these Christless thousands ?

It is useless to attempt to give even an approximate idea of the extent of the blessing which fell upon Elgin on Thursday night. The whole of Morayshire has shared it, and a powerful hold has been gained in nearly every farmhouse and village throughout the country side.

At the pressing request of a large number of those who had taken part in the evangelistic work set going in Aberdeen, Mr. Moody paid a farewell visit to that city in August, and addressed several meetings, at the same time taking occasion to urge on to greater zeal those who were engaged in the good work. Mr. Sankey was obliged to go south to a more genial temperature to recruit his health, but Mr. Moody wrought on since he left Aberdeen in different districts in the North almost without ceasing; the same remarkable results always attending his labors.

At seven o'clock Mr. Moody met with a large body of young converts in the Free South Church, and addressed to them a few parting words. He spoke on his favorite topic of "confessing Christ," pleading hard with those who had lately come to Christ, to come boldly forward and confess Him.

The Music Hall was crowded to excess long before eight o'clock, the hour at which Mr. Moody was announced to give an address, the passages, orchestra, and galleries being quite packed. "Except a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven," was the text on which Mr. Moody based his discourse. Christ did not say these words to a drunkard, to a thief, to a harlot, but to a man who in our days would be made a D.D. or an LL.D.

After referring to the often-doubted possibility of sudden conversion by those who could not understand it, even although there were living evidences of it before them, he bade the meeting farewell, with the hope that they would all meet on the shores of eternity.

On Sunday afternoon an open air evangelistic meeting was held on Craig Castle lawn, conducted by Mr. Moody. The weather in the early part of the day was very unpropitious, heavy showers descending, with brief intervals, until 4 P.M., when the rain ceased, and it continued fair during the evening. The wet detained not a few at their homes, no doubt, but most of those who came seemed to have determined to be present in any case; and by five o'clock a very large company—especially taking into account the thinly-peopled districts from which they had gathered—had assembled on the beautiful lawn in front of the castle. Every valley and hamlet within a radius of ten miles, sent its company in gig, cart, or afoot, until at five o'clock about 2,500 people stood on the lawn. The gathering resembled somewhat one of the Covenanter hill-side meetings, save that while the Bibles were still present the broadswords were altogether absent; and the rendezvous, instead of being a wild, rocky pass, was a hospitable castle, with its fairy dell and leaping linn, celebrated in song, and known as one of the loveliest spots in Scotland.

The beauty of the scene seemed specially to move Mr. Moody, who referred to it in his discourse, which was one of peculiar beauty, power, and pathos. Standing in an open carriage placed near a towering tree, the preacher spoke for nearly an hour from the parable of the marriage feast. A very marked impression was produced, and many retired at the close of the service for conversation with the preacher and other ministers and friends.

The Craig gathering of August, 1874, will be ever memorable to not a few as "the beginning of days" to them.

"I must say," said Dr. H. Bonar, "that I have not seen or heard any impropriety or extravagance. I have heard sound doctrine, sober, though sometimes fervent and tearful speech, the utterance of full hearts yearning over the wretched,

and beseeching men to be reconciled to God. That I should accord with every statement and fall entirely in with every part of their proceeding need not be expected. Yet I will say that I have not witnessed anything sensational or repulsive. During the spiritual movement which took place in Scotland about thirty years ago, in most of which I had part, I saw more of what was extreme, both in statement and proceeding, than I have done of late. There was far more of excitement then than there is now. The former movements depended far more upon vehement appeals, and were carried along more by the sympathetic current of human feeling than the present. When the present movement began, I feared lest there should be a repetition of some of the scenes which I had witnessed in other days, and I did not hesitate to express my fear to brethren. My fears have not been realized. I have been as regular in my attendance at the meetings as I could, though I will not say that there was nothing which I might not have wished different, yet I have been struck with the exceeding calmness at all times—the absence of excitement—the peaceful solemnity pervading these immense gatherings of two or three thousand people, day by day—the strange stillness that at times so overawed us; and I felt greatly relieved at the absence of those audible manifestations of feeling common in former days. Rowland Hill was once asked the question, ‘When do you intend to stop?’ ‘Not till we have carried all before us.’ So say our brethren from Chicago. We say, Amen. This needy world says, Amen. Human wickedness and evil say, Amen. Heaven and earth say, Amen. The work is great and the time is short. But the strength is not of man, but of God.”

And after more than two years have passed by, the great results continue to appear, and the wave of holy influence has swept with purifying energy over all that land.

CHAPTER V.

THE EVANGELISTS IN IRELAND.



R. MOODY said at his last Bible-reading, that in considering what should be the subject, he thought, What was it he wanted most himself? When nine months ago he came to Scotland, a perfect stranger, he felt utterly powerless, and could only have been sustained by the Holy Spirit's help ; now, when he was going to Ireland, he felt just the same ; and if he attempted to go there resting upon the grace given for Scotland he should fail. He needed a fresh anointing for this new service.

In this spirit of entire reliance upon the Lord, Mr. Moody contemplated the Irish field. God honors those who honor Him. We shall see how much this confidence in the Lord was justified by the results of efforts in Ireland.

It would seem that after fourteen months of such toil, they might well have taken a little rest. But Ireland was calling them ; and bidding farewell to Scotland, they proceeded to Belfast, where they held their first meetings on Sunday, Sept. 6, 1874.

The work had a good commencement in Belfast. Numbers thronged and crushed to the churches, so much so that the happy plan was adopted of dividing the meetings, and holding gatherings for women only at two o'clock, and for men only at eight o'clock. Consequently the large churches were all well filled, without any unseemly disorder.

On Friday Mr. Moody addressed both meetings, taking for his text, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost. With great power and aptitude he proclaimed the Lord Jesus as the "Seeker;" and very touchingly he convinced the people that he was now seeking each individually, seeking to save and to bless them. Mighty *Faith*, then, appears to be the secret of Mr. Moody's power. On the hearers he urges *decision*, now to believe, instant salvation on faith in Jesus only. His address was interspersed with telling illustrations, which came right home to every heart. He rapidly referred to the parable of the lost sheep and lost piece of silver, and graphically narrated the sudden conversion of Zaccheus, unmistakably evidenced by the immediate fruit of the Spirit in his change from an extortioner to a restitutor. Mr. Sankey's very sweet solos and touching hymns, accompanied on the American harmonium, seemed to exercise a powerful effect in deepening the impression of the Word.

The large church, which holds 2,000, was filled with women of all classes; and the one which holds 1,500 had every seat occupied with men. They were mostly shopkeepers and mechanics, and a large proportion such as do not regularly attend churches. After the evening meeting the Christians were invited to remain and pray for the speakers to the anxious, and the inquirers were directed to side apartments, of which several were filled with those whom the Holy Spirit was convincing of sin and of the need of the seeking Saviour. Thus, while such a glorious work as has been witnessed in Scotland has not yet taken place in Belfast, a sweet and encouraging commencement has been made.

The interest in the meeting in the evening is increasing. From fifty to a hundred remain each evening, under anxiety of soul, desiring to be pointed to the Lamb of God, who

taketh away the sins of the world. These are found of all classes, and of all shades of moral and religious character—backsliders, notorious sinners, moral young men, whose consciences are yet tender, and sceptics, whose hearts have been blasted as by an east wind. The majority of the inquirers are young men. This is a special, and I may add, a most hopeful feature of the work. Many seem clearly to have embraced the offered gift, and to be rejoicing in God.

On Sabbath, Mr. Moody held a meeting for Christian workers at the early hour of eight, and notwithstanding the hour, the place was crowded, so much so that the overflow filled an adjoining room. The address was touching entire consecration to God, and more whole-hearted activity in His service. An open-air meeting was advertised for half-past two o'clock. It was held in an open space, in the midst of the mill-workers of the town. Few, if any, of the thousands who attended that meeting will ever forget it. Very many, I believe, will remember it with joy in the Father's home on high. The attendance was great, estimated variously at from ten to twenty thousand. The weather was exceedingly favorable. Mr. Sankey sang "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." While he did so I could observe in the glistening eye, and the deep sighs of many around where I stood, that it was even so.

As time advances, this gracious work of God seems to extend and deepen rapidly. On Tuesday the experiment was tried of holding a meeting in the evening exclusively for women, in order to reach the case of workers in mills and warehouses. More than an hour before the time of meeting, the streets around were packed with a dense mass of women; and when the gates were opened the place was filled almost in a moment; and after that, with the overflow, three large churches. In all these meetings the anxious, willing to be

spoken to, were more than could be overtaken. We have reached a blessed difficulty—our inability to find Christian workers in sufficient number, who are able and willing to point the seeking sinner to the Lamb of God.

The number of strangers, who from long distances visit Belfast to attend the noon-day meetings, is daily increasing. In this way the work is already extending, and, I trust, will cover the whole island. At its present stage of progress, the most marked features are desire to hear the Word of God, willingness to be spoken to upon the state of the soul, frank confession on the part of many that they do not savingly know Jesus ; and, most blessed of all, the equally frank confession on the part of many that they have “found Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth.”

To-day the mid-day meeting is solely for professing Christians—the subject, “Assurance.” In the evening the meeting is intended for such only as are seeking Jesus. Mr. Moody has adopted these expedients because of the want of any hall or building sufficient to contain the crowds seeking admission.

Intense calm and deep earnestness characterized all the meetings. The Holy Spirit was poured out, not with a rushing wind, but in a still, small voice. An unusual proportion of fine young men waited to be conversed with in the inquiry-room. All seemed to feel that there are but the two classes, the saved and the lost.

Various were the difficulties felt by inquirers, but all such as anxious souls have expressed from time to time. Some could not understand what “coming to Christ” is ; others had previously come, but were staggered because they had not the complete mastery of sin ; others, again, had not felt a sufficient sense of danger. Warm-hearted and experienced Christians listened to the difficulties of each and all, and were in most

cases enabled by the Holy Spirit to speak the suited word and remove the stumbling-blocks.

A meeting for inquirers only was arranged to be held in the evening of the same day, in the Ulster Hall, the largest public building we have. Admission to this meeting was strictly limited to those professing anxiety to find Jesus. Christian workers were admitted by ticket, a method adopted to avoid the mistake too often made at such meetings of allowing incompetent or improper persons to engage in such work. There is not one Christian in a hundred fitted for this most delicate and difficult service, requiring, as it does, close communion with Jesus, much knowledge of the human heart, and very clear views of gospel truth, and not less a desire to know nothing, and speak of nothing, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

While all this is true, it is equally true that none are oftener blessed in this work than young converts, while their virgin love is yet fresh, and their faith clear and simple. There was at the meeting for inquirers an attendance of some 500—this in addition, it may be noticed, to many meetings of like kind held in various churches at the close of the evening service. It was very touching and stimulating, when an opportunity was given by Mr. Moody at the close of the meeting, to hear many young men read out, in trembling tones and yet with beaming countenances, some previous promise of the Word of God. It seemed like throwing out a life-buoy to the struggling ones around, who were swimming for life in the waters of death—like the letting down of a cord to the prisoners in the pit in which there is no water. Subsequent information in the young men's meeting proved that these truths were laid hold of savingly by not a few that Sabbath night in the Ulster Hall.

During the week the tide of spiritual life seemed to in-

crease each day. The Bible-readings at two o'clock have been full of interest, specially stimulating to many whose spiritual life had hitherto been very dormant.

The manifestations of the Spirit's presence and power were very marked. In the earlier days of the movement, of the many who were deeply convinced of sin, comparatively few seemed to come to rest and peace and faith in Jesus. It seemed as if a higher tide of the Spirit's power were needed to guide them through the quicksands of difficulty, and over the bar of doubt and distrust, into the haven of rest.

This week, we thank God, it is otherwise. We can say with thanksgiving concerning many, "They which have believed do enter into rest."

The meeting for the young was very striking. Mr. Moody presided. The truth seemed to reach, in the Spirit's power, many young hearts. A meeting for boys under fifteen has been organized. Some of the cases in it are exceedingly touching, affording, I believe, illustrations of the work of God upon the human heart in its simplest and deepest form. This meeting for boys assembles every evening now at half-past seven.

It was a sight which would, I think, have drawn tears of joy from any heart, to see upward of 200 young men, the very flower of our youth, one after another acknowledging the yoke of Jesus. Passing just across the street, I entered May Street Church, where more than 1,000 men were assembled to hear the glad tidings of great joy.

In order that as many as possible might have an opportunity of hearing the gospel at these special services, admission on Tuesday night was by tickets, given only to such as had not hitherto heard Mr. Moody. About 3,000 tickets were given on personal application. It was a season to be remembered. The soil, so to speak, was virgin; the attention so

marked as to be almost painful in its silence ; the presence of God very powerful in the consciousness of every spiritual mind. The inquirers at the close of the meeting were spoken to, as far as they could be overtaken, in adjacent churches, to which the men and women were sent respectively.

It is worthy of remark, the great contrast in outward manifestation between the present work and that of 1859. I have not heard of or noticed any physical excitement—not even an outcry, much less what were then known as “prostrations.”

Here let me say, it has been most noteworthy that during the last weeks, while we have had most inclement weather, every Sabbath-day, and at the hour of our great gatherings, it has been all that could be desired.

The number in attendance was fully equal to any preceding Sabbath. It may give you some idea of the multitude if I state that the field on which the meeting was held contains about six acres, and that the people stood densely packed from one end to the other. There was profound solemnity. The impression upon the hearts of the people by the truth in the power of the Spirit was very deep, as the sequel will show.

Mr. Moody held his usual meeting on Sabbath evening for those in deep distress about salvation, and for those who had found eternal life during the past weeks through faith in Jesus. The meeting was exclusively for men, and admission solely by ticket. The hall in which it was held was completely filled. Mr. Moody stated in the noonday prayer-meeting on Monday that, in his judgment, it was *the most remarkable meeting he has had yet in Europe*. To God be all the praise ! One after another of these young men—and they comprise the very flower of our youth—rose, and, with clearness and wonderful felicity of expression, in burning

words declared what God had done for his soul. At length, at nine o'clock, the meeting was closed.

Thursday, October 8, we had fixed for a gathering of the masses in the open air. Many had fears for the weather, but much prayer in many places over the three kingdoms was offered to God for the success of the meeting. God did for us above what we asked. The weather was splendid; everything as regards order and decorum all that any of us could wish. It was the largest open-air meeting I ever attended. I cannot pretend to fix a limit to the numbers. He who counts the stars knew the history of each present, and what were the dealings of his heart with Christ and the free offer of His salvation. The only regret that seemed to be expressed by any was, that the services were so short.

Mr. Moody addressed the vast multitude from the words, "I pray thee, have me excused." With graphic felicity, great clearness, and soul-piercing power, he exposed the miserable pretences by which sinners impose upon themselves in refusing a present offer of present blessedness. The address seemed to strike with convicting power many consciences, and, from many instances coming under my own observation at the inquiry-meeting in Fisherwick Place Church, I have reason to believe in salvation power.

The great gathering in the Botanic Gardens on October 8 has been our crowning mercy in this season of blessings. We feel as if every prayer had been heard and every heart gratified by our gracious God. As the days pass, and as tidings reach us from the country districts all around, we continually hear of rich blessings bestowed, and of precious fruits following. Many carried with them to their homes the spark of renewed life. That spark has, in some cases, already burnt into a blaze. We received the good news from many places of great readiness to hear the Word of God, and

the cry, "Come over and help us," reaches us from many quarters.

Our dear American brethren left us on Saturday for Derry. Tidings have reached us that a great and effectual door was opened unto them in that city.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey returned from Derry this morning (October 15), to hold their final meeting ere passing on to Dublin. Mr. Moody presided at the noon-day prayer-meeting. The subject was, "Lessons from the Life of Jacob." The meeting was one of great interest. The meeting in the evening was held in St. Enoch's Church. It was exclusively for sinners under anxiety of soul, who professed to be earnestly seeking Jesus. Admission was by tickets, and that, moreover, on personal application.

Readers may judge of the depth of the movement and the measure of awakening power upon the souls of men by the Spirit of God, when I state that upwards of 2,400 persons were so admitted ! It was Mr. Moody's last appeal in Belfast to the Christless. I may not attempt to describe the scene ! He set before the anxious, sin-stricken multitude, Jesus in all the glory of His sufficiency—in all the attractions of His dying love. He showed Him, as with one foot upon the threshold of the heart he sought admission. Now in faithful and firm words he warned them of the danger of delay ; and now he gently moved them, in tenderness, as one whom his mother comforteth. At length he ceased speaking, that each might hear, in the silence, the voice of Jesus pleading directly. And in the awful stillness of that moment many of that great company of seeking sinners, I trust, were able to say in words expressive of soul-submission, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

I think it must have been the most notable meeting in the experience of Mr. Moody. I do not at present remember

to have read of any such meeting, as regards the number of the awakened, in modern times. Does it not seem like a return of Pentecostal power, when 3,000 were similarly smitten with soul-concern !

The meeting in the evening was for the young converts—for all who have reason to believe that they had found Jesus since Messrs. Moody and Sankey came to Belfast. Admission was strictly by ticket. These tickets were only given on personal application. About *two thousand one hundred and fifty tickets were given !* What a rich harvest ! How soon gathered ! The result of some five weeks' work ! I have good reason to believe that even this number fell very far short of the whole number who profess to have received Jesus as the gift of God.

It was a soul-stirring sight to see that vast multitude, including the Christian workers and ministers, numbering more than 3,000. It was like the sound of many waters to hear this multitude sing the new song. As we stood and sung in one burst of praise—

“ Oh happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God,”

the effect was overpowering, filling the soul with the sweet foretaste of the praises of heaven.

Mr. Moody's last word of comfort and encouragement was founded on Rom. xiv. 4, “ God is able to make him stand.” He closed his address by commending all the new-born souls “ to Him who is able to keep you from falling.” Hundreds of men not used to a melting mood, with weeping eyes and heaving bosoms, heard him say, as he concluded, “ Good-night ; we shall meet in the morning when the shadows flee away.”

A very touching incident in the service was the singing, by Mr. Sankey, of a hymn composed by a dying youth in Belfast, “ Is there room ? they say there is room ! ”

CHAPTER VI.

THE GLORY OF GOD IN DUBLIN.



HE brethren began in this beautiful capital where only about 40,000, or one-sixth of the population, are Protestant, on the 26th of October, and continued there till November 29. Says one :

“ It was not found necessary to preach those sermons which are generally used as a preparation for revival. The revival commenced immediately. Dublin had been waiting to hear the Gospel preached ; and its people, by crowds, when they heard it, eagerly pressed into the kingdom of Christ. From all over the island, multitudes came up to attend the meetings ; many of whom went home happy in the love of Christ. One woman came a hundred miles to hear Mr. Moody preach, but was too late to obtain admission. The next day, however, she read a report of his sermon in a morning paper, and it was blessed to her salvation. One new convert wrote a letter to a lady friend, and this letter was the means of her conversion. Then she read it to her mother, who also was led to the Saviour ; and afterwards her father and her brothers, all by reading the same letter, were induced to give their hearts to Christ.

“ We have never before seen such sights in Dublin as we have seen this last week, night after night, at the Exhibition Palace. It is estimated to hold 10,000 persons. Every night it is filled, and the attention and silence is wonderful. One feels that the spirit of God is present, and that “ a wave

of prayer" is continually going up to the throne from the Lord's people.

The committee of management procured the Exhibition Palace for holding these services, the largest and most commodious building which has yet, in Europe, been placed at Mr. Moody's disposal. On Sunday last the Christians of Dublin witnessed a sight to gladden their hearts. It has been estimated that at the first service at four o'clock from *twelve to fifteen thousand* persons were gathered there. Never before was it put to so blessed a use.

Such a sight has never before been witnessed here as may now be seen every day—thousands flocking to the prayer-meeting and the Bible meeting, and most of all to the evening services in the great Exhibition Palace. It is a sight to fill the heart of the child of God with deepest emotion to stand upon the platform erected in that building, from which Mr. Moody preaches, and to cast one's eye over the vast concourse of people, hanging on the speaker's lips, as in burning words he discourses on life and death, heaven and hell, "Jesus and His love," and one cannot but ask the question, "What is the magic power which draws together these mighty multitudes and holds them spell-bound?" Is it the worldly rank, or wealth, or learning, or oratory of the preacher? No; for he is possessed of but little of these (spiritually, indeed, he is richly endowed with them all). It is the simple lifting up of the cross of Christ—the holding forth of the Lord Jesus before the eyes of the people in all the glory of His Godhead, in all the simplicity of His manhood, in all the perfection of His nature, for their admiration, for their adoration, and for their acceptance.

For some time, notwithstanding the huge crowds, our brethren felt that they were not reaping heavy sheaves as they had done elsewhere. But the conviction grows upon us

that the "set time" to favor us has come. The work is deepening and widening every day. In many families with which I am intimately acquainted one or more of the members have hopefully turned to the Lord. I know cases in which I may say the whole family has been brought to see salvation as the one thing needful. It is very observable, too, how previously existing prejudice has abated, or entirely disappeared, at least in the case of those who manifest any respect for religion. There are, of course, scoffers not a few. But it is truly a matter of astonishment in a city like this, that there is so little of open resistance or even of ridicule.

Our Roman Catholic brethren, as a rule, have acted a noble part. They have been respectful, and, to a certain extent, sympathizing. In this week's number of the *Nation*—an organ at once of national (as it is called) and Ultramontane principles—an article has appeared entitled "Fair Play!" which is exceedingly creditable, and which indicates the advent of a new day in Ireland. The editor informs his constituents that "the deadly danger of the age comes upon us from the direction of Huxley, and Darwin, and Tyndall, rather than from Moody and Sankey. Irish Catholics desire to see Protestants deeply imbued with religious feeling, rather than tinged with rationalism and infidelity; and as long as the religious services of our Protestant neighbors are honestly directed to quickening religious thought in their own body, without offering aggressive or intentional insult to us, it is our duty to pay the homage of our respect to their conscientious convictions; in a word, to *do as we would be done by*. (The italics are the *Nation's*.) It would surely be a bright and blessed day for our country if this spirit of mutual respect and toleration were everywhere honestly acted out amongst us. Mr. Moody never makes controversial reference to others. His success in attracting the favorable attention of our brethren of

a different faith has been unexampled in the history of our city.

One very marked feature in the movement is the number of men that are influenced. Many people have remarked the large proportion of them that are inquiring.

A few nights ago an old gentleman, more than seventy years of age, threw himself down on his knees and sobbed like a child. He said, "I was utterly careless about my soul till last night, but I have been so unhappy since, I could not sleep. I seemed to hear ringing in my ears, 'Jesus of Nazareth is passing by,' and if I don't get saved now I never shall be."

Already the influence of this work has begun to tell upon the most remote districts of the country. Parties of thirty, fifty, sixty, etc., are being organized from the most distant parts to Dublin. Many of these carry back with them much blessing. We hear of the young converts witnessing for Christ fearlessly in the trains on their way home from their meetings. "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." But we expect greater things still. I am fully confident, from all the indications I see, that next week will be likely to surpass the previous delightful weeks we have had. The memory of these blessed meetings in the Metropolitan Hall and the Exhibition building, will long, yea, will ever be fragrant in our hearts. I do not think we had ever an antepast of heaven.

The Public Breakfast given to Messrs. Moody and Sankey yesterday morning was, in every way, a wonderful meeting. I heard nearly all to whom I spoke on the subject say it was the happiest reunion they ever attended. It was a truly catholic gathering. Eminent men among us, under the influence of deep emotion, bore testimony to the spiritual good they had received at the meetings. Ministers

testified of the instruction and quickening that had come to them.

No men—ministers, evangelists or others—ever before brought a more interesting assembly around them in Dublin than these honored servants of the Lord did yesterday morning in the Shelbourne Hotel. And yet it is not Messrs. Moody and Sankey, but the Christ they preach and sing. It is Christ lifted up that draws all men unto Him. Oh that we might all learn that we have here the true and only uniting power for Ireland !

I can confidently say that the work here intensifies and spreads every day, I might say every hour. Some of our more timid and cautious friends who had almost never come in contact with a great religious awakening, were fearful, while we were making our preliminary arrangements, that it would be next to impossible to keep up the interest of the people for a month or more ; but the fact is, the interest was never nearly so great as it is this moment ; and as the time of our brethreh's departure draws near, the eagerness to hear their every word and catch their every song is something wonderful to see. As I remarked before, this eagerness does not now proceed from curiosity.

At all the meetings yesterday, the attendance was enormous. It is a very healthful sign of this work that the daily prayer-meeting continues to be so largely attended, although neither Mr. Moody nor Mr. Sankey usually takes a very prominent part in it. The requests for prayer have become so numerous, that it has been found impossible to read even a brief classification of them. The letters have for some days been "spread before the Lord," after the enample of good King Hezekiah, the meeting uniting in special entreaty for the special cases sent in.

Hundreds were obliged yesterday to go away disappointed

in their efforts to get into the Bible-reading in the Metropolitan Hall. Mr. Moody reserved his best wine to the last. A more suggestive Bible-lecture it was never our privilege to hear. We had a compendium of some half a dozen Bible-readings. The great bulk of the people, ministers included, were taking notes. It is given to few preachers to have so many reporters. Many a good sermon will be got out of yesterday's addresses. One minister remarked that it was as good as an addition of many a good book to his library. It is calculated that in the evening there was not less than 12,000 persons assembled in the Exhibition building. There is not a Sabbath service in any congregation in Britain in which there is a greater solemnity and decorum than there was in that vast assembly. The sight from the platform of these earnest, and, in many places, awe-stricken thousands, is one that it will be impossible for us ever to forget. Some one remarked to me, a day or two ago, how significant it was that during the severe weather of last week, even a cough was scarcely heard in that great crowded glass building. When Mr. Sankey sings the silence is sometimes even oppressive.

We are now engaged in giving out tickets for the Thanksgiving meeting to be held on Wednesday evening, the last night Mr. Moody has promised to be with us. The tickets are given only to those who profess to have been brought to Christ during the special service. We are very careful in giving these tickets, though I doubt not there may be many stony-ground hearers.

We have the help in this work of some of the most experienced ministers of the gospel in our city; and the general impression made on the minds of the brethren who have taken part in it, is of deep and intense gratitude for the many indubitable tokens of the presence and power of the regenerating Spirit of God.

Arrangements have been made for the carrying on of special prayer and evangelistic meetings, after our brethren have left. Leading ministers of all our evangelical churches have thrown themselves heartily into these arrangements. We have felt that it *is* a good thing—good for ourselves, and good for that cause which, with all our imperfections, is dearer to us than life—for brethren to dwell together, and work together, in unity.

The labors of the Evangelists closed with a three days' convention, which was attended by 800 ministers from all parts of Ireland, besides thousands of the general public. The first day was devoted to discussions on the following topics: "Praise and Thanksgiving;" "How are the masses to be reached?" "What can be done to promote the Lord's work throughout Ireland?" &c. The second day was signalized by a gathering of over 2,000 converts, to whom Mr. Moody addressed loving counsels, and on the third day there was another gathering of the ministers in the Exhibition Palace. And thus terminated one of the most remarkable gatherings ever held in Dublin. Mutual love and courtesy marked all the proceedings. Strangers could not tell to what body of Christians many of the speakers belonged.

The happy visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to Dublin is now a thing of the past. These men of God are gone from us, but the work remains. That work consists:

1. *In a great general awakening* throughout Dublin and its neighborhood. This is a fact which is patent to all, and cannot be gainsaid or denied. It is a fact that from 12,000 to 20,000 persons have been attracted to the Exhibition Palace every Sunday afternoon since the work began. What has been the great attractive power which has drawn together such vast multitudes? Thank God, it was the simple statement of gospel truth—the old, old story of Jesus and His love, plainly and lovingly told.

2. *The bringing in of some 3,000 converts to the fold of Christ.* Nearly 2,000 tickets were issued to those who professed to have found the Lord Jesus as their Saviour since these services began. To these must be added the many hundreds who came up from all parts of the country to attend the services, and who found "joy and peace in believing," some of whom are known to myself, besides all those who are still day by day being added to the Lord.

3. *The quickening and refreshing of many hundreds of ministers,* in connection with the convention held this week. It was a happy thought to bring so many ministers of the various evangelical denominations together at this time. It afforded them an opportunity of seeing with their own eyes the reality of this great work of God which is going on around us, getting their own hearts warmed up afresh, and thus of becoming, when they return home, more than ever centres of spiritual light and heat in their own parishes and districts.

Says a well-informed writer: "The finances of the Dublin revival are worthy of special attention. Some days before Messrs. Moody and Sankey arrived, three or four gentlemen met at the office of Mr. David Drummond; and, after consultation and prayer, decided to send out a circular, saying that the American Evangelists were coming; that the Great Exhibition Palace had been engaged for them; and that money would be wanted to meet the large expenses attendant upon the services. It was determined to ask for the sum of £1,500; and circulars for this purpose were sent out to five or six thousand of the leading citizens of Dublin. Only two instances of personal solicitation are mentioned, but the money came in so fast that Mr. Drummond, who was the treasurer, was obliged to employ a clerk to keep the record. Old ladies would come in Bath chairs to bring half a crown. People in

high life came in carriages, bringing cheques or gold. Even the poor desired to have some share in the work, and gave their pennies and half-pence. By some means the subscription became known to the prisoners in a certain jail in the South of Ireland, and they, regretting their inability to be present, sent their good wishes and a little collection which had been raised among them to the amount of twenty-five shillings. From Protestants and Papists, masters and servants, the contributions poured in. No sum larger than £30 was received. A large part of the money was in silver and copper, but the full amount required was raised.

“Having now come so near to the question of the support of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, the readers of this work will naturally desire to know something on that interesting topic. Here let it be said, once for all that these brethren do not work for pay. They have never sought an invitation ; never stipulated for any sum of money to be given them, either for their services or expenses. In every instance Mr. Moody determined the question of going to or passing by a place under the direction, as he believed, of the Spirit of God. The committees which have invited him have held the matter of finance entirely in their own hands. They have raised the money as they pleased, and given him such such sums as they judged suitable ; these he has shared with Mr. Sankey, and thus they have labored together, taking what God sent them—which in many instances has been very little, and in no case very much. At Dublin the committee consulted together, and determined to give Mr. Moody a sum of money, which they afterwards were glad to learn was in excess of what he had received hitherto ; but even upon the proportion of this generous gift the American Evangelists will never become rich out of their present employment. Still, in the secular press, and in the gossip of the streets and offices, these men are

accused, by those who know nothing of them, of mercenary motives in their great work for Christ.

"A certain newspaper suggested that they were an advance guard sent over by Barnum ; and that the advertising scheme, no doubt, would presently appear. Another equally discerning party had heard of Mr. Moody's little device for setting children to study the Bible, which he calls 'the Gospel clock.' It consists of the grouping of twelve texts of Scripture in a circle, containing respectively the same number of words as those which mark the hours upon a dial. A great many of these Gospel clock-faces have been arranged by the little people to their no small profit and delight. But the individual referred to saw in it a suggestion of a different character. 'I have it at last,' said he, 'Moody is a clock-maker in America, and this is the beginning of a system of advertising by which he means to sell his wares.'

"In like manner Mr. Sankey has been assailed as an agent for the sale of that peculiar make of harmoniums which he uses to accompany his singing. But it is scarcely needful to say that no such charge can be properly made against him."



CHAPTER VII.

THE HARVEST IN ENGLAND.



ON SUNDAY, the 29th of November, the Evangelists began their work in England.

No longer the strangers who first struggled for a hearing in York, but brethren "beloved and longed for" by thousands who had not yet seen their faces in the flesh. Preparations at Manchester, whither they first went, were intelligently made for the successful conduct of their work, and we soon heard the tidings through the press that "Manchester is now on fire."

The most difficult of all English cities, perhaps, to be set on fire by anything but politics, was fairly ablaze, and the flames were breaking out in all directions.

Free Trade Hall, within whose walls scenes of no common interest and excitement have often been witnessed, presented a spectacle such as those who beheld it will not easily forget. Dr. McKerrow assured me that he had seen no such sight, even in the most excited political times, during the forty-seven years of his life in Manchester, as that which he saw there on Sunday afternoon.

The building was densely crowded. Not an inch of standing room was unoccupied. Long before the appointed hour hundreds found it impossible to gain admission. And Mr. Moody—in what terms shall I describe his address? Theological critics might have said there was nothing in it; but only eternity will reveal how much there came *out of it*. I should

not be surprised if hundreds of conversions should result from that single mighty appeal. Taking for his text the first question addressed to them, "Where art thou?" he brought it home to the bosom of every hearer with a power and pathos that were simply irresistible. Having referred to the case of a young man who had cried out in the inquiry-room on Friday night, "Oh, mother, I am coming!" the young man himself sprang to his feet, and exclaimed in tones of impassioned earnestness, "THAT WAS ME!" The effect was electrical. Not an eye but was suffused with tears. The whole vast assembly was impressed with a profound sense of the presence and power of the Holy Ghost.

The meeting for young men in the evening was equally wonderful, no fewer than seventy-one having remained behind as anxious inquirers, not a few of whom went home rejoicing in the peace of God that passeth understanding.

There is only one sentiment, I feel convinced, in the hearts of all God's children in this vast community in regard to this great work, and that is, a sentiment of devout thankfulness to our Heavenly Father, that He sent among them two such men, full of faith and power, and yet eminent for humility and lowliness of mind. "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

The evenings of Monday and Tuesday in the Free Trade Hall will long be remembered by the thousands who were present. Mr. Moody delivered his famous discourses on "Heaven." Much as we have read and heard of the fervor and unction that characterize them, we were not prepared to find these apostolic qualities in so superlative a degree as that which marked them on this occasion.

And then the discourse on "Hell," on the evening of Wednesday, coming as it did immediately after the addresses on "Heaven," was certainly one of the most solemn and im-

pressive utterances that have been heard within those walls. Every eye was riveted on the speaker. The projected shadow of the great white throne seemed to fall and rest upon every countenance. Even the fervent exclamations in which some of our friends indulge at religious meetings, and which had been just a little too fervent the night previous, were hushed, and scarcely a sound broke the awful stillness with which, for nearly an hour, the people listened to the oft-repeated charge, like so many claps of thunder, "Son, remember!" In bygone revivals such heart-smiting, conscience-stirring, soul-firing words as those which poured from the preacher's lips, would have caused hundreds to start to their feet and cry out with frenzy, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" But in harmony with the prevailing character of this awakening, the conviction of sin produced on that occasion seemed to be too deep and too sacred to find expression in mere excited exclamations or physical prostrations, and were known only to Him who seeth in secret! God was in the midst of us, of a truth. The Holy Spirit came as of old, with the force as of a rushing mighty wind, and filled all the place where we were sitting. The powers of the world to come were brought nigh to every conscience in a manner never to be forgotten. We seemed to be looking across the gulf that divides time from eternity, and beholding the torments of the self-destroyed victims of a broken law and a rejected gospel. No wonder that the inquiry-room was full that night of inquirers of the most anxious description, and that the after-meeting, over which we presided, was larger and more earnest than any that has yet taken place. Doubtless the heavens blossomed into song overhead, and the angels of God rejoiced over many souls turning from Sin and Satan unto the living God!

The worker's meeting was the largest since Messrs. Moody and Sankey came to Manchester. The address was most

powerful. A forcible appeal was made to Sabbath-school teachers in this city ; but one conviction seemed to exist in the minds of the vast audience of 5,000, "Let us arise and work."

Had Mr. Moody come to deliver only this address, his mission had not been in vain. In the afternoon from 15,000 to 17,000 struggled for admission. Various meetings had to be held in the Free Trade Hall, Oxford Hall, and Cavendish Chapel ; all crowded as they never have been before. As many more halls of the same size could have been filled. From twenty to thirty meetings were held in the streets of the neighborhood, where addresses were delivered by ministers and laymen. At every meeting the Lord was present to heal. Anxious inquirers were very numerous. Great numbers professed to find the Saviour.

The meeting for young men in Oxford Hall, at eight, was also crowded to excess, hundreds being unable to obtain admission. Mr. Moody spoke as if tongues of fire hovered over his head.

"It is a most strange phenomenon," said one to me, who is a clever journalist, "to see such multitudes brought together by mere curiosity, and this curiosity increasing day by day, when there is nothing to be seen or heard that is fitted to excite curiosity." So it is. A striking feature of these meetings is the absence of all excitement. The thousands who usually flock to the hall, when once seated, are impressively still ; it is a grand, encouraging sight to watch this sea of human faces eagerly waiting for the word of life. Mr. Moody puts no effort forward to attract ; he stands before his audience quiet ; he never introduces himself ; you see at once he wants you to listen to his message. His words are most simple and earnest ; there is nothing elaborate, or strange, or new, not even his illustrations. But as his words fall from

his lips, hearts are moved. If you watch the audience you can see faces changing expression ; you can read there shame, contrition, confession, hope, faith, peace—as the case may be. The truth comes home ! There is power ! No man could do it ! It is God's power ! It is the Lord's doing !

The noon prayer-meeting in the Free Trade Hall has steadily kept up its number. The large proportion of men who find time in this commercial centre to consecrate an hour to prayer at mid-day, is a striking feature of the meeting. The first twenty minutes are generally spent in reading the requests for prayer, and presenting them in silent and audible supplication to God ; a large proportion of these requests bear upon intemperance. This noon gathering affords an opportunity for Christian workers from all parts to give tidings of the progress of the work of God. The other day Mr. Moody read a telegram from the venerable Mr. Somerville, who has gone on an evangelistic mission to Calcutta, reporting the conversion of thirty one persons at a special service held by him in the theatre there on the previous evening. Last Monday, the Rev. G. Stuart, of Glasgow, told how solidly the work is continuing in that town, and how it is in contemplation to purchase Ewing Place Church for £20,000, for evangelistic purposes, growing out of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's labors.

He also related several remarkable instances of answers to the prayers offered at the Glasgow noon prayer-meeting. On Tuesday, the Rev. A. McLaren followed up Mr. Moody's address by a brief and telling speech, in the course of which he strongly urged prayer for the consolidation of the growing union now observable among the churches of Manchester.

The meetings for Christian workers in the Free Trade Hall on Sunday mornings at eight o'clock, have imparted a great stimulus to Christian labor. Never shall we forget Mr. Moody's address on "Daniel !" last Sunday morning. The

hall was crowded to excess ; between 5,000 and 6,000 persons brought together at that early hour in the depth of winter, testifies to the power with which the awakening has laid hold of the city. The character of Daniel was exhibited with graphic skill ; the varied scenes of the first six chapters of the book were vividly portrayed ; every actor in the story became instinct with life and humor, and the lessons were rapidly and sharply drawn in a way not likely to be forgotten. The scene of Belshazzar's feast was powerfully sketched ; and while Daniel read out the mysterious writing on the wall—read it easily, for it was “his Father's handwriting”—the breathless silence which fell upon the vast throng in the hall told with what reality the scene was presented before them. The whole story involved a running satire upon the yielding temper of the present day ; and the address constituted a powerful appeal to young men which we have never known surpassed. At the close Mr. Sankey sung “Standing by a purpose true,” and the audience joined with unmistakable enthusiasm in the chorus, “Dare to be a Daniel.”

It may interest readers to learn that a band of workers was organized to visit every house in Manchester and Salford, with a card bearing on one side the hymn, “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by,” and on the other the following address by Mr. Moody : “Behold, I stand at the door and knock : if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me.” (Rev. iii. 20.) “A woman in Glasgow got into difficulties. Her rent was due, but she had no money for the landlord, and she knew very well that he would turn her out if she did not satisfy his claim. In despair she knew not what to do. A Christian man heard of her distress, and came to her door with money to help her. He knocked, but although he thought he could hear some one inside, yet the door was not opened. He

knocked again, but still there was no response. The third time* he knocked, but that door still remained locked and barred against him !

“ Some time after he met this woman in the streets, and told her how he had gone to her house to pay her rent, but could not get in. ‘ Oh, sir ! ’ she exclaimed, ‘ was that you ? Why, I thought it was the landlord, and I was afraid to open the door.’

“ Dear friends ! Christ is knocking at the door of your heart. He has knocked many times already, and now He knocks again by this message. He is your best Friend, although, like that woman, perhaps you think He comes with the stern voice of justice to demand from you the payment of your great sin-debt. If so, you are sadly mistaken. He comes not to *demand*, but to *give* ! ‘ The *gift* of God is eternal life.’ He knows you can never pay the great debt you owe to God. He knows that if that debt is not paid for you, you are forever lost ! He loves you, though He hates your sins ; and in order that you might be saved, He laid down His life a sacrifice for the guilty. And now He comes ! bringing the gift of salvation to the door of your hearts. *Will you receive the gift ?*

D. L. MOODY.”

It has been resolved to purchase the museum in Peter street for the Young Men’s Christian Association for \$150,000, which has been raised. The building will then become the home of the noon prayer-meeting and the centre of the united Christian effort which now appears to be fairly inaugurated in Manchester.

A few yards from the Free Trade Hall, on the same side of the street, stands a dingy-looking old public building. It was formerly used as a natural history museum, but since the erection of the magnificent Owen’s College, and the consequent transference of its contents, the old museum has been

unused. The Young Men's Christian Association have long been looking for some suitable building as a centre for their operations in this important city with its 70,000 young men ; and now the necessity is felt for a place to carry on the daily prayer meeting and other united evangelistic efforts, after Messrs. Moody and Sankey have left ; so it has been decided to purchase the old museum building and use it for these purposes. It was secured accordingly ; and in a couple of days part of the building, giving accommodation to about 500 persons, was seated, lighted with gas and heated ; so that Mr. Moody used it as an inquiry-room after the meeting in the Free Trade Hall, and we had the joy of seeing it full of anxious souls. This was a blessed consecration of the building for a higher and nobler object than ever it had been used for before.

The scheme for the visitation of every house in Manchester worked well and with the happiest results. The following is the plan adopted : A Christian architect, who entered most heartily into the service, cut up the large scale Ordnance Map of Manchester into about fifty districts, each of which is under the charge of a superintendent, who is supplied with a sufficient number of visitors to reach every house within the limits of his district. A leaflet, containing the hymn, " Jesus of Nazareth passeth by " and a short address by Mr. Moody, is left at each house ; but it is understood by the visitors that this paper is only to be used as an *introduction* for the purpose of gaining admission to the houses, so as to have personal conversation about eternal things with each individual, as far as possible. Some of the visitors have already given in most cheering reports of the marvellous way in which the hearts of the people seemed open to receive their visits, showing that the Lord is in this movement, and is preparing many hearts for the reception of His own blessed message of salvation.

The meetings came to an end the last day of 1874. They have been blessed to vast numbers. In the inquiry-room I have met with many who stated that they had never had the way of salvation so plainly put before them as by Mr. Moody. In not a few instances, too, Mr. Sankey's beautiful and touching solos, especially "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," "Almost persuaded," and "Prodigal child," have proved to be arrows of conviction, entering the heart in the most unexpected manner and leading to conversion. And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of all the blessed fruits, already apparent, of the extraordinary efforts of these dear men of God. Suffice it to say, in a sentence, that all classes of the community—old and young, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, ministers and laymen, masters and servants, teachers and scholars—have received a large blessing from the religious services conducted by the American brethren, and are deeply sensible, I trust, of the mighty debt of gratitude under which they have been laid. The Lord bless them, and make them blessings wherever they go!

The closing week has been the most joyful of all. The tide of blessing which has been steadily rising has this week reached its flood; the earnestness of the preacher and the eagerness of the people, have seemed alike to intensify, and the unconverted have been called to take refuge in Christ with a vehemence of entreaty which has exerted a mighty influence on the assemblies. During these five weeks God has answered the prayers of many years, and we cannot but feel that what has been going on in the city has made Manchester peculiarly interesting to the dwellers in heaven.

CHAPTER VIII.

TIMES OF BLESSING IN SHEFFIELD.



SHEFFIELD, a city of a quarter of a million, is noted for its workers in iron and steel. Hearts hard as adamant were now to be assailed by sermon and song, and God honored the man who honored His gracious truth. At nine in the evening of December 31, 1874, the Evangelists first appeared before a Sheffield audience, and for two weeks the power of God was manifested through them in the most delightful manner.

The work opened here most auspiciously ; the two meetings held on New Year's eve were crowded, and the impressions produced were most solemn.

The first meeting was held in the Temperance Hall, at nine o'clock. Mr. Sankey sang a new hymn, written by Dr. H. Bonar expressly for him, "Rejoice and be glad ! the Redeemer has come."

The impression produced by his singing was very striking ; those who had been merely curious or altogether indifferent seemed attracted, and earnest attention, and even in some cases silent weeping, took the place of carelessness. The watch-night service was particularly solemn. The Albert Hall, where it was held, was crowded, many having stood before the doors an hour before they were opened, in order to make sure of admittance.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey were accompanied on to the platform by a large number of ministers of all denominations.

The vicar offered up a fervent prayer for the Divine blessing on the work in Sheffield.

One most interesting feature in this service was Mr. Sankey's singing of "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." It might be the novelty of his style, or the associations naturally arising at the near approach of the new year, but I certainly have never seen such an effect produced. I have heard him in all the towns they have visited in Scotland, and also in Manchester ; but I never heard him sing so pathetically, more especially in the last stanzas :

"Too late! too late! will be the cry,
Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

Mr. Moody spoke from Luke xix. 10, "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." As illustrating this verse, he graphically narrated the two stories immediately preceding his text, that of the opening of the eyes of blind Bartimeus, and the conversion of Zaccheus. It was only a re-telling of the stories, but given in that way peculiarly Mr. Moody's own, making his listeners part and parcel of the story, as if the whole thing were enacted just in the Targate, and Jesus was just passing the hall doors. He connected the two stories by throwing out the thought that as Bartimeus was on his way home to tell his wife, Zaccheus met him. "Why, isn't that the poor blind beggar? it's like him; but it can't be he, for his eyes are open."

"Yes, it is I."

"What has made your eyes open?"

"Jesus of Nazareth did it."

"Where is He? I must see Him."

"He's just on the road to Jericho."

Away Zaccheus runs; and because he is a little man, he gets up a tree, to see well. Jesus stops, looks up, calls him,

“Zaccheus, come down.” This was one instance of sudden conversion. Some don’t believe in sudden conversion; but here, Zaccheus was not converted when he went up the tree, yet he came down a converted man. We are told he received Jesus gladly. From these incidents he proved how willing, how eager Christ is to save all. What have we to do? Nothing, blessed be God! If we had, we would never do it. Only accept. What had Zaccheus to do? Only come down, only obey.

He concluded by drawing the attention of the audience to the fact that the old year was fast dying—only a few minutes—and what if the new year should come and find us where we were—lost! Oh, let each of us take it, the offer is here; will you have it? Salvation—ay, even before this year is closed you may be saved. As there are only a few minutes of this year remaining, let us finish the old and begin the new on our knees.

The whole audience then sank on their knees, and the new year found them bent in silent prayer. Mr. Moody asked that those who were unsaved might stand up, that they might be prayed for. For a time none were willing to do so, but on Mr. Moody’s asking a second time “if there were none in the hall wishing salvation,” a few stood up, and the Christians were asked to pray for them.

Just then the bells began to ring in the new year, and the Rev. R. Green engaged in prayer for an outpouring of the Holy Ghost on the town of Sheffield, and most particularly on the special meetings to be held. Mr. Moody also engaged in prayer. This was one of the most solemn scenes I have ever been privileged to witness. While the audience were bent in prayer the most intense stillness prevailed, broken only by an occasional sob. After singing the doxology, the meeting separated.

The streets were made lively after the meeting with vigorous singing of hymns, as bands of Christians wended their way home.

Sunday was a day of blessing for Sheffield. The meetings were attended with most blessed results.

The morning meeting for Christian workers was not, perhaps, so well attended in point of numbers as might have been expected, but the Christians who had come out at this early hour were right-down hearty workers. As Mr. Moody said, "He would rather have a moderately small meeting of such earnest Christians than have it packed with thousands of careless people."

At the afternoon meeting, the Albert Hall was densely packed half an hour before the time ; the lower Albert Hall was thrown open for the overflow, but even then many had to go away disappointed.

Mr. Moody addressed this large gathering from Rom. ii. 23 : "For there is no difference."

Many were evidently struck to the heart ; some whom we heard scoffing at the commencement, were in tears at the conclusion of his address.

When Mr. Sankey followed by singing "Free from the law, O happy condition !" it seemed to produce a deep impression.

The Sunday evening meeting was glorious. The hall was again densely packed. Mr. Sankey sang his solo, "There were ninety and nine." Mr. Moody then gave his address on "Regeneration," from the words, "Ye must be born again." The result of the whole proceedings in Sheffield since the coming of our dear brethren must be considered highly satisfactory, and as affording great cause for thankfulness.

At the closing service, Mr. Moody spoke with his accustomed pungency, simplicity, and power, chiefly addressing the young converts. Surely they will never be able to forget his

words of affectionate encouragement and caution, as he pointed out the dangers that would inevitably come to them in their Christian life, and the unfailing source of strength amidst them all. Then came his parting words, evidently painful alike to speaker and hearers. "I have learned to love you," said Mr. Moody; and the earnest gaze and tearful eyes before him testified more loudly than words how his love was reciprocated and his labors and counsels prized. I was forcibly reminded of the scene of Paul's farewell meeting with the elders at Miletum. I verily believe that many hundreds of young converts would, one and all, have fallen on Mr. Moody's neck and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more. One little fellow, at the close of the meeting, came to me in great distress when he found that Mr. Moody had left without having given him a shake of his hand.

Upward of eighty—clergymen of all the evangelical denominations in the town, and the other members of the committee—met Messrs. Moody and Sankey at breakfast in the Imperial Hotel, on Saturday morning, to bid them farewell. Reporters were excluded, but I understand that the unanimous expression of the company was one of gratitude to the Evangelists for their untiring and successful labors in Sheffield, and for the spirit of cordial co-operation among the various divisions of the Church that their visit had so blessedly generated. Practical, as he always is, Mr. Moody used the occasion to urge upon the committee the necessity of rearing a central and suitable building in the town, where all those interested in the continued success of the work could meet on neutral ground and carry on the meetings.

In summing up the results, and giving general impressions of the value of these special services, the following account may be found useful:

The crowded meetings, thrice repeated every day, attended by persons who set aside engagements, alike of business, work and pleasure, have been accompanied with much power from above. Sheffield is usually considered, as a population, difficult to arouse—sturdy, independent, unimpressionable; like the metal in which we work in these parts, true, but hard as steel. Yet the place has been thoroughly aroused, and proof to demonstration given that God is able to work here, as in Jerusalem of old, and as in other towns of England now, thus greatly encouraging Christian ministers and laborers to look with faith for greater things. All the meetings have been pervaded by a sense of God's nearness; believers have been filled with fresh joy and fired with new zeal; the anxious have found soul-rest, the careless have been aroused. In fact, we have had at once a revival and an awakening—a revival touching the hearts of God's people, and an awakening spreading among the thoughtless. The influence reached its height on the last night of Mr. Moody's presence in the town, when he addressed specially the converts, who were present in goodly numbers, together with a vast crowd of Christian workers. His words seemed to have a thrilling power among us all. When he closed by saying that he did not like "farewell," and "good-bye" was almost as bad; he would therefore just say "good-night," and meet us in the morning (pointing to the skies), I think the whole audience deeply felt how much our beloved brother had endeared himself to us. And when Mr. Sankey followed directly with his touching farewell hymn, so appropriate to such an occasion, and so specially addressing every class of hearers, many were the eyes that were bathed in tears. Had it been possible, we would not have parted with our brethren. But may the Lord go with them in other places, confirming their word with signs and wonders, as he has done here!

The verdict of almost all Christian people upon this movement is, that it is the work of God. I am convinced that such an estimate is just, on many grounds :

1. The movement was an answer to prayer. Though we had not waited on the Lord so long as Christians in some other towns have done, a weekly united prayer-meeting had been maintained for nearly a year previously. Many of God's people were also quietly sighing and crying for the abominations of the city, and hungering and thirsting for spiritual blessing. One feature in the prayers previously offered was very noticeable. While all were preparing heartily to welcome Messrs. Moody and Sankey, there was a thorough recognition in the supplications that not they, but their God, must open the floodgates of grace. The Spirit was honored ; and we have had the answer.

2. Remarkable unity prevailed. At least in its outward manifestation this was realized, when ministers of the Established Church and those of the Free Churches sat together on the same platform, and followed each other in prayer. The force of exhortation, backed by the united sympathy and supplications of the whole Christian Church, is multiplied tenfold. Doubtless Christian union is of God. When will it genuinely prevail ? Is not the attainment of it worth the surrender of the causes of division ?

3. The movement had a growing power. Its influence at first was not to be compared with what it became in its progress. Indeed, the feeling of myself and of others with whom I have conversed was at first one of disappointment. Both Mr. Moody's speaking and Mr. Sankey's singing seemed to fall short of what we had expected ; but it was not long before the impressiveness of both made itself felt by all. To my mind this is a true test of excellence. A picture, a piece of music, a landscape—do they grow upon you by repetition ?

The work of these Evangelists has grown upon us. I apprehend it would have been the other way had it not been of God.

4. The stillness was remarkable. The noise and confusion favorable to revivals which are the work of man, was altogether absent. The quiet, favorable to the descent and operations of the Holy Ghost was marked. A man of my acquaintance once observed that "anybody could get up a revival, if he only made enough noise." There was nothing of that kind here. Indeed I noticed that if any brother threw a needless physical exertion into his entreaties, Mr. Moody would be sure to say, "Let us have a few minutes' silent prayer;" and this was mostly followed by the subduing strains of Mr. Sankey's harmonium and voice. A solemn quiet reigned at all times, and even Mr. Moody's humorous sayings did not destroy the solemnity of it. A work done under conditions such as these, so different from those which have prevailed in some "revivals," commends itself to me as the work of God. There are many things that I might touch on; but only one thing more will I mention.

5. The work is evidently one of faith. This quality is very observable in Mr. Moody. He has faith—not a proud self-confidence engendered by success, but a humble reliance upon God and fearless expectation of blessing.

LETTER OF MR. MOODY TO THE YOUNG CONVERTS.

A meeting of converts was held on the evening of January 19, presided over by the Rev. R. Staunton.

During the proceedings the chairman read the following letter:

BIRMINGHAM, *Jan.* 19, 1875.

"MY DEAR FRIENDS: Mr. Sankey and I would have been very glad to have seen you all once more to-night, but God

has given us work in another corner of His vineyard, and we can only join you in well-wishes. I am very glad now to have this opportunity of fulfilling my promise to send you a short message. There are many things I should like to say if I had the time, but I fear I must confine myself to one or two very plain words. Ever since we left Sheffield, every one of us will have changed a little. Some will be merrier and some will be gloomier. Some will be fuller of God's love, and some may even feel a little emptier; others, again, may not have got over the period of *wonder*, and still find themselves asking, 'And can it really all be true? Is it not just some strange dream? Is it really possible that God loves us, and that we are really saved for evermore?' And this is my only one reply to these very common and rational questions: *We are changed, but Christ is not.* Oh, if *He* were different, it would be a very, very serious thing. And if we are changed and are frightened about it, we must find out at once if *He* is changed too. If it is only *we* who are different, it does not matter much, because salvation does not depend upon us, but upon Him. And the Bible tells us all about it in one little golden sentence, which we must all ask God to burn into our hearts, and then we shall never be troubled any more about our feelings. In Heb. xiii. 8, He says, 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever.' Yes! the same; no matter how changed we are, no matter how dull, how joyless, He is just as He was yesterday, just as he was the night when we got our first glimpse of His dying love for us.

"Oh, dear friends, let us keep looking to Him, and as we look, God will give us the longing to be more and more like Him. Perhaps some of you already feel that longing, and you don't know what it is! Perhaps you think it is very hard to have this craving after a better heart and a holier life. But Christ says it is 'blessed.' It is not hard; it is not a

misfortune ; it is not a sign that the health of the soul is gone. No ; appetite is not the symptom of disease, but of health. And the Master himself has told us that it is blessed to be hungry and thirsty after Him. And some of you may be mourning over your empty hearts, for little love is there ; how little faith, how little zeal for the Master's service ! Well, it is not hardship to feel like that. If it be real, it is not sad to be that way, only don't mourn over it. Christ says it is 'blessed'—blessed to be poor in spirit ; and the poorer, and weaker, and humbler we feel, the more room is there for Him to perfect strength in our weakness. 'My grace is sufficient for thee ; my strength is made perfect in weakness ; * * * for when I am weak, then am I strong.' And now, dear friends, before closing, let me ask you all to do something for Christ, something this very week. I cannot tell you what to do ; but God will if you ask Him. He has something for everybody to do ; and let us be earnest in doing our best for Him, and let us do it soon. Death will be upon us when our work will be but begun, and 'the night cometh when no man can work.' And for every one of you, that God may bless you, and keep you, and cause the light of His face to shine upon you, and enable you to grow in the knowledge and likeness of His only begotten Son, is the earnest and humble prayer of your affectionate friend,

"D. L. MOODY."



CHAPTER IX.

THE "WORLD'S TOY-SHOP" WELCOMES THEM.



BIRMINGHAM, with its 400,000 people, the constituency of John Bright, the English reformer, now looks up to God for a shower of grace upon the seed-sowing of the Evangelists, who began there January 17, and closed on the 29th.

Never before in Birmingham have any preachers drawn such vast numbers of people as these brethren are doing at this time. Thousands are flocking daily to hear them from the districts around. The whole community seems stirred up. That which seems to be uppermost in men's minds, is the present marvellous gatherings that are daily taking place. There is no lack of opportunity for the Christian to put in a word for the Master, for wherever you go—whether in the counting-house, shop, refreshment-room, train, omnibus, and even as you walk along the street—the one topic is the doings of these wonderful men of God. If you want to get a seat at their meetings, you must be there fully one hour before the time, and a stranger entering the town must be struck with the determination of those who daily seek these gatherings.

Every day this week hundreds have been turned away from the noonday meetings held in the Town Hall. Meetings are now being held in Carr's Lane Chapel every afternoon at three o'clock, and here again it is necessary to be there some time before the service commences. In fact, yes-

terday I was there at two o'clock, and the body of the chapel was then filled. It is estimated that three thousand people are in this building every afternoon.

To convey to the mind of the reader the sight which presents itself on entering Bingley Hall is impossible. Sloping down from the galleries which run round the building, other galleries have been erected, and the whole building, from the speaker's platform, looks like one vast amphitheatre. The crimson cloth which drapes the galleries adds to the general effect, and makes the hall look very comfortable. The immense sea of faces is singularly impressive, especially when from 12,000 to 15,000 people are listening eagerly to catch the words that fall from the speaker's lips.

The question may be asked, What effect is this movement having upon the people in general? I reply, Good every way. The stirring addresses given by Mr. Moody to Christians from the very first morning are bearing fruit. They are beginning to look about, and realize that thousands around them are living without Christ. Many Christians have spoken to me of the fresh energy with which they have been stimulated, through attending the meetings. As for those who nightly throng Bingley Hall, the best test of the work I can give is, that whereas at first the after-meetings were held in a neighboring church, the anxious ones have now become so numerous that they are obliged to remain in the hall, while earnest Christian workers, with Bible in hand, pass from one to another, and open to inquirers the way of life.

All this proves to us the great power of God, and what He can do by two men who give themselves wholly up to Him. The work "is marvellous in our eyes," but it is not less marvellous that their physical strength does not give way under their unceasing labors. While Mr. Sankey is greatly gifted with power to use his voice in singing the Gospel, Mr.

Moody has a way of marvellously picturing, in the most vivid manner, Bible truths. From the humorous he can come down to the pathetic, and so move his hearers to tears, and withal there is a "holy boldness" which is seldom to be met with in the preachers of the present day.

The *Morning News* says: "Never before in the history of Birmingham, I believe, have two men drawn such large numbers of people together as Messrs. Moody and Sankey have done, time after time, during the whole of last week and yesterday. The Town Hall, Carr's Lane Chapel, and Bingley Hall, have been entirely filled at most of their meetings, uncomfortably crowded at some, and all but full at one or two others. Since commencing their labors here they have held twenty-two services, namely, four in Carr's Lane Chapel, six in the Town Hall, and twelve in Bingley Hall. No doubt in many cases the same persons presented themselves at the meetings again and again; but it is probable that the audiences were, for the most part, different on each occasion. At the four meetings in Carr's Lane Chapel, some 12,000! at the six in the Town Hall, about 24,000, and at the twelve in Bingley Hall at least 120,000 persons must have been present, making a total of 156,000 men, women, and children, to whom, during the last eight days, they have preached and sung the Gospel. Nor does the interest in the men and their work as yet know any abatement, it being likely that the services to be held this week will be as numerously attended as those of last week."

Amidst all the cavil of unbelief, and other opponents, thousands can testify, day by day, to the *reality* and *power* widely spreading and *deepening* blessing upon their souls. Sinners have been converted to God, and believers edified. Whole congregations, both in churches and chapels, have felt its animating power. The clergy and ministers of various

denominations have rejoiced together in this blessed work of the Lord, and felt its quickening influence. Many of the Lord's servants have met together for the first time, and felt their hearts drawn out in brotherly love and sympathy, enabling them to overlook various minor differences of creed and church government.

The noonday prayer meeting was first held in the Town Hall, which large building was filled long before the appointed hour. A very solemn and prayerful spirit seemed to pervade the masses—the stillness was quite impressive, and the great bulk of the people seemed to enter most deeply into the importance and solemnity of the occasion. The numbers at the noonday prayer meeting were probably quite 3,000. Afterwards it changed to Bingley Hall, where thousands more might be accommodated.

The afternoon Bible-reading is also well attended, and greatly enjoyed by many. The evening meetings have gone on steadily increasing, until at length, I suppose, some 15,000 must have been congregated together. The attention of these great masses (assembled an hour before the time) was well sustained by singing—and, as a brother clergyman said to me on the platform, “We never heard such singing of the good Old Hundredth Psalm before, and probably may never hear the like again”—as it burst forth from the hearts and lips of this vast assemblage. Oh! it was a touching sight and a telling sound—such as Birmingham itself had never witnessed before—15,000 met together, night after night, to listen to the loving, sympathizing, fervent preaching of JESUS CHRIST, the Saviour of sinners! And the audience felt it! The Holy Spirit of God seemed working in our midst—alike on preacher and hearers—and many were the hearts moved.

At 7.30 Messrs. Moody and Sankey entered the building. The service began by singing, then prayer was offered, another

hymn or two were sung, a portion of Holy Scripture read, another hymn, and then followed the address. Numerous anecdotes were related, as if not only to illustrate certain points, but also to rivet the attention, and then, as the preacher's heart and tongue seemed set on fire, all these little adjuncts were submerged in the one glowing, burning theme, salvation for lost sinners—yea, a present and immediate salvation, for every one that believeth in Jesus! As I sat near the preacher, I could read the meaning of the big drops upon his brow, and how his whole frame was moved, not with selfish passions, seeking personal admiration, but steeped in the love and spirit of his Master. One great object was kept steadily in view—the glory of God in the salvation of sinners through Jesus Christ, and the intense longing that thousands might share with him the blessings and joys of THIS GREAT SALVATION! Almost breathless stillness chained the audience.

Numbers stayed for the after-meetings; the females in the side-galleries, the males in the Scotch church adjoining. On the first Monday evening Mr. Moody himself undertook the men, but finding the numbers so large, he sent up to the platform for assistance. Undoubtedly personal interviews are the best.

We have reason to believe that many found pardon and peace in Jesus, and are spreading their happy and holy influences around. The singing appeared to be improving night after night, as the vast masses gradually learned the tunes and hymns. Mr. Sankey's solos were powerfully and sweetly sung, and his clear utterance and distinct enunciation of syllable after syllable gave a great effect and pathos to the whole.

And on Tuesday, January 26, the day of the convention, it was supposed that from one to two thousand ministers of various denominations attended the gathering, which began

that day at ten o'clock and continued till 4 P. M. Truly it was a great evidence of the Divine blessing, as the delegates from Edinburgh, and Dublin, and other cities, told how the work was still progressing in their respective cities after Messrs. Moody and Sankey had left, and in some cases ripening in a most marvellous manner. Indeed a letter reached me only yesterday, telling me of a brother clergyman in Dublin who had a list of *sixty* persons in his congregation who had apparently been brought to Christ through attending the meetings of Messrs. Moody and Sankey.

Verily, the Lord is blessing the evangelistic labors of our dear brothers in Christ—Moody and Sankey. I do not pretend to endorse every utterance, or to see with them exactly, eye to eye, on every point. But I do see, and I do greatly rejoice in their being raised up by God to proclaim, so touchingly and so successfully, the utter ruin of sinful, fallen man, and his recovery solely through FAITH IN JESUS CHRIST !

At the meeting in Bingley Hall on Friday evening, Mr. Moody said : I was very dejected last night. Our meetings have been so much blessed that an effort was put forth to get Bingley Hall for another week. When we got home last evening, we found a despatch from a gentleman, saying we could not have the hall. I was greatly depressed all day. Now, however, I have just been told we may yet obtain the hall for another week. But the committee are wavering a little, as they have some fears the people will not come out to the meetings next week. We have had good committees wherever we have been ; but we have never had a better committee than the Birmingham one, and I know they will come to a wise decision. But if you are anxious about your souls, you'll attend the meetings. We'll get several gentlemen to speak, and we hope you'll rally round them and the committee. We have had great blessings in other towns ; but I think we never

met with anything that came up to this—to our meetings in Birmingham. I must say I've never enjoyed preaching the gospel more than I have done since we came to Birmingham. We've reached so many people. I only wish we could have such a hall wherever we go. I think if we could only take up Bingley Hall, we would carry it round the world with us, as a place in which to preach the gospel to all men. But I would like you Birmingham people to go with us. Well, then, if we do our best to get speakers for another week, will you do your best to get hearers for the speakers? (Many cries of "Yes, yes.") Well, keep your promise. Why, almost any man could speak in this hall to such a meeting as this. The very sight of you is enough to make a dumb dog bark. I'll telegraph off to Liverpool and London to send us all the help they can. There will be a service on Sunday afternoon, when one of your own ministers will preach. On Monday night you'll have a thanksgiving service. Come to it to thank God for having answered our prayers to bless these meetings. Has God not answered your prayers? (Cries of "Yes, yes.") Then on Tuesday we'll get some one else to speak. On Wednesday there will be the usual services in the churches and chapels. On Thursday night there will be another speaker. On Friday I will come back, on my way to Liverpool, and we'll have a meeting for all the converts. Now, let all arise who will support the committee and attend the different meetings. (Almost the entire audience stood up in response to this appeal.) Yes; the committee are quite satisfied. We'll go on then. Pray there may be hundreds and thousands converted next week. If things do not always please you, don't complain; just pray. Pray for a great blessing next week.

Services were held in Bingley Hall, from 5,000 to 7,000 persons having been present at each.

At Messrs. Moody and Sankey's farewell service, Bingley

Hall was once more crowded to its utmost, nearly 1,600 converts' tickets being applied for. It would be manifestly premature to assert that this number of people have been converted during the previous three weeks' services. As Mr. Moody said at the Conference in London, on the same day, they did not desire to reckon up the number of converts, because they could not judge of the reality of the cases. At the same time we think it very probable that many have been brought savingly to believe in Christ who did not apply for converts' tickets. In any case, the progress of the movement in Birmingham has been such as greatly to encourage and cheer our American brethren and those who helped them in their labors; and we respond to Mr. Moody's hope that it may "continue for a year."

Mr. Moody's address to the converts was, as usual, most fitting. His parting sentences were the expression of affectionate regard, and it was plain, from the demeanor of the audience, that the parting on their side was a most reluctant one.

Mr. Sankey sang the farewell hymn with great pathos and feeling; and on leaving the hall both he and Mr. Moody were besieged with friends anxious to receive a parting shake of the hand. They proceeded to Liverpool on Saturday.

A correspondent writes concerning this meeting: "We shall never forget that address." Such was the almost involuntary exclamation of a well-dressed mechanic who was standing by us in the aisle of Bingley Hall. And truly the work of the Lord in this town is such as has never before been seen here. We were praying and expecting great things, but the blessing has exceeded our expectations; never before have the people of every class been so moved and such glorious results followed. A week having elapsed since Mr. Moody left us, we are enabled to speak in a measure of results.

First, the life of the ministers who have taken part has been largely increased, so that the testimony of many of the hearers last Sunday was, "Our minister preaches like a new man;" then the renewed life of the churches is already manifesting itself in the desire to work either in Sunday schools or tract districts: and besides this, the people outside are more disposed to hear the gospel, many coming into our churches last Sunday, and in more cases than one when notice was given out after the service that inquirers would be spoken to, numbers varying from twenty to sixty passed into the vestry, and many rejoiced in a new-found Saviour. Our hearts are indeed full of praise; should we be silent, the stones might well cry out, "But we will bless the Lord from this time forth, and for evermore."

I know of no one of the many blessed hymns which has more struck the heart and arrested attention than that sweet one whose chorus begins, "Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love, the love of God to me." This love and its manifestation is the theme of every sermon, and, of course, God owns it. Ministers wonder at failure, and try to discover the cause; a week of services such as Birmingham has had for the last fortnight, I think must answer the question, "What is the cause of failure?" for we have seen in the crowded meetings, in the overwhelming number of anxious ones, in the utter breaking down of strong men, the secret of success. The wondrous love of God has been the weapon which has been used; failure in using this weapon has been the cause of failure in result. Never has Birmingham been so mightily moved; in the workshops Sankey's songs are sung, and men who cared for none of these things are anxiously inquiring after the good news. Oh, may God carry on the work begun with mighty power.

CHAPTER X.

LIVERPOOL'S MONTH OF MERCY.



OUR brethren visited this great city by the sea on the 7th of February, and remained till March 7, 1875. Twenty thousand dollars had been expended for a building capable of seating eight thousand persons, and when crowded, several thousand more were accommodated. It was named Victoria Hall.

The Friday preceding the arrival was observed as a day of preparation on the part of many of the churches, and the first meeting of the Evangelists was on Sunday morning, at eight o'clock, for Christian workers. This was followed by the afternoon and evening meetings.

All Liverpool was moved by them ; but not with the most desirable feelings. Some were actuated by a spirit of embittered hostility, and did not hesitate to write and speak of these servants of Christ what had not the shadow of truth. This very opposition, however, did good. God makes "the wrath of men to praise Him." I have known of some who entered Victoria Hall bitter enemies, and left it attached friends to the movement. Many flock to the meetings apparently from idle curiosity, and thousands under spiritual anxiety, whilst God's people rally round the Evangelists with an enthusiasm and hearty good-will which is cheering to observe.

At last Monday evening's meeting, an intelligent young man informed me he came into that hall to scoff at all he

heard. "I believed only in God and the devil; the latter I served well, and, as sitting laughing at the fools (as I then thought) about me, that beautiful hymn, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' was sung. A sudden thrill passed through my whole frame, and then like a dart ran through my very heart. My feelings were awful, but I listened to the next verse, and felt there is a Saviour. Who is He? Where is He? Instantly I realized the truth, Jesus is the Saviour. I threw myself into His loving arms, and here I am now, rejoicing in Him."

"Blessed be God," I said, "for such news. Now, brother go home and tell your friends what great things God hath done for your soul."

"Will you pray?" he said.

We went together to the throne, and then he said, "God bless you. I will now live and work for Jesus."

The devil lays his plans, and no doubt thinks they are well arranged, but whilst he proposes certain events, God disposes of them in a very different way than Satan expected.

Of this I have had an instance.

"I am under a dreadful temptation," said a young man to me.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I was given drink by a man professing to be a Christian, and whom I have heard preaching the truth to me and others, but who is opposed to Moody and Sankey, and I was sent here by him to give annoyance. Now I am brought to Christ, in place of dishonouring Christ in this meeting, what am I to do to this man?"

"Pray for him," I said, "and God will give him to you as a star for your crown. Tell him plainly his state, and bring him here with you next night.

"I knew a lady who went to a religious meeting an

avowed infidel, sent there by two sisters-in-law for a similar purpose to that which brought you this night here. She was brought to Christ, and sent back to them full of Jesus, and was the means of their saving conversion ; and now all three are rejoicing in the great salvation effected by Jesus, the Son of God, for every penitent, believing child of Adam."

Truly the Lord is doing great things for us, "whereof we are glad."

It may emphatically be said of them, "They came, they spoke, they conquered." For twenty years I have been more or less mixed up with evangelistic work, but never have I met with more opposition and scorn to any movement than the present.

The erection of the vast hall to hold 10,000 persons was looked on as a monstrous folly. As it was being built, the talk was, To what purpose is this waste ? But what was called Moody's folly proved to be God's wisdom.

The part allotted to me in the great work has enabled me to see and test much that is going on. And this I can say—there is wheat ; there is chaff. The wheat is sound, and will be a glorious, bountiful harvest. The chaff will be blown away. Wheat and chaff always grow together. Never have we been privileged to see so much real, genuine work—anxious faces, tearful eyes, aching hearts.

Mr. Moody, after a telling address, went into the inquiry room, and his place was occupied by a layman, who wielded the sword of the Spirit with amazing power, right and left. His words, powerful and well chosen, fell with force, and told on the vast audience, that seemed spellbound. Many seemed to be convicted of sin, and hurried into the inquiry room.

Mr. Moody remarked that many people thought the Victoria Hall was a bad investment, but that, if souls were born

there, perhaps some of them would like to have a little stock in it.

Mr. Moody's earnest invitation to those who were anxious about their salvation to stand up, and afterward meet him in the inquiry room, was responded to by hundreds, who were not deterred from showing their anxiety by the curious gaze of many thousand spectators.

Many striking instances of conversion have occurred, and other cases have come under my own observation in which backsliders have been led to return to their first love. One day at the noon prayer-meeting, Mr. Moody told of an interesting case of conversion he had met the night before. A young, stalwart man, who was to sail for America next day, had come to the meeting. He had been pricked to the heart by Mr. Moody's pointed appeals, and found his way to the inquiry room, and here, as he believed, to lay his hitherto unforgiven sins on Jesus. Later in the evening he called on Mr. Moody at his hotel, and received a letter of introduction to any of the Christian friends in America he might meet. He was accompanied to the hotel by his brother, who had come from the country with him to see him sail, and who seemed overjoyed to think that one so nearly related to him was taking Christ with him ere he left his native shores.

The attendance at the noon prayer-meeting averages 4,000 to 5,000, the audience, of course, not being so mixed as those in the evening. One gratifying circumstance, however, in connection with the noon meeting should be noted, and that is, the presence of so many of the Liverpool merchants and business men. I have heard it stated that between twelve and one, when the noon prayer-meeting is held, 'Change is half deserted, and it has been remarked that no other source of attraction has ever drawn so many of these busy men away from their money-making for an hour in the middle of the

day. May they carry away some truth that will cling to them when they are tempted to forget God in their haste to get rich !

A very happy feature of the work here, as elsewhere, is the sympathetic co-operation of many clergymen and ministers of various denominations. They appear on the platform and take part in the services, as well as in the personal dealing with the anxious.

The leading attraction of the meetings was Mr. Moody's Bible lectures. On each occasion the hall was crowded ; so that on a moderate computation, the seed of the Word of God relating to these two most important subjects was sown in the hearts of some 60,000 or 70,000 persons, many of them from a long distance.

The lectures are a treat of no ordinary kind. As expository discourses they are most valuable, and reveal, to some extent, how Mr. Moody has got, to use a common phrase, "the Bible at his finger ends." But these lectures have a wonderful hortatory as well as expository value.

One evening I went to St. John's Church, where I found W. H. M. Aiken and the vicar of the church conducting the service after the model of the services in Victoria Hall. The body of the church was filled partly with the overflow from the hall, and partly with those who had been induced to enter by personal solicitation, and by hearing a group of young men singing hymns in the churchyard. It was a motley company, and a great majority consisted of those who, from their dress and appearance, do not often find their way to God's house. There were numbers of men such as one sees lounging at street corners and about public-houses, many young girls in working attire and without bonnets, and a number of rough, neglected-looking street Arabs. Their behaviour, with one or two exceptions, was most orderly and attentive. A good sprink-

ling remained at the close to be conversed with, and many of them were enabled to lay their sins on Jesus, or, as the speaker said, to accept the fact that God had laid them there nearly nineteen hundred years ago.

It is interesting and refreshing to notice how all grades of society and all ages are represented among the anxious who throng the inquiry room at the close of Mr. Moody's addresses. From the richly-dressed lady to the poor waif of the street, with scarce enough of clothing to cover his nakedness; from the boy and girl of eight or ten years to the horny-handed, gray-headed working-man, with all the intervening stages of life--there you find all, burdened with the same sense of sin, and afterward rejoicing in the same Saviour.

The afternoon meeting for women was a wonderful sight. The hall was packed to excess, and many hundreds failing to gain entrance, an overflow meeting was held in Newsome's Circus. Mr. Sankey sang the solo "Mary Magdalene" amidst the most profound silence, and the pathetic and beautiful words of the hymn brought tears to many an eye. Mr. Moody spoke on "What Christ is to us," a most pregnant and powerful address on a theme that he said it would take all eternity to exhaust. As at other times, Mr. Moody asked those who wished to be prayed for to rise up, and hundreds upon hundreds responded in all parts of the house. A more touching or cheering sight I never witnessed. Mr. Sankey sang "Almost persuaded," and Mr. Moody said that there were so many anxious, it would be impossible to speak with them; so he asked them to go home, and at five o'clock to take God's Word, and kneel down pleading His promise, and commit themselves to Him. All the Christians in the hall would be praying for them at that hour. He prayed that they might be altogether persuaded.

Valuable testimony was given as to the tangible effects of

the work in Liverpool. It was stated that one class reached had been those who, though religiously trained, had, during these special meetings, seen a new meaning and power in the truths with which they were familiar. Many sailors, and ship captains too, had come to the meetings and been guided into the true haven of rest and peace. Then there were many working men who had plunged into the depths of intemperance, and whose insulted and injured wives, after being driven from their homes, had been compelled to support themselves and their children for years together. These wives, in this day of grace, had sent letters to their husbands, extending their forgiveness and imploring them to come to Victoria Hall and seek forgiveness of the Saviour. Some of them had come and found that forgiveness, and gone back to lighten their homes again with a new lustre and joy.

Allusion was made by one of the speakers to another class, one much too large and full of strange and painful interest, consisting of those who have in past years made a profession of love to Christ but have wandered

“ Away on the mountains, wild and bare,”

and have been glad to take of the husks that the swine did eat. It had often been asked whether the converts connected with this revival would stand the test of time and endure the temptations of the world. When the question is put, as it often is, “ Brother, have all *your* converts stood fast ? ” I can only confess, that during the forty years but one that I have preached in this town, I have missed a great many from the fold ; but I have found some of them in that inquiry room. The first night the inquiry room was needed I lingered on the platform, not intending to go into the room, when a message came to me, “ You are wanted immediately ; an inquirer wishes to see you.” I went, and I had not seen that face—I will

not tell you whether it was man or woman—for twenty years ; and I found that soul had wandered away and had kept out of my sight with perfect success. The first conviction was to go and tell him by whose hands they had been received into the Christian Church. Many a wanderer has come, and Christ alone knows how many more He will welcome back to His all-forgiving arms, and fill our hearts with a gladness they have never experienced before.

And so the great work flows steadily on. As the days and weeks roll past, and the same scenes are so often repeated, it is difficult to find fresh terms in which to describe “these wondrous gatherings day by day.” The four meetings on Sunday last may briefly be stated as a repetition of those on the Sunday before. All crowded to the utmost capacity of the great hall, and in some cases, especially at the afternoon and evening meetings, multitudes turned away for lack of room.

Mr. Moody, before leaving Liverpool, addressed an immense meeting in behalf of the Young Men’s Christian Association, and laid the corner-stone of the new building, inscribed, “This memorial stone was laid by D. L. Moody, of Chicago, 2d March, 1875.” He used a silver trowel presented to him for the occasion.

The closing services were held on Sunday, the 7th March, at eight A.M., for Christian workers ; at eleven A.M., for young converts and inquirers ; at three P.M., for women only ; and at eight P.M., for men only. Each was very largely attended.

In 1873, not a convert was known to have been made by the meetings held by the Evangelists in Liverpool, and now behold the wonderful victories of the Truth !

CHAPTER XI.

MIGHTY LONDON IS BLESSED.



THE scale of magnitude by which the work was carried on in the metropolis may be measured in our thoughts by one fact—over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars were expended in the prosecution during the four months from its commencement—March 9th to July 11th, 1875. During the first month the meetings were held in North London, and in the Agricultural Hall, the largest building in that quarter. It is said that once, at the Agricultural Hall, Mr. Spurgeon preached to twenty-two thousand people. But for the different style of the arrangements in the vast interior, that would probably have been the number present on Tuesday night, when the Chicago Evangelists entered on their London campaign. As it was, the audience could not be less than eighteen thousand; in all likelihood it reached twenty thousand. The chairs numbered fourteen thousand according to some authorities, fifteen thousand say others; and not one of these, nor scarcely an inch of standing-ground, was left unoccupied, while the doors had to be closed in the face of many hundreds for whom there was no room. The anxiety to procure admission was indicated by the fact that fully two hours before the time advertised for the beginning of the service crowds began to assemble. We were there a few minutes after six, and already the building seemed to be more than half full, while the stream of people entering was in full flood, and required

not many minutes to crowd every vacant spot, excepting only the reserved seats near the platform, for which tickets were required. At half past six the singing of a hymn was begun in a distant part of the hall ; but the Rev. Thain Davidson, from his seat on the platform, requested the stewards to repress volunteer attempts of this sort, and in a moment his wish was obeyed. The arrangements were indeed admirable. Ushers, each invested with an official rod, were scattered all over the building. Those near me were young merchants and professional men ; and they did their work with quiet, effective energy. There seems to have been no screw loose anywhere. The silent seating of so many thousands was a masterpiece of administrative care and skill.

At seven o'clock the Rev. Thain Davidson gave out the hymn, "I hear Thy welcome voice," and the volume of sound which rose from the audience indicated that it was a familiar strain to most of the people present. Then, after a brief interval, the hymn, "Tell me the old, old story of Jesus and His love," was finely sung by the choir, which was composed of two hundred voices. At half-past seven to a moment, Mr. Moody stepped on to the dais, while Mr. Sankey took his place at the organ ; and the former, in the least conventional of voices, said, "Let us rise and sing to the praise of God. Let us praise Him for what He is going to do in London." The response, as the people sang the familiar Doxology, was thrilling ; and no sooner had the strain ceased than the Rev. Mr. Billing, the incumbent of the nearest church, offered prayer. "We bless Thee, that we have seen this day and this hour," he said ; and hundreds gave audible vent to a thanksgiving that was uttered with deep fervor. Very hearty, too, were the "Amens" which followed the request that God might be pleased to "speak to all London" by the mouth of His servants from the other

side of the sea. Mr. Moody gave out the Scotch version of the hundredth Psalm, Mr. Sankey saying, "Let us rise and sing. Let all the people sing." To all, but more especially to the Scottish friends, that was a soul-stirring strain.

Mr. Moody then stated that he had that day received despatches from all the great cities in Britain, letting him know that the people were praying for London. All their expectations must be in vain unless they were depending upon God. He therefore asked them to spend a few moments in silent prayer. Hereupon a great calm fell upon the assembly, and every head was bowed. In a minute or two the hush was broken by the voice of Mr. Moody, who prayed that God's blessing might rest upon the work on which they were now entering, and that many might be encouraged to go out and labor in this dark city. "It is a great city," he said, "but Thou art a great God. May we ask great things, and expect them?" He gave special thanks for the many ministers present, and prayed that there might be "no strife among the herdmen." Mr. Sankey then sang the solo, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," explaining before he did so that it was simply a Christian song. "May the Lord bless the singing of this song here, as He has blessed it elsewhere," said Mr. Sankey, and he requested the people to keep very still. The first stanza, and especially the line, "What means this strange commotion?" was thrilling in its effect; but a slight disturbance in a distant part of the hall somewhat marred the closing verses. At the end of the piece some present began to applaud; but they were instantly rebuked into silence by a murmured "Hush!" from thousands of lips.

It was speedily apparent that great blessing from on high was present in that meeting. The address was full of power; anecdote, illustration, Scripture entreaty, persuasion, suc-

ceeded each other again and again, with lightning speed and force, while the vast audience listened intently. As the interest heightened, and story after story was told, many could be seen wiping the tears openly, apparently unconscious of what they were doing. The graphic picture of the meeting of Bartimeus and Zaccheus, after the former had been healed, was thoroughly enjoyed; and the quiet hit at those "who don't believe in sudden conversions," in the statement that Zaccheus "was converted between the branches and the ground," was greatly enjoyed. The story that followed, of "the young man converted on his mother's grave," gave occasion for an impassioned appeal to turn to Jesus then and there. Silent prayer followed the conclusion of the address; and, amid a hush that was almost awful, the sound of music floated on the air, and Mr. Sankey sang softly, "Come home, come home." Every head bowed, thousands earnestly praying, while the soft music seemed to enter into the very souls of that mass of humanity, bowing and swaying even the hardest to thoughts of repentance and prayer. Then Lord Radstock concluded with prayer, and the hymn, "I hear Thy welcome voice," was sung as Mr. Moody went from the Hail to the first inquiry meeting in London. Many hundreds followed him.

The third evening service was much more largely attended than the second. Much better order was observed than at the commencement of the previous evening, the meeting being admirably controlled. The address was most solemn and searching in character, concluding with an exhortation to immediate and final decision. Mr. Moody ended his discourse by prayer. Then "Safe in the arms of Jesus" was sung; then silent prayer; next, "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah!" then the benediction and the inquiry meeting.

After singing, a gentleman spoke earnestly of the way and the need of working for Jesus. He was followed by another, who told a touching story of how the lost are found in London. A tract distributor offered a man a tract on Waterloo Bridge ; it was declined with the remark, "I shall be in hell before night ;" the words were heard and answered, "No, you will not, for I'm going to heaven, and will stick to you all day." They left the bridge together, the hungry man was supplied with food, and taken to a place of worship. There he fell asleep. "Perhaps he has been walking all night," said his friend ; "let him sleep !" Service over, he was conveyed home to supper, inquiring concerning all this kindness, "*What's up ?*" He was fed, tended, reasoned with, instructed, and brought to the way of heaven, instead of being in hell, as he had said.

So ends the first three of Mr. Moody's noon prayer-meetings and the first three nights of work in London. And it is simple truth to state, that such meetings were never held before in London, if ever they were in the world's history. In *three days* of noon and evening service, about *eighty thousand* have listened to the glorious gospel of the blessed God. Well might Mr. Moody express his thankfulness to God for the encouragement he had received and felt, and his deep sense of the sympathy and help extended to him and his colleague in their great work. Well might he dissolve in broken accents and tears of entreaty for a rich blessing on himself and those who, laboring with him, will share his eternal rest and reward. Surely, when bankers and rich merchants, and ministers holding high official positions, are content to be doorkeepers, it must be said, "We never saw it after this fashion," and this was exactly the case at the door of Exeter Hall yesterday.

Mr. Moody took for his text Isaiah lv. 6, stating for two

evenings he had dwelt on man seeking God, but now he would speak of God seeking man ; yet recommending earnestness in seeking God by many touching incidents and suggestions. This, among others, he thought "the dying thief might have had a praying mother." He also turned to the ministers around him and asked, "Did they believe that God was present and willing to save?" and was instantly answered by an audible "Yes." A tearful, impassioned appeal followed to all classes to seek the Lord, and He would assuredly be found. Silent prayer succeeded, and Mr. Sankey sang "Almost persuaded." Then the audience were dismissed, and all anxious, and all workers, were invited to remain, an invitation that was accepted *by several thousands!* The whole space under the arched roof was occupied by seekers and workers, while the responses to earnest prayers rolled around like the deep tones of the great sea waves at night. The Lord was there. Inquirer after inquirer made themselves manifest, until there were scores in the inquiry room, and scores remaining in the hall speaking with the workers there. In the inquiry room were seekers and workers in every direction, and very many found peace in believing. One fine young man fell to the lot of the writer, and it was emphatically good to watch the dawning of divine truth on the mind, as shown in the intelligent face—to see the look of anxiety and fear give place to the knowledge and love of God—to watch the birth of the soul to eternal life bring forth that look of brightness on the face which is never seen from any other cause. One young lady said "she was so happy, she seemed to tread on air;" and in instance after instance the testimony grew and multiplied, till we could only rejoice in believing that numbers were born again—not of corruptible seed, but of the incorruptible, which liveth and abideth for ever. Then the long, happy evening closed by Mr. Moody

calling the workers together, and giving some brotherly advice and counsel concerning the details of work in the inquiry room.

Oh, for the time of blessing ! Oh, for the rain upon the weary ! Oh, for the coming, in mightiest power, of the loving Spirit and the King our Brother, among the ruined and lost —among the weary and burdened laborers on this rough and stony ground ! Our Father, hear and answer Thy children's heart-cry, for Jesus' sake !

On Sunday morning, March 14, the usual unbroken quiet of Islington experienced a striking change. From every direction solitaires, couples, and bands of well-dressed people were hastening to the Agricultural Hall. Many parties of singers had arranged to meet in their different localities, and marched with songs to their destination. Sunday-school teachers resident in the line of march near to the hall had invited their fellow-laborers to breakfast at a very unusual hour ; while the vendors of hymns and papers round the hall took their usual week-day positions, and transacted a large amount of buying and selling, to which multitudes made strong and indignant objection. Pouring in at all the entrances to the hall, there was speedily convened such a gathering of its Christian workers as London had never seen. It was a complete *re-union*. Friends, whom the exigencies of work had separated for years, met and clasped hands once more ; young men grown old in service met with others in like condition, whom they had labored with in years of strength ; and comely matrons' faces were recognised as those of former girls in Sunday schools. Long before *all* old friends could be recognized and greeted, the time for the service arrived, and the Evangelists stood face to face with many thousands of the Christian workers of the great metropolis for the first time.

Cool, prompt, and business-like as ever, Mr. Moody an-

nounced the first song would be "Hold the fort," which was sung with a vigor that left nothing to be desired.

Mr. Moody narrated a striking instance of a Sunday school superintendent who was not converted, but finding this to be so, went honestly to his minister and offered to resign. The minister suggested a more excellent way—that the superintendent should first turn to the Lord at once and then continue his labors. This was done; he turned to the willing Saviour, and then became the means of the conversion of the teachers and a great revival in the school. It was the duty of each Christian—not duty, but privilege (away with mere *duty*! we did not talk of *duty* to wives and mothers, and why in religion?)—to speak to some person daily. For twelve years there had scarcely been a day in which he had not done this. Seek out friends, and bring them into the current, that they might get a blessing and pass it on. We must also get into sympathy with the unsaved. When he was laboring in the school at Chicago, a teacher, who was going away to die, came to him in bitter trouble about his unconverted class. He felt his strength too far gone to visit them; they were unsaved, and he was leaving them—going away for ever. Mr. Moody procured a carriage, and they went together day after day for ten days, until the teacher had seen all, pleaded with all, and won them all for Jesus. The tearful eye, the pale face, and the deep sympathy had triumphed for Christ! Then they all met him on the platform, and the wave of his hand from the carriage was a last, long farewell. The effect produced by this narration was very deep. Sobs and tears were almost universal. The ministers on the platform were wiping both eyes and glasses, and some were literally scooping away the tears with their hands. Strong men were weeping like children, and the speaker himself wept abundantly as he remembered and depicted the touching scene. Yes, he continued, we must

get in sympathy—make their case ours, their troubles and sorrows ours, and then we shall have prevailing power. He spoke of a poor mother, whose child had been drowned in procuring drift-wood from the river, and whom he visited along with his little daughter. “If that was me,” said my child, “wouldn’t you *feel bad*, father? Don’t you feel bad for the poor mother?” This unlocked the springs of sympathy, and I did feel bad for her. I found a grave for the poor child, and afterward bought ground for a Sunday-school lot to bury a hundred of our poor little scholars. In the midst of a most striking scene of weeping, such as that hall had never seen before, the address concluded, and Mr. Moody *attempted* to pray. So deeply was he moved, that he was compelled to pause in his prayer, amid dead silence, to recover himself, and be able to proceed. Then we sang “Work, for the night is coming,” and the benediction ended the first workers’ meeting.

On Sunday afternoon, at three, the first special meeting for women was held. There were, at the lowest computation, about 17,000 present; and the power of the Spirit was clearly there: tears, and sobs, and repressed cries, anxious faces, low, earnest words and entreaties for mercy were all around, as the discourse proceeded from point to point. God was the preacher of this sermon, said Mr. Moody; and though the first audience was small, the sermon has come rolling down the ages, and many, I hope, are asking themselves this question now. I am speaking to professors, to backsliders, and to those who never made profession, but all equally lost. Then all sang the hymn, “Lord, I hear of showers of blessing,” and the meeting closed to allow inquirers to gather. Such a number accepted the invitation that the large inquiry room could not contain them, and many were spoken to in the bitter cold without the room.

The evening service was simply a repetition of the afternoon, but for men only, instead of women. Thousands of

women, nevertheless, accompanied their male friends in hope of admission, but were disappointed—they could not be admitted. Nevertheless, the building was filled to its utmost capacity, and the doors were closed nearly an hour before the service commenced. The would-be infidel orator of London is in the habit of saying that “Religion is an affair of priests and women.” Never again will he be able to repeat that taunt, after the meeting on Sunday evening last, *when nearly 15,000 men of London were held breathless by the simple preaching and singing of the Gospel of Christ*. Before the address was delivered, Mr. Sankey sang “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by;” himself singing the verses, and the vast multitude joining in singing the last line in each verse, thus producing the effect of one of the mightiest choruses ever sung on earth. After the address the inquiry room was opened, while the meeting in the hall continued with praise and prayer.

So great had been the effect produced, so large was the number of inquirers who were not “priests” or “women,” that there were not enough workers present to deal with them. Nor can this be wondered at. Christians had been entreated and enjoined to stay away that the unconverted might have all the room; and this request was too literally obeyed.

St. Mary's Hall is a large concert room, with chairs on the floor, fronting the platform, and a deep gallery round the sides and end of the hall. Mr. Moody divided the inquirers, leaving the women on the basement, and sending the men into the gallery, and directed the workers to divide in the same way. All round the gallery were men in twos and threes, to the number of two or three hundred—each couple or three separated from their neighbors, and earnestly engaged in their own work, without taking any notice of those near

and around. Here was a couple discussing a difficulty in the way. There another couple earnestly reading passages of God's Word. Next was one pleading earnestly with another. Next one whose work was done, as the close, loving hand-clasp showed. Many were striving together in prayer, two by two. Here a worker earnestly asking for the light to come; there another pressing the inquirer to pray for himself; and others praying earnestly together.

The *Christian World* thus summarizes the first month's work :

To-day the American Evangelists, whose names are on every lip, enter upon the second month of their London campaign. They have all but completed the series of meetings at the Agricultural Hall, in Islington, designed more especially for the benefit of the people dwelling in the great northern region of the metropolis; and now they are about to enter on the daily occupation of a building specially erected for their accommodation at the East End. From week to week we have furnished our readers with full reports of the proceedings. In this way the public have been enabled to obtain a comprehensive, and we believe accurate, view of a series of meetings that certainly stand without a parallel in the religious annals of England. We may not be able to say, with a respected contemporary, that Mr. Moody is the modern Wycliffe—a name we should rather assign, if we used it at all, to a great English preacher who has been proclaiming the gospel to multitudes in London every week for more than twenty-one years. Neither are we prepared to coincide with the magnanimous assertion of a Wesleyan Methodist journal, that this movement puts the revival which was wrought by Whitfield and Wesley into the shade, in respect, at least, to the numbers brought under the sound of the Gospel. These are statements, as it seems to us, which would require to be greatly

qualified before they could be accepted by thoughtful men. Yet, without going the length of our too exuberant friends, we can testify that the success of the gatherings over which Mr. Moody presides has been simply marvellous, and in its way quite unexampled, either within the memory of living men or in all that has been recorded by the pen of the English historian of the Christian Church. Whatever may be the view he takes of the work, as to its true spiritual significance and value, every candid on-looker must acknowledge that the present is a phenomenon which cannot be too carefully scanned, or too fully described by the contemporary journalist. It will unquestionably claim for itself a chapter of no inconsiderable magnitude in the book that deals with the religious history of England in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Some little service to the future, as well as to the present day reader, may therefore be rendered by an attempt to gather up the salient points in the story of the first month spent by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in London.

The reports of spiritual work achieved in connection with the movement, not only in London, but also in the provinces, have been multiplied daily; and these form a feature of the proceedings at Exeter Hall which does much to keep alive the interest and to intensify the fervor of the assembly. Then there has been the appearance of new speakers from day to day—witnesses to the reality of the revival in Scotland, Ireland, and provincial towns of England. When the meeting is thrown open to volunteers, the result has not always been gratifying; but Mr. Moody, as a shrewd and ready-witted president, keeps the most of the time occupied with a swift and flowing succession of song, prayer, and exhortation, so that the hour seems to all present to be only too short, and is obviously most refreshing to their spirits. Mr. Moody is, perhaps, seen at his best in Exeter Hall. Some of his short

addresses there have been gems of pithy exposition ; and his occasional quaint bits of self-defence, and frequent touches of mingled humor and pathos, have been remarkably effective. People from the country have formed a distinctly perceptible element in the congregation ; and we cannot doubt that these, along with the city brethren, have derived useful hints from Mr. Moody's method for the conduct of prayer-meetings in their own places of worship. In this way we think it likely that a great deal of good may be done.

The three afternoon meetings held at Sanger's (formerly Astley's) Amphitheatre were among the most successful of all the gatherings, and are said to have been the most fruitful in spiritual results. The place could not hold all the people who flocked to them ; and a proportionately larger number of the "lapsed masses" were to be seen in these south-side gatherings than in the assemblies at the Agricultural Hall. The two afternoon Bible readings—the first held in the Conference Hall at Mildmay Park and the second at Exeter, and to both of which admission was procured only by ticket—were crammed, and they seemed to be greatly enjoyed.

As for the great meetings, those held every night (with the exception of Saturday) at the Agricultural Hall, and thrice on Sunday in the same enormous edifice, they have continued to attract an average attendance of at least eleven or twelve thousand down to the very last. On the two nights when the address was not given by Mr. Moody there was a great falling off in the congregation. On Good Friday the *Times* "felt bound" to express its "strong conviction that the interest of the meetings was rapidly falling off ;" but the facts do not sustain this view. The largest congregations have assembled within the last ten days ; and these have included all ranks and classes of society. Royalty itself, in the person of Her Royal Highness the Princess Teck, has

expressed its intention to come since the leading journal proclaimed the turning of the tide. On one evening there were at least sixty clergymen of the Establishment present, with Dean Stanley occupying a conspicuous seat on the platform ; and on the night of Good Friday the evangelical Earl of Shaftesbury sat on the same chair which a few evenings before had been occupied by the Broad Church Dean. Lord Shaftesbury, at the close of the service, paid a visit, along with his daughters, to the inquiry room. In respect to the numbers of the Agricultural Hall congregation, the floor of the building is capable of seating 9,000 persons ; the raised platform for the choir and ministers, 250 ; the eastern side gallery, 900 ; the western side gallery, 1,000 ; the upper raised gallery in front of the platform, 1,350 ; the balcony in front, 850 ; and the upper western balcony, 350. Even on moderate computation, it would seem that about 350,000 must have been the total of the numbers present at the Agricultural Hall services during the month ; though it must be borne in mind that very many persons were frequent, and not a few constant, attenders. It would probably be a liberal allowance if we were to say that 200,000 separate individuals were present. The arrangements made by the committee for the comfort of the congregation and the preservation of order have, from first to last, been admirable.

With respect to the inquiry rooms, they have been largely attended every night by Christian friends, clerical and lay ; and the penitents pressing in for spiritual advice have, on many occasions, numbered several hundreds. Mr. Moody has detailed instances of persons brought to a knowledge of God in the inquiry room one night, and appearing on the next with friends whom they desire to see sharing the peace which they had secured. Since the second Sunday a young men's meeting has been held every night in St. Mary's Hall,

immediately after the public service ; and latterly this feature has come more conspicuously into view, and been more pressingly urged upon the attention of the class referred to by Mr. Moody, who is ambitious of securing a band of at least a thousand to assist him in his work.

The meetings in the East End of London were held in the Bow Road Hall, and a tent pitched close by. Here the rich and poor congregated, and God graciously poured out His Spirit. In the West End, the Royal Opera House in the Haymarket was obtained. In South London, Camberwell Hall was specially provided for the immense multitudes sure to gather.

During the greater part of April, services had been conducted daily in each of the four divisions of the metropolis. Messrs. Moody and Sankey have divided their labors almost equally between the East and the West Ends—officiating at Her Majesty's Opera House, in the Haymarket, at the daily noon prayer-meeting, and also at an afternoon Bible-reading, while in the evening they have generally been present at the service in the Bow Road Hall. On two evenings of each week, they have returned to the Agricultural Hall in Islington. The Bible readings have attracted great congregations, these including many members of fashionable society, led by Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, who was present on Thursday, April 15. In an article on "The American Revivalists in England," the *New York Independent* says: "We presume that the aristocracy and the *litterati* will scarce hear of the movement that is about them. It is an after-generation that builds the monuments of the prophets. Bunyan got no words of honor from the Duke of Bedford, whose descendant has lately set up his statue." Several months before these words were written Mr. Moody had sojourned as a guest within the walls of Dunrobin Castle, the northern seat of the

Duke of Sutherland ; and, weeks before, he had dined with the Lord Chancellor of England at Bournemouth. At his first meeting in the Agricultural Hall, he was assisted by a peer of the realm, and other noblemen took part in subsequent gatherings, while Lord Cairns, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and many other members of the aristocracy, formed part of his audience. The favor with which his labors are regarded by a large section of the nobility has been still more conspicuously displayed since the opening of the services in the Haymarket, and especially since the visit paid by the Princess of Wales. Standing somewhat in the same relation to Mr. Moody that the Countess of Huntingdon did to Whitfield, her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland has been well nigh a daily attender, accompanied sometimes by her daughter and Lady Constance Leveson-Gower. Twice last week the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans were seen in the royal box ; the Prince Teck has also been present, and so have the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Countess of Gainsborough, Lady Dudley, Lord and Lady Rendelsham (the latter a daughter of the late popular Earl of Eglinton), and many more of the "upper ten thousand." To crown all, it is alleged, not only that Lord Dudley interested himself in securing the Opera House for the American Evangelists, but that his lordship was encouraged to do this by no less a personage than the heir apparent.

The following is given as the number of meetings and aggregate attendance during the four months that Mr. Moody has been in London :

In Camberwell, sixty meetings, attended by 480,000 people ; in Victoria, forty-five meetings, attended by 400,000 ; in the Opera House, sixty meetings, attended by 330,000 ; in Bow, sixty meetings, attended by 600,000 ; and in the Agricultural Hall, sixty meetings, attended by 720,000. The amount of money expended for buildings, printing, stewards,

etc., is \$140,000. Messrs. Moody and Sankey have declined to receive any compensation from the committee. It is stated that a prominent business man has bought the Victoria Theatre and intends to fit it up for religious work.

Inquirers multiplied, young men's meetings were held; thousands of children were gathered. A great array of workers went out, two by two, to visit every house in London with the Gospel. Every text Mr. Moody quoted was an arrow from God's bow which went straight to the heart; every song from Mr. Sankey won some soul, every appeal persuaded some heart to yield to Christ, every meeting swelled the throng of converts. The mighty movement swept from one end of London to the other.

As the Evangelists left one quarter of the city for another, the meetings were continued in the localities left, until, when Mr. Moody, during the last month, was at Camberwell Green Hall in the South, Major Cole was at the Victoria Theatre in the West, Henry Vandy at the Bow Road Hall in the East, while Henry Hammond was holding his young men's meetings with great success. Notwithstanding all these great meetings, numbering often many thousands, the central meetings under our two brethren moved on with wonderful power and success.

As the last week drew to a close, the interest became intense. On the last night Mr. Moody became very earnest and urgent in his appeals to the vast and intensely interested audience to accept Christ. "I just let me pause here," he said. "Ask yourselves whether you ought not to receive the Lord Jesus Christ now? Who is there in this assembly who will receive the gift of God and be saved?" After a brief pause a voice came from the left-hand gallery, somewhat faintly, "I will." It was speedily followed by others from all parts of the house. "Well," exclaimed Mr. Moody, "thank God for that."

[illegible]

It must be confessed that this was the most wonderful series of spiritual messages ever heard in the world. In the union of all God's people ; in the mighty but perfectly quiet workings of God's Spirit ; in the honor put upon God's simple word ; in the legends put upon prayer and the simplest agencies ; in the earnestness with which Christians listened, and the liberality with which they gave their money - in the multitudes which everywhere flocked to the services in the

wide extent of the work, in the readiness with which men received the Gospel ; in the number of conversions ; in every aspect of it, the movement is without a parallel in the history of Christianity. It seems to betoken a world-wide revival of religion.

All through his mission in Great Britain, Mr. Moody has striven to make the Gospel so plain as to be understood by the meanest comprehension. He has avoided collateral issues and eschewed theological discussions, and held to the proclamation of the good news of salvation through faith in a crucified and risen Saviour. One of his favorite texts has been the question of the jailer, "What must I do to be saved?" and this he chose for his final gospel addresses to London audiences. Many people, he said, still disbelieved in sudden conversion, and he proceeded to draw from the treasury of Holy Scripture numerous illustrations to show that the new birth is, of necessity, an instantaneous act, and not a gradual change. He quoted the ark, the salvation of Lot from Sodom, the preservation of the children of Israel in Egypt by sprinkling the blood on their doors, the cities of refuge, and others, as well as illustrations from history and from daily life. At the close he spoke with much emotion of how he had tried in all possible ways to allure sinners to Christ, and entreated those present not to go out of the building without receiving Christ as their Saviour. They might never hear his and Mr. Sankey's voice again on earth, but he hoped there would not be one missing at the last great meeting. Many rose in response to his pressing appeal at the close, and the inquiry rooms were afterwards the scene of much earnest conversation and prayer with the crowds of anxious sisters. The evening meeting for men was almost filled before the last of the inquirers and workers had left the building.

Still, although sinners by thousands were coming to Christ, some, who held high places in what they called the kingdom of Christ on earth, made use of the secular press to give faint praise and forced rebukes to these irregular workers in the Lord's vineyard. The devils were fleeing—cast out by the power which accompanied their word ; but the men were not following certain traditional lines.

The Archbishop of Canterbury felt moved to explain that, from what he had heard of Mr. Moody and his work, he had no doubt good was being accomplished ; in which, of course, all Christians must rejoice ; but it was not at all according to his sense of the high dignity of his office to sanction such irregular proceedings, or advise his clergy to co-operate in them. To this another eminent minister replied :—" I think it rather presumptuous for an archbishop to talk about sanctioning the work of Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey. I should as soon think of asking him to sanction the kindly rain that falls upon the parched fields, after weeks and months of drought."

Another event which made no small stir, and which even agitated the great British Parliament itself, was Messrs. Moody and Sankey's meeting in the vicinity of the famous old school at Eton. One of the Eton boys had been happily converted at the revival meetings in London ; and, feeling desirous that his schoolfellows should profit by the same precious Gospel which had been so blessed to him, he sought and obtained a promise from Mr. Moody that, some time, he would go down to Eton and hold a service there. Mr. Moody had forgotten all about it, when, nearly a month afterwards, the young man claimed the fulfilment of the promise ; and arrangements were made to hold the meeting in a tent which had been pitched not far from the school.

This famous college is a High-Church institution ; and

one or two of its patrons, who did not wish their sons to be subjected to any such irregular religious influence as the preaching of Mr. Moody, protested against the proposed service under its shadow. One honorable member of the House of Commons announced his intention of publicly questioning Mr. Gladstone, who had given a letter of introduction to the head-master to one of Mr. Moody's friends. The House of Lords also took up the matter; and violent articles appeared in the newspapers, denouncing the evangelists and their friends, for attempting to forward their interests or increase their reputation, by thus associating their work with the Eton school. The excitement became so great that Mr. Moody was waited upon by a committee, who begged him to withdraw his appointment. He replied: "I have never missed an appointment yet, during this trip; and I certainly shall not begin now."

The invitation which he had accepted had been signed by a large majority of the students in the college; and to yield to the pressure against him was not at all congenial to his tastes or habits—in whom the quality of firmness, especially under the impressions of duty, is developed to a remarkable degree. He was only anxious lest disturbances, which seemed likely to occur, should result in a fight, and that some of the boys might receive bodily injury; in which event he would be blamed as the cause of all the difficulty. However, the meeting, which evidently could not be safely held in the tent, was appointed to take place in the Town Hall; the Mayor, who was a nonconformist, bravely maintaining his position in favor of free speech, though set upon most vehemently with a view to obtain an order closing the Hall against Messrs. Moody and Sankey. At last, however, his courage failed; and hastily causing a notice to be printed, to the effect that no meeting would be held, he despatched it to the college,

where it was distributed among the boys. This was at two o'clock. The meeting was to be held at four in the afternoon.

The private grounds of a gentleman at Eton were placed at Mr. Moody's disposal; and here he preached in the presence of about two hundred of the college boys, and twice or thrice that number of the citizens of the town. His text was,—“Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people.” But why he should have been so belabored in Parliament, and abused in the public press, for bringing glad tidings of great joy to a company of lads in Eton college, is still somewhat of a riddle to a large portion of the British public.

The *Times*, in its fatherly way, repeated, in substance, the famous advice once given by the town-clerk of Ephesus; with the further kind suggestion, to those who had rushed into print, and disturbed the solemn counsels of the nation on so small a matter, not to make themselves ridiculous. This good counsel was acted upon, and no more noise was heard.

The last meeting of all will, we think, be reckoned, by those who have attended the London meetings throughout, the best of all. It was as closely packed with men as could be; how many were left outside we cannot tell. A meeting for them was held in the Camberwell Green Hall. Mr. Sankey took his seat at the instrument about half an hour before the time, and while he was singing for Jesus to the eager crowd of listeners, Mr. Moody and a few friends were in the little waiting-room below, supplicating God for a Pentecostal blessing on this parting service. And their prayer was answered of a truth. We have not witnessed such a wondrous scene during any of the many gatherings these last four months; the only approach to it was one Sunday afternoon at a women's meeting in the Opera House.

Several of Mr. Moody's American friends were present to

witness the crowning service of this mission, before described.

At the farewell meeting at London, of the 700 and odd ministers who were present at this memorable gathering, there were 188 belonging to the Church of England, 154 Congregationalists, 85 Baptists, 81 Wesleyan Methodists, 39 Presbyterians, 8 foreign pastors, 8 United Methodists, 7 Primitive Methodists, 3 Plymouth Brethren, 5 Countess of Huntingdon's Connection, 2 Society of Friends, 3 Free Church of England, 1 Bible Christian, and upward of 20 not known. These figures we take from the official statement supplied at the meeting, and they significantly show the catholic and unsectarian character of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's services, as well as the universal esteem with which our evangelist brethren are regarded by all sections of the Church of Christ in this country. A large number of influential laymen and Christian workers were present, among the best known of them being Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Cavan, Mr. Cowper-Temple, M.P., Mr. Alderman McArthur, M.P., Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., etc.

We only give those of the addresses containing interesting facts and statistics relating to the movement.

Rev. R. D. Wilson, of Craven Chapel, said a new spiritual glow had come into the hearts of many during the last four months. They had learned, too, that their cherished traditions had no more sanctity or authority about them than the new things, which startled some of them at first, but with which they had now become most blessedly familiar. It was too soon to speak of the results as a whole, but within the last three days he had met no less than twelve or thirteen distinct cases of conversion in consequence of the ministrations of the Evangelists. He read the following extract from a letter he had received : " I feel it my duty and inexpressible pleasure

to tell you that I and one of my brothers were converted at one of Mr. Moody's meetings last week. Could you know my inner life for the past ten years, you would indeed say I have been plucked like a brand from the burning. I cannot cease to marvel at the greatness of my salvation." The mother of that young lady, said the speaker, had come to him yesterday, and stated that for twenty-five years, with few exceptions, she had regularly attended the services of the sanctuary, but the happiest day in her Christian experience was the previous Sunday, when she sat with her converted daughter on her right hand and a converted son on her left. As the speaker told this affecting little story, we felt certain that the tear of joy gathered in many an eye, only we could not see for the mist that came across our own. He went on to say that we had never known what it was to "sing the Gospel" of Jesus Christ till our two brethren came. We could now understand how the sweetest tones could become the highest sort of Christian eloquence, in declaring to men the Way of Life. He would so far disobey the rule that no reference was to be made to the two Evangelists, as to assure them that they would carry home to their American country the warmest love and heartiest esteem of the ministers and Christian people of this country. At this remark the pent-up feelings of the audience could no longer be restrained, and they burst out into loud and prolonged applause. Mr. Wilson continued: "We shall not forget, when the Atlantic lies between their homes and ours, at our family altar, at the place of sacred meeting with our God, in our prayer-meetings, and in our Sabbath assemblies, to pray that God's richest blessing may rest upon them there. And it will be a glad day for us all, if ever that day comes, when we shall hear from the other side of the Western Main the intelligence that they are coming again. Until then we shall continue to pray that,

when God sees meet that they should come, they may come in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ."

Rev. Robert Taylor, of Norwood, gave some intensely interesting facts respecting what had transpired in the inquiry room at Camberwell Green Hall. He had to do what Mr. Moody called "police work" there, and in this capacity he was able to take a general view of the inquirers who, night after night, thronged the rooms. One or two things had struck him. First, the large number of old people who came as inquirers, and who went away as very young Christians. He was afraid that, in their anxiety to shut up and shut in the young, they had been in danger of shutting out the old. They had fallen into the unbelief of Nicodemus, who said, "How can a man be born when he is old?" But many blessed births of the old had been seen in the inquiry room at Camberwell. He was also struck with the amazing variety of opinion—religious opinion and no opinion—represented. One evening he gave up his seat in the hall to a distinguished literary man, who lately wrote that "there was a Power above us that, at least, we know to be working for righteousness." One evening in the inquiry room, he met a young woman, and asked if she was anxious. Yes, to know if there was a God. Did she not believe it? Well, the sum of her belief was, that "there was something above us." He could tell of a wife, deserted by her husband, who had been in such utter misery and agony that she had twice contemplated going to London Bridge to commit suicide. In that inquiry room she was brought to faith in Jesus Christ and peace with God through the preaching and singing. Afterward she prayed so beautifully for her husband that the lady who conversed with her was deeply touched as she listened. She did not pray that he might be restored to *her*—now she did not care so much about that—but that God would bring him to *Himself*, and that they may be reunited

in heaven. He could tell of several Roman Catholics brought to simple faith and sweet peace in Jesus. He could tell of a man who for twenty minutes hid his face from the lady who spoke to him, so deep was his distress and shame. He afterward told her how he was standing at St. Giles's, and tossed up whether he should go to the theatre or the meeting. It was "Heads the theatre, tails Moody and Sankey." It was tails. He went to the meeting, was led to go into the inquiry room, and, as he described it in a letter to the lady who was the means of bringing him into light, "She fought manfully with him for the Lord Jesus," and he went home a rejoicing believer. These were but a few specimens of hundreds of cases he could quote, and when friends said to him the night before, with sad hearts, they were so sorry the meetings were over, he could only reply, "Yes, and I am so glad the work is so gloriously begun.

Rev. Marcus Rainsford said he felt we were living in days which many had looked and longed for, but had not seen. He thought that God had been working much more with the masses than the ministers. For his own part, he had learned much since Messrs. Moody and Sankey came to London. Many prejudices had been broken down, many difficulties removed, and many a lesson learned that he would never forget. He had been taught by a costermonger how to preach the Gospel. He was talking to a costermonger one evening, and trying to show him the great salvation, when a bright-looking young fellow came up and quietly put him aside, saying, "Sir, I found Christ last week ; I think I can talk to this man better than you." "Well, let us hear what you have to say." "I never heard such lingo," said Mr. Rainsford. "Now, Joe, s'pose it was all up wi' yer ; mother starvin', wife starvin', children starvin', and the mackerel nowhere. S'pose I see yer lookin' very pale and sad and miserable ; and, says

I, 'Joe, here's a fat half for you.' " (I wondered what that was, but the other seemed to know all about it.) "I give it yer with all my heart. Away you go to Billingsgate and spend the fat half." (It means half a sovereign, and a sixpence means a "thin half.") "You get the mackerel, and bring it home ; you get the money, and you bring home some bread ; yes, there it be at home ; now what would you say." "I would say, 'Thank you ; God bless you !'" "Well, say that to Christ, for He didn't give you the fat half, but the whole." And that was the Gospel as ably and spiritually preached, and as blessedly preached, as the Archbishop of Canterbury could preach it. After some further striking experiences, he expressed a hope that the work would go on after our brethren had left, and that many would be found to imitate their-example in telling of Jesus to all around.

The Earl of Shaftesbury said, nothing but the positive command of Mr. Moody would have induced him to come forward on the present occasion, and say but a few words in the presence of so many ministers of the Gospel. But as Mr. Moody had asked him to speak of what had occurred during the past four months, he did so with the deepest sense of gratitude to Almighty God that He had raised up a man with such a message and to be delivered in such a manner. And though Mr. Moody said they were not to praise him or his friend Mr. Sankey, yet if they praised God for sending them such men as these, they did no more than express their admiration of the instruments that He had raised up, while they gave Him all the glory. He had been conversant for many years with the people of this metropolis, and he might tell them that wherever he went he found the traces of these men, of the impression they had made, of the feeling they had produced, and of the stamp that he hoped would be indelible on many of the people. He could speak that as the truth as to many

parts of London, and the lowest parts of London. Only a few days ago he received a letter from a friend of his, a man whose whole life was given to going among the most wretched and the most abandoned of the populous city of Manchester, and who spoke of the good that had been effected there by the preaching of Moody and Sankey. A correspondent in Sheffield had also written him that he could not satisfy in any degree the wants of the people ; that they were calling out for tracts, and something that should keep up the appetite that had been created. He said, " For God's sake, send me tracts by thousands and millions ! " Even if Messrs. Moody and Sankey had done nothing more than to teach the people to sing as they did, with energy and expression, such hymns as " Hold the fort, for I am coming," they would have conferred an inestimable blessing.

Among the cases which came under his own care, one of the pastors relates the following :

The son of a minister came to the inquiry room, saying he had attended a meeting just to please his little daughter, who, for some reason or other, had taken to prattling about the revival. A hymn sung by Mr. Sankey had awakened him, and, in spite of the infidel notions which for years he had professed, he quite broke down under it ; though by reason of his great wickedness he did not dare to hope for salvation.

" I ran away from home," said he, " and joined the French army. In my wild soldier-life I used to profess to be an infidel ; but I was a hypocrite : I believed and feared the Bible all the time.

" Do you think there is any hope for me ? " he continued.

" Yes," said the pastor ; and he quoted to him that text—
" Whosoever believeth," etc. Then they knelt together, and the poor man poured out a most heart-breaking prayer for

himself. All at once he stopped. "I almost feel as if I could venture on Christ," said he. "Do you think I may?" "Certainly; at once," was the reply. And then he began to thank God for His patience and long-suffering, in a way that showed his humble gratitude and child-like trust in the Saviour.

Mr. Sankey then sang the hymn commencing, "There were ninety and nine that safely lay," after which he said that when they got to their own country they would often sing this hymn again, and they trusted that God's blessing would accompany the singing of it. They asked their friends here to pray for them, and that the Lord would continue to bless them. They would be glad to hear from their friends here, and they trusted to hear that the work was going on.

Mr. Moody said he would ask them to spend a few moments in silent prayer, but before they did so, he begged to thank the ministers for the sympathy they had shown them in the past two years. They had had nothing but kindness shown them. He also wished publicly to thank the committee, and also the stewards, who had manifested toward them nothing but kindness. He had also to thank the reporters for the press. He knew that he had made mistakes, but they had not reported his mistakes or his failings. In fact, they had all been kind. He also wished to thank the police for the considerate manner in which they had performed their duty. He had one favor to ask of them—he would not ask them to pass a resolution, for their hearts were worth more than a resolution—he asked them to pray for them, and to continue to pray for them as they had done for the last two years. He now asked them to pray for a short time in silence.

The congregation then bowed their heads, and, after the lapse of two or three minutes, audible prayer was offered, after which Messrs. Moody and Sankey hastily retired, in order to escape the painful ordeal of bidding so many of their friends a formal good-bye.

CHAPTER XII.

FAREWELL IN LIVERPOOL.

DEPARTING reluctantly from London, where they had triumphed gloriously under the Great Captain, Christ, they were received at the place of final departure from Great Britain, in the following manner :

About a quarter to three o'clock, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, with many well-known friends, were greeted by an audience that crowded every nook and corner of the Victoria Hall. The heartiness of the welcome found vent in a universal clapping of hands, which, however, Mr. Moody speedily stopped by a wave of his hand. Some kind friends had placed very beautiful bouquets of flowers on Mr. Sankey's organ.

The Rev. Mr. Aitken said he thought they could not meet in that hall without feeling that the departure of their dear friends for America very greatly enhanced the personal responsibility of all who called themselves Christians. The blessing which God had been pleased to shower upon His work in various parts of the land had put them on a vantage-ground, for they occupied a better position now than they ever occupied before in this country. He did not believe that the Church of Christ had ever occupied a better position in this land than it did at the present moment ; and if that was so, their responsibility must be proportionately heavy. And if they allowed themselves to lose their vantage-ground, and

slip back into the dull routine of the past, they would have themselves to blame. The question before them was a very practical one, and it was, How were they to push on the advantage? If they were really to avail themselves of the opportunity, they must expect further successes. He was apprehensive of Christian people allowing themselves to think the period of reaction had come—that they had been having such great encouragement that for a little time they must rest on their oars. If they placed themselves in this attitude, they would have themselves to thank for it, if God turned the heavens above into brass and made the earth as iron beneath their feet; therefore he felt it incumbent upon him to sound this note of warning. He thought that their attitude should be this: That they should thank God, and then rush on against the foe with fresh determination, believing that the victory was only commencing, and that inasmuch as God had given them a position of advantage, they must push it on and fight the battle out, until God in his own good time placed the crown of victory on their brow.

A great responsibility rested on the ministers of Christ. In almost all the places where the wave of blessing had passed, there would be a large number of young converts who had given themselves over to God and wanted something to do. Their duty at this moment was to set all those young Christians to work. A great many ministers fell into the mistake of trying to do all the work themselves. What was wanted to be done was to find specific spiritual work for those who had given themselves to God, and encourage them; and he wished to point out that unless this was done they must be the last persons to find fault with those extravagances which otherwise must develop themselves. If, instead of young converts being taken by the hand, they were left in the rear and not given any kind of encouragement, the result would

be that they would either draw themselves up in their shells altogether or rush into the opposite extreme.

It seemed to him that now was the golden opportunity ; and unless they got their young Christians to work, they would have to regret it to the end of their days. If, after the departure of their American brethren, they resolved to have a holiday time of it, then good-bye to their usefulness, and God's blight would rest upon them instead of God's blessing ; whereas if they put themselves into God's hands, depend upon it this wave of blessing which had swept over the land was but the beginning of good things. He closed his stirring and practical address in the words of Wesley, which, he said, used to be sung at the close of his conferences :

“A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
But sends the mighty flood ;
Awake the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim Thee God.”

The Rev. A. N. Somerville spoke next, and it is not too much to say that the meeting was fairly electrified as the “old man eloquent” poured out the wealth of his declamation and illustration in a perfect torrent of burning words, accompanied by highly dramatic and expressive gestures. He said Messrs. Moody and Sankey did not want them to occupy time by throwing their arms around their necks and kissing them, but they had given them the motto, and that was “Advance.” What, he asked, is our great encouragement ? “All power is given unto me in heaven and earth ; go ye therefore and teach (or disciple) all nations.” Just before Christ ascended, He said, “Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me in Judea and Jerusalem, and unto the uttermost ends of the earth.” Why did the Lord Jesus tell us He had received all power ? That He

might confer power upon us. Mr. Somerville recounted the exploits of the mighty men in the days of the Judges, upon whom the power of God fell, and proceeded : The day has come when it will not do for us to remain within this little isle. Larger efforts must be made to proclaim Christ's name throughout the world. We read that Alexander the Great, while a young man (he died before he was thirty-two), crossed the Hellespont with only 35,000 infantry and 5,000 horsemen. He had provisions and money to last them only one month, yet they went forth and took possession of the world. What? Is Alexander the Great to be always spoken of as the only man who can do the like of this? Is Jesus Christ not strong? Why should we not gather round Him, and in the power of His Spirit take possession of the world? We must not only send out men to engage in this blessed work, but the whole Church must, by prayer and sympathy, by the voice of encouragement, and by liberal support, work together as one man for this great end. When I was in India, I felt that wherever I went I was borne up by the sympathy and prayers of many dear friends in my own city of Glasgow, in Edinburgh, in London, and in many parts of the world besides, and I was strong through their sympathy. If a man is sympathized with and encouraged in that way, he will do twice as much as he would do otherwise. Mr. Somerville illustrated the power of sympathy by telling how Alexander the Great was traversing a desert with his followers, who were suffering greatly from thirst. Some one brought him a little water in a helmet ; as he was about to partake of the precious refreshment, he looked towards his followers, and seeing their sufferings, he refused to drink. His men were roused to action by the sympathy thus shown by their leader ; they put their spurs to their horses and sped on to a place where relief could be found. Speaking of the necessity of humility in Christian work, he quoted a

beautifully apt simile, in the use of which he seems to excel. He said the Rhine, before it reached Basle, received no fewer than 1,200 tributaries. How was this? It was *by keeping at its lowest level*. If it had not, these streams would have flowed somewhere else. He roused the audience to such a pitch of excitement, that when he sat down they burst into applause, which no attempt was made to suppress.

Mr. Stalker, of Edinburgh, said he felt that the past two years had been years of great importance to the whole country, and would be remembered for many years to come as great years. One thing that had made them interesting and memorable was that religion had been made respected among the young men of the country. Young men had been apt to look down upon evangelical religion; but in the part he came from they dared not do that now, because, in all classes of the community, the very backbone of these young men had been won to Christ, and they were bearing themselves so in the ordinary business of life that it was impossible for those around them not to respect them. He never thought of this movement without his mind wandering away into the future; and he thought not only of the number of men who had been saved, but of the young men who were devoted to Christ going on in their various spheres—in the family, in social intercourse, in business, at the university, in their shops, as clerks, and in all the different walks of life—distinguishing themselves, and showing that their Christianity, instead of keeping them back, was helping them on; that their spiritual regeneration had been at the same time moral and intellectual regeneration; and that they were determined to be men in all the departments of life. He read often with pity the remarks made by some, of the weakness of those who took part in this movement. At the University of Edinburgh last April, there were only six or seven men who secured first-class honors, and three

of these were head and shoulders in this work. Only one man had got what was called a "double first," and that man he had heard addressing these revival meetings. That was the kind of revival of religion they were having now; and he thanked God for it with all his heart, for their preaching to young men was far more effective if they could show them that their religion was making them get on well in business, and do their business well, and come to the front in the ordinary walks of life. Let them seek to serve God by doing their work thoroughly, and at the same time, standing on that vantage ground, exhort all their brethren to get that which had made men of them.

At the evening meeting, Mr. Moody spoke of Thanksgiving Day in America, the observance of which brings all the scattered members of the household together. We were strongly reminded of this by the great gathering of friends who had come from far-off parts of the country to be present at the farewell services, and departure next day. Many who had taken an active part in the London services came down expressly to say good-bye to their evangelist brethren, and not a few had come from across the border, as well as the other English towns.

We have seldom had to record anything else but crowded meetings in connection with Messrs. Moody and Sankey's services, but this last evening meeting of all must have been—if that were possible—more crowded than any. As one of the local papers of next day puts it: "Every inch of space where a person could sit, or stand, or crouch, was occupied."

Mr. Sankey sang "I am praying for you," and before doing so he said: "When we are gone from among you, we hope that you will remember to pray for us, as we will surely remember to pray for you. Pray God that He may use us in our own dear land as He has used us here, and even more

abundantly. May the blessing of God rest upon the singing of this hymn to-night."

Mr. Moody than commenced his address, and spoke for more than an hour, but to the very last there was the most rapt attention. By some means the gas could not be lit, and as the fading twilight deepened into darkness the scene became intensely solemn, as Mr. Moody's earnest and sometimes faltering words fell on the hushed and eagerly attentive multitude. At the close of his address he offered fervent prayer. He besought God's blessing on England and America, on the work among the young men, and on the ministers, his utterance anon being stayed by his evident emotion.

Mr. Sankey's voice found expression for the last time in the farewell hymn which he has sung at many of the towns visited. As Mr. Sankey sang it, by the light of a candle, to the justly popular tune of "Home, sweet home," the audience was much moved. The words of the hymn are given in this volume, at the close of the history of the Evangelists in New York. It was the last time many of them will probably hear Mr. Sankey's voice, and we are sure none of those present will be able to forget it.

The last service in England was held by Mr. Moody on the morning of their departure, so that we may say they left our shores "with their harness on their backs." Mr. Sankey was not present.

Mr. Moody gave a short address to the young men, the first part of which was an earnest plea for a systematic study of the Bible and Bible characters, and for union with some organized body of Christians. He also urged on them the necessity of having some definite work to do, and not to attempt too many things at one time. "I have been wonderfully cheered," he said, "during the past months by the tidings coming from Liverpool. I want to say from the

depths of my heart, God bless you, young men. The eyes of Christendom are upon you. Perhaps there has not been a place where the work has been so deep and thorough as the work here among the young men. I believe it was in answer to the prayers that went up for it when we were here six months ago. And now, as we cross the Atlantic, it will cheer us as tidings come that the young men are still advancing. Do not fold your arms and say, 'We will have a good time next fall.' God is just as ready to work in August as in July. If some have gone out of town on their holidays, the work should not stop; I think it is the best time to work when many are away. Every man ought to be worth the five or six that are away. Then the work will go on. The great revival at Pentecost was in the hot weather, and also in a very hot country. People think there cannot be any interest in the warm months; but if the prayer goes up to the throne, God does not look to see what month it is. He is as ready to bless in one month as in another. Let me give you the watchword we had yesterday afternoon—'Advance.' I hope there will be a fresh interest awakened in Liverpool as there has been in Manchester. I do not know of anything that has encouraged me more than to hear of the work going on in Manchester for the last six weeks. I hope Liverpool and Manchester will shake hands in carrying on the work, and let the lies of those sceptics who say it is only 'a nine days' wonder' be driven back. I cannot talk longer. I say from the depths of my heart, I love you; God bless you, and may the power of God come upon you this morning afresh."

After the hymn, "Free from the law," had been sung, Mr. Alexander Balfour said, "I do not know whether I am the proper person on behalf of this audience to say good-bye to our dear friend, Mr. Moody, and our absent friend, Mr. Sankey; but I feel that there must be some mouthpiece to say to

them what we really do feel. We thank them from the bottom of our hearts and souls for what they have come here and done. Unless Mr. Moody had been a man like a cannon-ball for hardness of material, for directness of aim, and for strength of will, he could never have done what he has been privileged by God to do. His wisdom has been conspicuous in discovering this—that our young men in Liverpool and elsewhere in this country have been greatly neglected, and in choosing them to be, for the future, not merely the recipients of God's grace, but the distributors of it. I do feel that Mr. Moody, in having given so much attention to our young men, has really done the right thing. Many know that Liverpool has been a curse to young men. They have come here and been led astray into all kinds of mischief and wickedness. How many broken hearts are here in this country because of the mischief done to young men in Liverpool! On behalf of the mothers and sisters of this country, I want to give Mr. Moody the most heartfelt vote of thanks that it is in my power to convey; and on behalf of thousands who shall be influenced by the young men in Liverpool, I want to convey to him the tribute of gratitude for what he has done. As President of the Young Men's Christian Association, I want to say this: That it is our purpose as young men to go on with the work; and, by God's grace, we shall not go back, but advance in our endeavor to do our duty, before God and men."

Mr. Moody, in reply, simply said, "I will now shake hands with you all in the person of the President of the Association;" and the meeting having been closed, he returned to the Compton Hotel, surrounded by a large crowd, which sang "Hold the fort" and the "Doxology" in the street in front of the hotel. Many of them lingered there during the hour and a half that elapsed before Mr. Moody, Mrs. Moody, and family, accompanied by a large number of friends, drove away

to the landing stage. They were followed by the enthusiastic cheers of the assembled multitude. Mr. Sankey stayed at the residence of a friend, and so escaped much of the popular attention that Mr. Moody had to undergo.

A special tender was provided for the conveyance of the Evangelists and their party to the "Spain;" and Mr. Sankey, who spent the night at Edge Lane, and most of the friends, went on board of it shortly before Mr. Moody. As Mr. Sankey passed across the landing stage, upon which a large number of people had assembled, he was warmly cheered.

As Mr. Moody emerged from the hotel a hearty cheer arose from the crowd, and people rushed to the door of the cab on each side to shake hands with him and bid him good-bye. The cab was, however, immediately driven away to the stage amidst renewed and warm cheering. For some time prior to the hour at which the special tender was to leave for the "Spain," people began to assemble on the Prince's pier and the landing stage, and when Mr. Moody arrived there were several thousands present. A wide strip of the stage was kept clear by the police for the party to walk to the tender, and as Mr. Moody went on board he was heartily cheered, which he acknowledged by bowing. When the company were all on board, the tender steamed away. As it passed down the river, the people upon the pier and landing stage cheered with increased heartiness, and waved their hats and handkerchiefs. Their example was imitated by the people on the ferry boats moored at the stage or crossing the river; and when the cheering had subsided, the people on the stage struck up one of the well-known hymns. The sorrowful countenances of many of the people showed that it was with no ordinary feelings of regret that they saw the Evangelists going away.

The tender reached the "Spain" about an hour before the time for the ship to weigh anchor, and the interval was fully

occupied in taking leave of the Evangelists, and in receiving from them or conveying to them parting words of comfort and encouragement. Mr. Moody again urged those who have been his fellow-laborers in this and other districts to remain united, and to carry on the work with courage and determination; whilst, on the other hand, there were very numerous expressions of the hope that a success equal to that of the last two years may attend the Evangelists' labors wherever and whenever they may be resumed. Many of the leave-takings, from their intense earnestness, were very affecting. Only when the "Spain's" anchor was being raised, and the tender was upon the point of starting, could many of the friends tear themselves away. As the last of the people "for the shore" were leaving the ship, those who were already on board the tender sang the hymn, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." As the "Spain" moved slowly down the river, the people in the tender, which was still alongside, cheered heartily, and the passengers on board the "Spain" replied with another cheer, and the waving of handkerchiefs and hats. As the "Spain" passed on ahead, the people in the tender sang the hymn, "Hold the fort," and afterwards the hymn, "Work, for the night is coming." Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey stood at the bulwarks of the "Spain" and bowed and waved their handkerchiefs until the two ships were out of sight of each other. Shortly before the tender reached Liverpool, prayer was offered up on board by Mr. R. Radcliff and other gentlemen, for the safe arrival of the Evangelists at their destination, and for the subsequent success of their labors, whether carried on in England or America.



MOODY AND SANKEY IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER XIII.

MOODY AND SANKEY IN BROOKLYN.



WHEN their wonderful career was over in the Old Country, and they returned to their native land, these laborers felt the need of rest, and desired to greet once more their kindred from whom they had so long been separated. Mr. Moody proceeded at once to Northfield, Mass., to the home of his mother, where he could rest or gather strength for the work already marked out for him and his associate in America. For great expectations had been raised by their success abroad, and eager multitudes awaited their coming. While in Northfield, delegations visited Mr. Moody, requesting his services in various cities of the Union, whenever he felt able to resume the service temporarily laid aside. While reposing among the quiet scenes of his early days, the wants of the community pressed heavily on his heart, and his old neighbors were anxious to hear him preach again. He came among them as a conquering hero, bearing rich trophies and bright laurels. The pent-up fires of religious earnestness and fervor burst forth again, and he poured out his soul to the thronging multitudes, who gathered from far and near to hear the Gospel from his burning lips. The Unitarian pastor attempted to controvert

and hinder him in his work, but was cast aside as a leaf before the whirlwind. The tidings flashed over the land that God was with His servants at Northfield, and raised expectation higher than ever. But there were some who doubted. They said, and with plausibility, that the songs were familiar here, and the direct address was characteristically American, and these men could scarcely interest and hold people as they had done abroad. The answer will be found stated in a record of these glorious events, that shall stir our hearts and show what God hath wrought. Mr. Moody, after long and careful consultation, resolved to visit Philadelphia first; but, upon urgent appeals from the "City of Churches," he commenced there October 24, 1875. Money was freely subscribed and a perfect Union of Christians obtained. The services were arranged to be held in the Rink on Clermont Avenue, and prayer-meetings in Talmage's Tabernacle. Preaching on Sundays began at half-past eight, so as not to interfere with the regular church meetings. An afternoon preaching service occurred at four, and a meeting at nine P.M., for young men. From the journals we gather the events of the course of revival efforts, and arrange them in such order as may convey the best general view of the whole marvellous series, without stopping to quote the several sources of information.

All calculations with regard to the coming of the Evangelists, Moody and Sankey, have been at fault. The numbers interested, the assistance at hand, the religious feeling awakened, have all been under-estimated. This was not a result of mismanagement,—on the contrary, the management has been singularly good,—but a misconception of the depth and earnestness of the religious feeling which awaited the coming of the Evangelists, and stood ready at once to aid and respond to their efforts. The religious spirit had been lately aroused in this country by various causes, chief among which we reckon the

general trade and business depression which now, as always in the past, tends, while multiplying men's troubles, to quicken their sympathetic and religious feelings. The demonstration yesterday in Brooklyn was expected to be noticeable and earnest, but in its magnitude it has proved a surprise. The reputation won by Moody and Sankey abroad specially adapted them to lead in a general revival, and led all to anticipate a great following to hear them, but that three or four times the numbers in attendance would have to be turned away was wholly unexpected. And instead of an effort being required to awaken interest and arouse dormant feelings, it was soon discovered that the audience was as intensely earnest and sympathetic as the leaders themselves.

Some of the indications of this spirit, as betrayed at yesterday's meetings, are curious. The morning services were begun at half-past eight o'clock. Before six in the morning the crowd began to gather at the doors ; at eight o'clock over five thousand persons were seated in the building, and three thousand or more had been turned away for lack of standing room. In the afternoon twelve—possibly twenty—thousand were unable to gain admittance ; meetings had to be organized in neighboring churches (Mr. Sankey going from place to place singing his songs), while the side-walks and house-stoops for blocks around were black with the constantly increasing crowd. Additional car-tracks had been laid by the street railroad companies to the doors of the building, and though cars were run at intervals of only one minute, many thousands had to wend their ways homeward on foot. The prayer with which the services were begun, though delivered by a minister whose manner is never impassioned and whose style is purely argumentative, was interrupted by frequent and fervent ejaculations from the audience, indicating the intense sympathy with the movement which existed. The songs of Mr. Sankey re-

newed and heightened these demonstrations, and the utterances of Mr. Moody raised the excitement, enthusiasm,—religious fervor, as one may choose to call it,—to the highest pitch.

Mr. Moody's appearance during the delivery of his sermon was as one man standing in a sea of men and women. On all sides, and even in rear of him, were the assembled 5,000 persons, nearly all on a slightly lower plane than himself. Every one's attention was closely directed to him, and, in moments of intense utterance or emphasis of some religious truth, fervent responses came from every part of the room. And when, toward the close of his sermon, he told his hearers that they must lay aside the world, its vanities, pleasures, parties, festivals, and its other gayeties, if they would "go up at once and take the land," the responsive "Amen," "Yes, yes," "Glory to God," and "Ay, ay," were very numerous, and came from every quarter of the auditorium.

One of the papers said, near the close of the campaign, Moody and Sankey will advance upon Philadelphia, after their Brooklyn experience, as conquerors. There was great anxiety about their success when they made their advent in Brooklyn a month ago. They had stirred up England and Scotland just before their arrival in this country; but still there were doubts whether the conditions here were as favorable as they had been there. The "Evangelist" Varley and his assistants had carried on revival operations here last year, in the Hippodrome and elsewhere; but they were failures. Moody himself had worked among us with very slight results before he went abroad. Other revivalists had tried their powers in various places, and met with discouragement. But the very first meeting held by Moody and Sankey, on the 24th of last month, was a triumph, so far as it could be made so by the multitudes in attendance and the number of anxious

inquirers. From then until now, the popular interest has not only been sustained, but has increased ; and the meetings of the last two evenings, especially that of last evening, show that the revival is yet at its flood tide. It is from such scenes that Moody and Sankey go to Philadelphia. We are not surprised that the pious Philadelphians now look for great things, or that they expect a Pentecostal season without precedent in their city. We hope that, if they enjoy it, they will be the better for it, and that the fruits of it will be apparent to all observers.

Mr. Moody himself was not surprised at what was witnessed, for he said to the reporters : " I have nowhere found more impressionable audiences than in Brooklyn. In England, where I was successful, my friends counselled me against going into Scotland, saying that I could not move the cool, calculating spirit of the Scotchman ; and when I started for Ireland, they told me that the volatile Irish were the last people in the world among whom I could labor with good results. But in both these countries there were as great awakenings as any I have ever seen. It made me think that hearts are the same all over the world."

"What has been the most encouraging feature of your reception in Brooklyn?"

"The union of the churches. All the clergy seem to be working zealously and harmoniously and intelligently to carry on the work."

"And the most discouraging?"

"My inability to reach the great masses who ought to be saved. Still, they may be yet approached through the churches, for this movement has not stopped."

"Have you any estimate of the number of converts made?" asked the reporter, for Mr. Moody volunteers nothing to an interviewer.

"I have not one, and cannot make one. Many go to their own pastors and do not come near the inquiry room, and many more of the wounded will be won if the work is carried on as it should be."

He said that he as yet felt no fatigue, and that he had been able to carry on four meetings a-day in England, Scotland and Ireland for over two years without breaking down. He expressed great satisfaction with the opening meetings, saying that he had never had a more encouraging outlook. Everything had been planned after the very best manner, and the indications of success were as satisfactory as any he had found abroad. The prayer-meeting yesterday morning was more successful than he could have expected. In Great Britain these meetings were held at noon, but at no time was there a larger attendance than yesterday. Many of the meetings there had been over-estimated in the numbers in attendance. He had yet to learn of a circumstance in this country that was unfavorable. In Brooklyn he had found a universal feeling of cordiality and support, and in all he had known of the other cities to which he and Mr. Sankey had been invited, there was the same unvarying encouragement. Some of the newspapers had stated that in New York there were some ministers who disapproved of their coming, but he had found the feelings there fully as universal and sympathetic as anywhere else. America differed in this respect from Great Britain. In the latter country he and Mr. Sankey were strangers, and many people regarded them at first from aloof, and it was only after they became better known and their work was understood that the sentiments became cordial and the interest general. He therefore believed that a still greater work would be accomplished in the United States than on the other side of the Atlantic.

Said Mr. Moody: "I am the most over-estimated man in

this country. By some means the people look upon me as a great man, but I am only a lay preacher, and have little learning. I don't know what will become of me if the newspapers continue to print all of my sermons. My stock will be exhausted by and by, and I must repeat the old ideas and teachings. Brooklyn every Sunday hears a score of better sermons than I can preach. I can't get up such sermons as Drs. Buddington, and Cuyler, and Talmage, and many others who preach here week after week. I don't know what I shall do."

Mr. Beecher said in one of his lectures: "I had the pleasure of two or three hours' conference with Mr. Moody, in my own house. I thought I saw the secret of his working and plans. He is a believer in the second advent of Christ, and in our own time. He thinks it is no use to attempt to work for this world. In his opinion it is blasted—a wreck bound to sink—and the only thing that is worth doing is to get as many of the crew off as you can, and let her go. All that is worth doing is to work and wait for the appearance of the Master, and not to attempt a thorough regeneration of a complicated state of society. He thinks that Christ may come even tomorrow. I should be a burning fire all the time if I believed like that, but I do not say that I must believe like that to be a burning fire."

Mr. Nordhoff, an accomplished literary gentleman, wrote of the Evangelists a capital review, from which we copy:

Mr. Moody is a short and somewhat stout man, with a full, dark beard, rather small eyes, and an active, energetic, but not nervous habit. His manner is alert and prompt, but not graceful; his voice is unmusical, and indeed harsh; his enunciation is very clear, but somewhat too rapid, and can be heard and understood in every part of the Tabernacle or the Rink. In the latter place he has spoken to 7,000 people. He gesticulates but little, and his gestures are evidently extremely unstudied.

His style of speaking is entirely conversational, and hearing him perhaps a dozen times, I have never detected him in any attempt at eloquence. He is evidently, by his pronunciation, a Yankee, clipping some of the minor words in his sentences, as the farmers in the interior of Massachusetts do ; but he has no "Yankee drawl." He speaks the language of the people, and has the merit of using always the commonest words ; and that he had no early educational advantages is plain from his frequent use of "done," for "did," and other ungrammatical colloquialisms. In short, his appearance is not imposing ; his figure is not graceful, but that of a farmer or hard-working laborer ; his voice is not melodious, nor has it a great range ; his language is not choice. His externals, therefore, are all against him.

In spite of all these disadvantages he has succeeded in attracting in England and here vast crowds day after day, which, at some of the Brooklyn meetings at least, are composed largely of cultivated people ; he has, evidently, succeeded in interesting these crowds in what he has had to say ; for nothing is more remarkable at the meetings than the absolute quiet and order, the attitude of interested listeners, which prevails among the audience. He has so entirely controlled his audiences that all noisy manifestations of religious feeling have been entirely suppressed ; and at the same time no one who has sat in the meetings at the Rink or the Tabernacle can have failed to see that Mr. Moody's manner of presenting his subject is to an extraordinary degree effective in moving the hearts of his hearers, in stirring devotional feelings, in producing a profound impression upon them of the importance of the message he has to deliver.

Indeed, it has been a common remark that the audiences were even more remarkable than Mr. Moody, for not only are they spontaneous gatherings ; to some of the meetings admit-

tance can be secured only by the presentation of a ticket, and these ticket meetings, where each person must be supposed at least to have had a desire to attend strong enough to induce him to take the trouble of securing a ticket, are as crowded as any others. Nor are convenient hours selected for the meetings. There is one from eight to nine in the morning, which yet has seen the Tabernacle filled with an audience, at least a third of whom were men. There is another at four o'clock in the afternoon, and again not less than a third of those present have been men. After the Rink meeting in the evening there has been held a meeting in the Tabernacle for young men exclusively, beginning at nine o'clock, and this too I have seen crowded, the large auditorium being on several occasions incapable of holding all who came. Nor is this all. Not the least remarkable evidence of the real and profound interest excited by Mr. Moody's exhortations is seen in what are happily called the "overflow meetings," composed of persons who could not gain admission to the regular meetings, where Mr. Moody exhorts and Mr. Sankey sings, and who adjourn to a neighboring church to listen to some other preacher and to sing the songs which Mr. Sankey has made familiar to them. If any considerable part of the crowds who go to the meetings were composed of the merely curious, these "overflow meetings" could not exist.

Nor is even this all. Mr. Moody does not hesitate to advise people to stay away from his meetings. He has repeatedly urged that his labors are for non-church goers; that he desires room left for this class, and he has taken special means to exclude from some of his meetings all who regularly attend a church—that is to say, he does not court his audiences, but the contrary. If you go to hear him it must be because you want to; if you go the second time it must be because he interested you the first.

I have heard him a number of times, and always with interest and gratification ; and it seems to me that this arose mainly—aside from the interest which any thoughtful man may have in this subject—because he gives the impression of possessing remarkable common sense, the clear head of a business man, and a habit of attending to the one thing which he has on hand and making all parts of the audience do the same. The meetings are opened and closed promptly at the pre-appointed hour ; there is not even a minute of time lost during the meeting by delays ; his own prayers are brief, very earnest, and directly to the point ; and his exhortations are a running commentary on passages of Scripture which he reads rapidly, always asking the audience to turn to the passage. Indeed, so far as Mr. Moody is concerned, there is little or no “machinery.” He opens a meeting as though the audience were the stockholders of a bank to whom he was about to make a report. He has the air of a business man to whom time is extremely valuable, and slow and tedious people are evidently a trial to him. In some of the prayer-meetings persons in the audience take an active part ; and it happened not seldom in those that I attended that some earnest but indiscreet soul made a long and rambling prayer. Mr. Moody knew how to bring back the assembly to the strict object of the hour. In one of the morning meetings a clergyman made a very long, loud, and rambling prayer, full of set and stale phraseology. The moment he ceased Mr. Moody said, “Let us now have a few minutes of silent prayer ; that will bring us back to ourselves, and that’s where we need to get.” After a brief but impressive silence Mr. Sankey spoke a few words—pertinent, pointed, and forcible—of prayer, and the meeting proceeded. I hope I shall not be thought disrespectful to the clergy if I say that the prayers some of them speak at these meetings, contrast unfavorably with the brief and pertinent

petitions of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. The formal and threadbare phraseology of the former is strikingly inappropriate in such meetings as these, and seem to me often to jar painfully on the feelings of the people around me.

Again, in one of the morning meetings, prayers were asked by various individuals in the audience for people in whom they were interested. One asked the prayers of the assembly for his sister; another for her brother; one for her mother; sons for fathers; fathers for sons and daughters; wives for husbands; one for a church out of town; another for a church in New York. Finally a man shyly asked the prayers of the congregation for himself. Instantly Mr. Moody said, "That's right. I like that. I like to hear people ask prayers for themselves. That's where they are often most needed." Such an incident seems to me to show that he is not an enthusiast who has lost his self-possession; and, indeed, this is evident at every meeting. He is, of course, enthusiastic in his work, but with the sobriety of a business man or of a general in battle.

Again, he is never in the least afraid of his audience. Indeed, no one can hear him without feeling that he is entirely unconscious, as much so as a child. His own personality does not trouble him. Thus at the Rink one evening, while impressing upon the assemblage the importance of immediate conversion, he said: "I wish that friend over there would just wake up, and I'll tell him something which is important to him." And again, at another meeting, he said: "Salvation is offered to every man in this Rink, now, to-night, at this very moment; to that man there, who is laughing and jeering—the Son of Man comes to him to-night and offers salvation."

Though he aims to reach more particularly the non-church-going population, he concerns himself also about church-goers.

"The churches," he said on one occasion, "need awakening ; it is too easy now to be a church member. If you pay your debts and keep out of jail, that seems to be enough." At a meeting for young men, held at nine o'clock P.M. in the Tabernacle, he said, "You don't need that I should preach to you. There is too much preaching. It's preach, preach, preach, all the time ; and you, young men, have heard sermons enough here in Brooklyn to convert every one of you. What you need is to work among yourselves. Let the converted speak personally with the unconverted—friend to friend. Then you'll see results."

He has a good deal of dramatic power, and sometimes is very effective in a natural but strong appeal or statement. "When the prisoners at Philippi with Paul cried Amen," he said, "God himself answered them Amen !" Speaking of the probability that we forget none of the events of our lives, and that this is, perhaps, to be a means of punishment in a future state, he pictured an unrepentant sinner awakening in the other world, and his misdeeds coming back upon him. "Tramp ! tramp ! tramp ! tramp !" he said, suiting the action to the word. "Do you think that Judas, after nearly 1,900 years, has forgotten that he betrayed his Saviour for thirty pieces of silver ? Do you think that Cain, after 5,000 years, has forgotten the pleading look of his brother Abel when he slew him ?" he continued. In speaking of Bible incidents or parables, he usually brings them in a dramatic form—as when he remarked, "If I want to know about some man in Brooklyn, I don't ask only his enemies or only his friends, but both. Let us ask about Christ in this way. I call first Pilate's wife"—and relating her warning to Pilate, went on to call other witnesses to the character and works of Jesus.

He has made an extremely close study of the Bible, and is evidently that formidable being, a man of one book, and

thus he is able to give often a novel view of a Bible passage. Thus, speaking of Jacob, he remarked that his life was a failure ; pointed out that Jacob himself had complained of it, and enumerated his tribulations, which followed his misdeeds. He enforced upon the audience the necessity of reading the Bible biographies not as though they were the lives of saints, but the truthfully written lives of mortal men, in which their bad as well as their good deeds were set forth for our instruction.

He has in perfection that faculty of epigrammatic statement which one often finds among the farmers and laboring people of New England, and this has sometimes the effect of humor. Thus, preaching at the Rink from the text, "Where the treasure is, there the heart will be also," he remarked, "If you find a man's household goods on a freight train, you may be pretty sure to find him on the next passenger train." On another occasion he told of a woman who came to him saying that she had sought Christ without avail. "I told her there must be some mistake about this, because an anxious sinner and an anxious Saviour could not need three years to find each other." Speaking of persons who were ambitious to make themselves prominent, he remarked, "It does not say, make your light shine, but let your light shine. You can't make a light shine. If it is really a light it will shine in spite of you—only don't hide it under a bushel. Let it shine. Confess Christ everywhere." "Satan got his match when he came across John Bunyan," he remarked. "He thought he had done a shrewd thing when he got the poor tinker stuck into Bedford Jail, but that was one of his blunders. It was there that Bunyan wrote the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and no doubt he was more thankful for the imprisonment than for anything else in his life."

Speaking of the goodness of God and of "grace abound-

ing," he told a striking story of a rich man who sent to a poor friend in distress \$25 in an envelope, on which he wrote, "More to follow." "Now," said he, "which was the more welcome—the money or the gracious promise of further help? So it is with God's grace; there is always more to follow. Let us thank God, not only for what He gives us, but for what He promises—more to follow." Contrasting the law and the Gospel, he said, "Moses, in Egypt, turned water into blood, which is death. Christ turned water into wine, which is life, joy, and gladness." Speaking of future punishment in one of his Rink sermons, he said, "God will not punish us. We shall punish ourselves. When we come before God He will turn us over to ourselves. Go and read the book of your memory, He will say." Urging the duty of immediate repentance and the joy in heaven over a repentant sinner, he said, "If the President should die to-night, or if the Governor of the State should be shot, that would raise an outcry here. But perhaps even so great an event would not be mentioned in heaven at all. But," said he, raising his voice a little, "if some sinner in this assembly were just now converted, there would be a great shout of joy in heaven." Dwelling upon the certainty of future punishment, he remarked, "Some people doubt it; they think God is so loving that He will make no distinctions in another world. But do you imagine that when men had become so wicked that God sent a flood to exterminate them because they were not fit to live on earth—do you suppose that when the waters came and drowned them, He took all this wicked generation into His bosom, and left poor righteous Noah to drift about in his ark? Do you suppose that when His chosen people crossed the Red Sea, and Pharoah's host were drowned, God took those idolatrous Egyptians directly to heaven and let the children of Israel wander miserably over the desert for forty years?"

Speaking of the real objects to be attained by prayer, he said : " If you have a thorn in your foot, you are to pray, not that God shall relieve you of the physical pain—He can do that, too—but what you are to ask Him for is grace and strength to bear the pain patiently. We should thank God for our tribulations ; they are sent to us as blessings ; they bring us to Him." Again, " Many things we want God knows are not good for us ; if He gives them it is that we may learn through suffering ; if He withholds them it is because He loves us." Again he said, " Suppose a man going from here to Chicago, who knows me and my wife. When he gets there he goes to see her, and he says, ' I saw Mr. Moody in Brooklyn.' And then, when she is naturally anxious to hear all about me, suppose he goes on to speak about himself, to tell her how he felt on the cars, and where he stopped, and what he said and did and ate, would not she presently tell him that it was not him she wanted to hear about, but me ?"

Mr. Moody than offered prayer.

Mr. E. W. Hawley then read requests for prayer, all heads being bowed in silent prayer during the reading.

The reports brought into the morning meetings indicated the immediate results of the work : A woman came into the inquiry meetings broken-hearted. She was a wife and a mother. After she had laid hold on Christ herself, she wanted us to pray for her husband and children. Last evening she came in, leading that husband by the hand. That man got up and said he would accept Christ. This mother, six months ago, received a letter from her mother in England, asking that when our American friends (Messrs. Moody and Sankey) came to America, they would come to their meetings. Another letter was received from Scotland by an infidel from his mother. He last night came to the inquiry meeting. I talked with him. He had a fearful struggle. He was a civil engineer.

For a good many years he had roamed around the world, preaching against Christ. He did not believe that he preached. It was the devil in him. He was on a vessel in a storm, and as they thought the ship was going down, he, like a poor coward, fell on his knees in prayer. But after the storm he forgot it. For the last two days this man has been in terrible agony. He said: "I am in terror; my heart is broken. I'll lay down the weapons of my rebellion. I'll write to my mother in Scotland about it to-morrow." Keep on praying.

A man in the gallery said he wanted to say a word of encouragement. In the rink a man sat before him, singing with a strong voice—a fine-looking gentleman. Something said to me, "I must speak to that man." It was an effort. With trembling voice I said, "Are you a Christian?" "No; I can't say I am." I asked him to go to the inquiry room. He said, "No; it is too conspicuous." I said, "I'll go with you; people won't know which of us is a sinner." He said, "Perhaps, presently." I said, a few moments after, "Presently has come." He went with me, sat down and talked with me, and in one half-hour had given himself definitely to Christ.

Last night at the Rink I went to get a lady to come to the inquiry room. I sent a lady to go for her daughter. She said, "I can't leave here at present." The lady who went for the daughter said, at the close of the Rink meeting, she felt so impressed that she must pray for some one who would not come to the inquiry meeting. She rose up and prayed in the body of that church. Pretty soon the daughter came running into the church, almost out of breath, and said, "Your prayer has reached me. Nothing had ever reached me before your prayer." The mother also said, "Your prayer saved me;" and they sat down there and all were blessed together.

A man rose and related the conversion of a soldier with an empty sleeve and a badge on his breast, revealing the

shattered remnant of a noble man. His parents were members of the Reformed Church of Kinderhook. He came out of the army a drunkard. His wife and children returned from Sunday School one day, and his little girl said to him, "Jesus loves you." He pushed her away in anger, and rushed out to a drinking saloon to drink. Just as he was putting the glass to his lips, a little girl rose, as if in a mirror before him, and he seemed to hear ringing in his ears, "Father, Jesus loves you." He dropped the glass, and rushed out, and walked the streets all night in agony. He went home and said to his wife, "Betsy, I want you to pray for me." This man is now laboring every day in Water Street, New York, trying to save the lost drunkards there without pay for his service.

Mr. Moody then related, in closing, a very affecting incident of the reconciliation of a prodigal son and stern father at the bedside of a dying mother, whose last act in expiring was to place their hands in each other's clasp. The story was so feelingly told that a spell of suppressed emotion seemed to sway the vast audience; and when Mr. Moody said, "Let us pray," while the people were silently communing, Mr. Sankey's voice plaintively breathed forth, "Come home, prodigal child." The spell was broken, and there was a wail of passionate weeping; the grief of the young man particularly, who sat near the platform, becoming almost uncontrollable. Mr. Moody noticed this at once, and checked the excitement by stopping Mr. Sankey at the end of the first verse, asking the audience to rise and sing, "There is a fountain filled with blood."

The self-restraint and the genuineness of Mr. Moody's work was never more signally displayed than in this slight circumstance. He might have allowed the excitement to have swept on till it became a religious frenzy, which would have been the case in a few minutes, and many mistaken religious leaders would have done so for the mere gratification of their own love

of excitement. But Mr. Moody, realizing that mere excitement is not healthy, checked it while that was possible, leaving to the influences of the Holy Spirit the completion of the work which had evidently commenced in many hearts.

Rev. Mr. Murray related the conversion of a man of intellect and character and a very dear friend, who was addicted to strong drink. The speaker invited him to go to the Rink meeting to hear Mr. Moody. He said: "I'll do it for your sake." He went, and God touched his heart. On his way home he resolved he would crush his appetite and curb his profanity, and set up his family altar there for the first time in the history of his family. He met me the next day, and embraced me with tears of thankfulness that I asked him to go to the Rink meeting. We don't know what results come from little things. He asked me to come here this morning and ask you to bear him up in your prayers.

A young man in terrible agony and tears said he wanted to find Jesus. We told him how the best we could. He left the place greatly relieved. The next night he came to the platform with his face shining with joy. He went for his younger brother, and he was the next day rejoicing in Christ. Another young man came to the meeting at the Rink, and could not get in. He wandered around and went to the Dutch Church adjoining, which was empty. About nine o'clock the young man came into the young men's meeting, and I prevailed on him to stay. That night God spoke to his conscience. He did not believe in anything. He went away saying that he would pray for himself. The next night he came and said, "Pray for me." Last Thursday morning, you may remember, I made a request for a young lady sick with consumption, asking that her pains might be relieved. God told me to rise that morning and make request, which I did. Friday morning her pains left her. She rose from her bed,

made her little bequests of money and gifts to benevolent objects and friends ; she sat up on her couch all through the evening, talking, with her mind perfectly clear. Pretty soon her senses left her one by one. She says, " It is all dark now. I can't see, but it is all bright over there." Pretty soon she said : " I can't hear now ; but Christ is here, all here ; doubts are gone." At 1.30 A.M. Sunday morning she went to her rest. That prayer last Thursday morning for the sick young lady was answered. All through the last week I was praying for my own son, eighteen years old, my son Walter. He attended meetings at the Rink several times without much feeling. He last night came out of the inquiry room with brother Sankey, relying on Jesus.

Dr. Duryea says a young man of his acquaintance, of very fine culture and wide reading, came to him, took his hand, and said : " Doctor, I'm going." He was the first to rise in the main auditorium when Mr. Moody called upon inquirers. He had read German writers on metaphysics, and become befogged and verging on Universalism, but Mr. Moody's sermon went home, and broke sunlight through the vapor and mystification in his mind. Cheering instances like these occur, and attest the force of Divine truth, while they uplift the courage of Christian laborers.

Another feature of blessing is an increased use of the Bible by the attendants, who are constantly urged and inspired to its study by the speaker's appeals and example.

Mr. Moody's habit of Bible study has been for the past five years to rise at five o'clock and give an hour in the early morning to the study of the Bible. This is one secret of his great Bible knowledge.

Mr. Moody's Bible is an interesting book. It was given him by a friend, and bears on the fly-leaf the words : " D. L. Moody, Dublin, December, 1872.—' God is love.' W. Fay."

The Bible is an 8vo volume, with flexible black morocco covers and turned edges. Though given Mr. Moody in the last month of 1872, it appears as if it might have seen ten years' service. Some of the leaves are worn through with handling. But nearly every page gives another and more positive proof of the study Mr. Moody has given the Book. In the Old Testament many portions are annotated at nearly every page. Especially is this true of those parts treating of the history of the Israelites, the chosen people of God. But in the New Testament, open the Book wherever one may, the pages are marked and annotated in black, red, and blue ink to a wonderful extent. Sometimes certain words are underscored ; again a whole verse is enclosed in black lines, with mysterious numbers or a single letter of the alphabet marked opposite. All around the margins and at the chapter-heads are comments on certain passages—an idea embodied in two or three words, with the more important word underscored. Turning to the texts of the sermons Mr. Moody has preached in Brooklyn, one finds that the burden of his themes often embodied one of those marginal notes. There is scarcely a page in the New Testament where a dozen such annotations could not be counted : while in some instances every space in the margin is filled, and hardly a sentence has escaped the Evangelist's pen.

In combatting men's trivial objections he said : One of the worst excuses is the Old Bible. Of all the sceptics that I have ever heard talk against the Bible, I have yet to find the first one that has ever read it from back to back. They read a chapter here and there, and lay it down and say it is dark and mysterious to them, and they don't understand it, and they never will understand it until they are spiritually minded, for its truths are spiritually discerned. No unrenewed man can understand it. What he can know is that he has sinned.

Everything tells you that in your experience in life. Your restless spirit and anxious soul, whether you acknowledge it or not, prove it. You can know from the Bible that Jesus Christ came to save you, a sinner, and prove it by trying it.

The Bible *ought to be read right through*. It is only then you can know the music, the swell, the cadence, the rapture and sorrow, the triumph and the tears of God's Word. What would you know of your boy's letter, if you were to read the superscription on Monday, to look at the signature on Friday, and read a little in the middle of it three months afterwards? I get tired toward the end of July and I go away to the mountains. I take the Bible with me; I read it *through*, and I feel as if I had never seen the book before. I have spent most of my life in reading and expounding it, yet it seems as if I had never seen it. It is so new, so rich, so varied, the truth flashing from a thousand unexpected and undiscovered points, with a light above the brightness of the sun. And that summer reading of the Bible is what I call tuning the instrument.

If anybody does not believe the Bible he has never read it through; he may have read a little here and there, with general commentaries and criticisms between, but he has not read the whole. Once two men said, "We will disprove the conversion of Paul." They read it through, and wrote a book in proof of it. So will God deal with all destructive critics who really make themselves masters of the situation they intended to overthrow.

It is wonderful, if you read the whole, how it gets hold of you somewhere. I have tried it; and I appeal to you who know it best whether you will willingly let it drop out of your fingers, when it has once got into the movement and necessity of your being.

One secret of his power is well described by himself: Mr.

Moody chose his subject, "The Holy Ghost," and related an incident in his early life as an Evangelist, when an old gentleman had said to him, "Young man, when you speak again, honor the Holy Ghost." Mr. Moody said he had never forgotten the advice, and had profited much from it. "The Holy Spirit is a person. We get life through the Holy Ghost. We can have no revival save through Him. He gives hope. When he arrives we lean upon something more than human supports. Men often utter the prayers which they spoke twenty years ago. We only know how to pray when we have the Holy Spirit. There are two kinds of Christians. The one class are as an ordinary well, from which you must pump all their religion. The other are artesian, and send forth the waters of love continually. If we are full of the Spirit to-day it is no assurance for to-morrow. We must keep at the fountain all the time. Think of Elisha, how he followed Elijah, and at last received his robe and a double portion of his grace. That old farmer made the mightiest prophet the world ever saw. The Church is living too much upon old manna. They think one supply enough for their life."

Another element of influence has been forcibly stated. Here is our view of the case: Unselfishness is the greatest power in the world. The man who gladly makes sacrifices for the honor of God and the well-being of mankind wields an immense power. When the Holy Spirit is allowed to enter and occupy the hearts of men, selfishness disappears. Selfishness and the Holy Spirit cannot dwell together. It is because of the absolute unselfishness of these Evangelists now working in Brooklyn that multitudes hear them gladly. They are earnest and enthusiastic, not seeking their own, but Christ's glory. They themselves are nothing—Christ is everything.

Persistent effort has been made by the enemies of pure and undefiled religion to discover flaws in the character and

methods of these men. The world itself, which generally delights in truthfulness and fair play, has frowned down the effort as dishonorable. Honest Christians know well the falsity of the accusation. These self-denying men have no stain of Cæsar's gold about them. They are after souls, not money. They are engaged in heaven's mission, working to lift society from the debasing bondage of Satan to the blessed service of Christ. In self-sacrifice they are strong. Consistent and self-denying lives are yet largely an undeveloped power within the Church. Unworthy membership breeds much mischief. It was at this citadel of sin that Moody and Sankey directed their first shot. The sacred fort has in too many cases been betrayed into the hands of the enemy through the foes within it. The world is not reading God's Word, but scanning closely the lives of Christian professors, and they find many grievous blemishes. It is because Moody and Sankey are, like Enoch, walking daily with God, that they are honored and successful. They have learned that most difficult lesson that we cannot serve God and mammon. They are fully persuaded that they are their brother's keeper; and men flock after them to hear the truths of the Gospel in all their grand simplicity; to learn from men who in their lives and labors present glorious examples of the blessed influence of the Gospel message. They are bold, yet most unassuming soldiers of the cross; not afraid of the warfare, but rejoicing in the conflict. It is upon such that the blessing of heaven descends. There is no difficulty in understanding the power of these men. It is of God. They are living obedient lives. If we fail to perceive the connection, the fault is our own. The scales have not yet fallen from our eyes.

Mr. Sankey, in explanation of the chorns, "Hold the fort, for I am coming," said that during the rebellion one of the Union officers in command of a fort closely invested by Gen-

eral Hood, was almost persuaded, by the distress of his men, to surrender the position, when he received a despatch from Gen. Sherman to this effect : " Hold the fort, for I am coming — W. T. Sherman." It filled the soldiers with confidence, they kept up their courage, and were saved. He exhorted those present to show an equally abiding faith in Christ and they would be saved. Mr. Sankey produced a remarkable effect by the manner in which he rendered the last line, " Victory is nigh," and dwelt with redoubled force upon the word " Hold," until the vast chorus had caught the spirit and action of the leader.

One of the most celebrated of Mr. Sankey's collection of hymns is, " The ninety and nine." It was a favorite in England, and is much admired here. Several statements concerning its origin have been published which conflict with each other, and no one of them, Mr. Sankey said, is correct. The true facts in the case are these : Some time in 1873, Mr. Sankey being then in England with Mr. Moody for the first time, bought a copy of *The Christian Age*, a London religious paper, publishing Dr. Talmage's sermons, and in one corner found this hymn. He had never seen or heard of it before. It pleased him, and seemed adapted to religious work. He cut it out of the paper, and three days afterward he sang it at a meeting in Free Assembly Hall in Edinburgh, having composed the music himself. A short time after he received a letter from a lady thanking him for having sung the hymn, and stating that the author was her sister, Miss Eliza C. Claphane, of Melrose, Scotland. She had written the hymn in 1868, and shortly after died. She and her whole family were members of the Church of Scotland, and were not Unitarians, as stated in this country. Mr. Sankey replied to the lady's letter, asking if her sister had ever written any other hymns, and was told that she had written several others, which were

sent to *The Family Treasury*, a religious paper of which the late Dr. Arnot was the editor, but only "The ninety and nine" was ever published. Mr. Sankey communicated with him, and received several pieces of manuscript. The only other hymn by the same author in Mr. Sankey's collection is the 43rd, "Beneath the cross of Jesus." He has been gathering hymns for the past eight years, keeping a scrap-book for that purpose. Many of them are found in the common Sunday school collections, and were not known in England before Moody and Sankey introduced them. Since that time they have become the most popular hymns in Great Britain. While the Evangelists were in Scotland they at first found difficulty in inducing people to sing their hymns, as the Presbyterians preferred their version of the Psalms. The Evangelists were accustomed to sing the 100th, 23rd, and 40th Psalms, or the 1st, 107th, and 125th Hymns of the collection, and then ask the Presbyterians to sing "Hold the fort," which they usually did, and at length sang any of the hymns.

The record of God's gracious dealings by the agency of His honored servants in Brooklyn promise to be eclipsed by the brilliant display of divine mercy on their work in Philadelphia; and we may bring our review to a close by giving the keynote as struck by Mr. Moody the morning of his advent in the city of churches.

"Ah! Lord God! behold Thou hast made the heaven and the earth by Thy great power and stretched-out arm, and there is nothing too hard for Thee."

"And there is nothing too hard for Thee." During the past two years, into every town and city that Mr. Sankey and I have gone, we always took this verse as the keynote to our work. We generally commence every prayer-meeting by reading this verse—nothing is too hard for God—and it was a wonderful help to us. Sometimes our ways seemed hard

ways. Then we came back to the old text, and these ways were freed from all darkness. It sometimes seemed as if some men could not be converted. But we came back to the old text, and flinty hearts would break. At Edinburgh I was told that a young man who was pointed out to me was the chairman of an infidel club. I went and stood beside him, and asked him if he was thinking of his soul. He turned to me and said, "How do you know I've got one?" I thought it was no use trying, but then I thought nothing is too hard for God. I asked him if I might pray for him. He said, "You may pray if you like. Try your hand on me." I got down on my knees and prayed for him. His head was held up and his eyes did not notice me, and he seemed to say to the people that my prayers did not affect him at all. For six long months prayers were daily offered in prayer-meetings for the infidel. This was in January or the latter part of December, and a year afterward, or a little over a year, when we were at work in Liverpool, I got a letter from a person in Edinburgh, who said that the infidel was at the foot of the cross, crying for mercy; and just as we were leaving England we heard that he was leading a meeting every night. I was to give you this as our keynote—nothing is too hard for God. It is just as easy for God to save the most abandoned man as for me to turn my hand over. If this is God's work, we had better cling to it; if this is Christ's work, it is as lasting as eternity itself. I have a good deal more hope of this prayer-meeting than of the meetings at the Rink. It is not preaching that you want, you have plenty of preaching. You have plenty of men who can preach better than I can. You have plenty of men who can sing better than Mr. Sankey can. Let this be your keynote—nothing is too hard for God to do in His great power.

I asked my boy how God created the world. He said,

"He spoke." That is all ; "He said, let there be light, and there was light." He can convert the thief, the harlot, the most abandoned, and another class still harder, that is the self-righteous Pharisee. God can do it. Nothing is too hard for Him. Let us every morning keep this text in our hearts, "Nothing is too hard for Thee." Our God can do it. They tell us that the sun is thirteen hundred thousand times larger than the world, and our God created it. There have been eighty millions of other suns discovered, but these are only a fringe on the garments of God. Our God did it all. If, then, God is so great, shall we not ask Him for great things? We honor God by asking for great things. Alexander had a general who accomplished a great victory ; and it pleased him greatly. He told the general to draw on his treasurer for any amount he wished, and directed his treasurer to honor the draft. The draft was so large that the treasurer was afraid to pay it. The emperor said, "Didn't I tell you to honor his draft? Don't you know he honors me by making so large a draft?" Don't you know we honor God by asking for great things? The Church has been asking for little things too long.

Let us now go to the 20th verse. "Behold I am the Lord, the God of all flesh. Is there anything too hard for Me?" Just as if it pleased Him. He says to Jeremiah, "Is there anything too hard for Me? I am the Lord the God of all flesh." God has shown us great things, but when we accept His truth we will see still greater things.

The next chapter, 3rd verse : "Call unto Me, and I will answer thee and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not." Now, my friends, let us this morning call upon God, and when we pray let us ask Him for something. There are a great many who come for nothing, and therefore they get nothing. Let us come with some great

burden upon our hearts—some great petition. Let us bring it before God. Let us try it. When a man was one time making a long prayer, and asking for nothing in particular, an old woman says, “Ask God for something, and see if He don’t give it you.” Let us ask for something, and we will get it. Let every mother ask for the salvation of her sons and daughters. Nothing is too hard for Him. We may not see the answers to our prayers, but God does answer the prayers of the faithful.

Between thirty and forty years ago, at a prayer-meeting which I held, there was a mother who had a very bad son. He was a very bad man; he was very profane, and was one of the noted men of the town for his sin. And when the church was struck with lightning he said he would have given \$25 if it had burned it down. During the past few weeks the Lord God has found him. He has resolved to stop swearing and come back to church. I asked him to go down on his knees and pray. He answered that he had been on his knees all day. We may not see the answers to our prayers, but God answers the prayer of faith. Let us pray.


Our heavenly Father, we thank Thee for this “Sweet hour of prayer.” We thank Thee for the privilege we have this morning of coming to this place and worshipping, and we pray that Thou would’st give us the spirit of prayer. Teach us how to pray. May we come and ask Thee great things. Nothing is too hard for Thee. So we pray that Thou would take the whole country to Thyself and lay it at Thy feet. Do a work in this country that shall make all men embrace salvation. In answer to prayer may there go up a cry, “What shall I do to be saved?” Teach Thy servant to preach. Send him a message from the upper world to-night, and may his words come from the heart and go to the hearts of many. We pray for these mothers that are here this morning. May they

pray for their sons and daughters, that they may be saved. We pray for these Sunday school teachers who have unconverted scholars ; may they labor and pray much. We pray that the children may be gathered into the fold of Christ. May the harvest be ripe, and may we come to this place carrying our sheaves, and Christ will have all the praise and glory. Amen.



CHAPTER XIV.

THE EVANGELISTS IN PHILADELPHIA.

HEIR advance on Philadelphia had been carefully prepared for by earnest, wise, and strong men, who arranged for a gigantic campaign corresponding with the greatness of their city, and the popularity of the men who had carried Brooklyn by storm. The freight depot, corner Thirteenth and Market Streets, was fitted up for the accommodation of twelve thousand persons, as many as it was probable the preacher's voice could reach. A grand choir of five hundred trained and superior singers was drilled to act as a choir to aid Mr. Sankey, and a union of churches effected, by which all the ablest and most efficient Christians were combined in solid phalanx. Unworn by the immense labors undergone in Brooklyn, the brethren tore themselves away from their friends there, and sped to the City of Brotherly Love, there to preach and sing of that Divine love which is the theme of sermon and song by day and by night, wherever the Evangelists set up their standard. Never had men equal advantages, and never was more expected of human beings. There was a feeling of need in the churches of something more than they had, and they were looking to the men whom God has so greatly honored, and stood ready to co-operate with them. In one branch of the church this was the testimony: Rev. W. P. Corbit spoke with much earnestness. The Methodist Church, he said, was in a deplorable condition. The chief causes were a laxity of

discipline and a want of praying bands. A speedy remedy for this state of things was needed. No new agencies were wanted. The Methodist Episcopal Church, worked by its own machinery, would take the world, if it were allowed to work. Let the preachers and people gather together as Moody and Sankey have got them together. He did not depreciate Moody and Sankey, but they had many men in their own body who were just as gifted as they, or more so. It was not Moody, and it was not Sankey, but the power which they possess of bringing good people together to work for God.

The Brooklyn revival has been in certain features a sad disappointment to us who have taken an interest and part in it. Mr. Moody failed, it must be confessed, in his evening meetings at the Rink to reach that outside class which he sought. The reason for his failure is so discreditable that we almost hesitate to give it. But it must be confessed that it was the dishonesty, the selfishness of excitement-seeking professed Christians, that made these meetings a partial failure. Mr. Moody tried his best to open the door into his meetings to those who were not church-goers, and to shut it against church members. He begged these latter to stay at home. He pled with them; but they still would come. He then issued tickets, that were offered only to the non-church-goers; but the conscience-hardened professors would rob their unconverted neighbors of their tickets and lie their way into the Rink, and then have the face to stand up when all Christians were requested to rise, and thus flaunt their hypocrisy in the face of the Evangelist. Our words are strong, but the responsibility of souls is on the head of these "Christians," who have yet to learn that Christianity means honor and truthfulness. We do not like to say these words; but we commend them now to the members of the Philadelphia churches. In

a famine, that man, or crowd of men, were beneath all contempt who, with cellars stored with grain and their cheeks standing out for fatness, should crowd the bureaus of public charity, and prevent the poor from receiving the dole that should save them from starvation. But nothing better, nay, worse, has been the conduct of these greedy professors, very many of them from our cities, who have pushed the Brooklyn hungry, starving poor away from the Gospel feast. May the Lord not have mercy on their souls until they repent.

It is an unusual spectacle to behold Christians so eager to be fed or taught, and it is probable that the blessed results will appear in thousands of churches.

A Scottish Sunday school teacher says : " I venture to send you the following letter from London, because of the reference to young women's meetings, which are already proving so useful to the many girls in our country who consider themselves too grown up and too dignified to attend Sunday school. The letter tells its own story, but I may just add, in thankful acknowledgment of our loving father's willingness to bless the feeblest attempt of the weakest beginner, that that young lady was the very first stranger I ever spoke to about coming to Jesus. It was only the night before, while Mr. Moody was preaching, that I myself got into the sunshine ; and when that next night she sat beside me looking so sad, I could not help saying to her, ' Jesus has made me so happy, won't you let him make you happy, too ? ' She seemed just waiting to be taken by the hand, and went with me almost at once to the inquiry room.

" I write now in testimony of the fact that I am one of the many, many, ' church members ' who will thank God through all eternity for sending Messrs. Moody and Sankey to our country ; for, through their means, we have been led to exchange our hopes and fears for a glad *certainty*, and we can

now say, '*I know* in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that *he is able to keep* that which I have committed unto him.'

“ ‘On his word I am resting, assurance divine,
I am “hoping” no longer, *I know* he is mine.’ ”

“The following is the letter to which I have referred :

“ ‘LONDON, *October 3, 1875.*

“ ‘DEAR MISS ———: I feel that I have neglected this duty too long. I ought to have written to you before. You were the means in God’s hands of making me one of his own children. Oh, how happy I have been since the night you won me for our blessed Redeemer! You do not know who I am, but possibly you may remember me when I tell you that you gave me a red hymn book of Mr. Sankey’s with your address in it. It was at the Agricultural Hall I met you, and you took me into the inquiry room. After talking to me for some time, you brought me to Mr. Moody, and Mr. Moody handed me over, with several other young women, to a gentleman from Newcastle, and before I left the inquiry room I had found Jesus as my Saviour. How precious he has been to me since that night! I went to hear Mr. Moody that evening out of mere curiosity, and had you not taken me into the inquiry room, possibly I should have gone away unimpressed. Afterward I went several times to hear Mr. Moody at the Opera House. I heard the address to the converts there, and may the burning zeal I felt created in my breast that night continue. How I wish I had more leisure to work for Jesus, and more boldness. I became a member of a little chapel close to home soon after, and, as Mr. Moody advised, I went to the pastor first, and asked him for work. He found me something to do among the aged. One of my old people cannot read, and others are so old they cannot see. One poor old body is bed-ridden. It is very pleasant work, but I always

felt I was not actually winning souls for Jesus, they being mostly Christians. I have been asking God for some time to open up a way for me, and now my prayer has been answered in a way I hardly expected. Our dear pastor has planned a young woman's meeting, which is to be held one night in the week, from half-past eight till half-past nine; rather late, but this is the most convenient hour for business girls, whom it is principally for. The plan is that each worker is to give out not less than one dozen invitations; these are to be given in the streets, as the girls leave their different business houses. There never has been anything of that kind done in this part of the vineyard. The invitations are very neat, and not like common circulars or bills. Outside there is printed an invitation and a warm welcome for Wednesday next. Inside there is a small address telling them how pleased we will be to see them; also, that if they are strangers from home in London, they will meet many who can sympathize with them, being also far from home. We had a large meeting of workers. I do not doubt success. It has been made a great subject of prayer, and God has promised that where two or three are agreed on one subject He will grant their request. Will you pray for us?

“‘Etc., etc.

C—— W——.’”

In this way the seed sown may yield bountiful harvests year by year. Mr. Moody, in his first sermon at Philadelphia, said: “Letters come in from all parts saying that the prayer-meetings are four or five times larger than ever before; the prayer-meeting connected with one of the largest churches in New York, at which before only a few people attended, has, during the last few weeks, crowded the lecture room; all this shows that the spirit of prayer is coming on the nation. God is ready to give us a blessing. I never had such large prayer-meetings in any of the cities in Great Britain as we

had in Brooklyn. Some say this is all sensational. If you can get three or four thousand people to meet together and pray, not to hear some man, but to meet God and call on God, it shows God is in the movement. This is no sensationalism or false excitement. If we can but stir up the people to pray, the blessing is ours. I would rather know how to pray like Daniel than to preach like Gabriel."

It was not forgotten by the leaders in this revival movement that religion is not all emotional ; that it rests on reason and common sense, which its ministers and missionaries must not affront by lack of logic, or shock by shallow illustrations and weak appeals.

The attitude and act of prayer are beyond all other things in life invested with solemnity and clothed in mystery. It is the supreme act of faith ; approached by the penitent with doubts and questions and infinite wondering ; only slowly apprehended, and so immeasurably vast in its meaning to the helpless soul struggling upward on it, that man at his very best can only throw himself upon it in utter self-distrust and leave the rest to God. The questioning men and women, longing to know the truth and to lead true lives, get no light nor comfort from any flippant illustrations of the power of prayer. They excite doubts instead of removing them ; they confirm scepticism and awaken no conviction ; they do not attract but repel the sincere seeker after truth. The work in hand is of too great moment to be handled without the profoundest care and the most thoughtful consideration of every word spoken and every act done.

It cannot be denied that a "revival of religion," as it is called, adds largely to the merely moral strength of society, and increases the number of those who honestly mean to do right. Every reader has known within his personal experience more than one instance of a bad nature made better,

of a degraded character elevated, of an unwise life made true and rational, by the acquisition of religious motives. Hypocrisy, humbug, conceit, vanity, fanaticism—these are words which fall easily from our tongues ; but the fact remains that hundreds and thousands are really in earnest. These accessions to the right-doing side of the population cannot be otherwise than of good import. It is unfair to weigh ordinary spiritual experience against that of larger natures—of Fenelon or of Pascal, of Wesley or of Channing. The real question is, Have we here a man who has resolved to walk uprightly in this world for the rest of his days ? If so, then society gains a good man in the place of a bad one, or one who might at any moment have become bad ; a good citizen instead of a possible felon ; a faithful mechanic or tradesman instead of a cheat ; an honest merchant instead of a fraudulent bankrupt ; a devoted instead of a neglectful parent ; a good Samaritan instead of a liver for self only. These surely are acquisitions which even the world need not despise.

Apart from the more solemn profession of the religious convert, is his promise that he will be honest and kindly ; that he will neither lie, nor cheat, nor steal ; that whatsoever of good his hands may find to do, he will do it ; that he will refrain from the vices which degrade, and impoverish, and kill ; that he will no longer be selfish and ungenerous, and that his works shall prove the vitality of his faith. There has been so much loose talk lately about religion, and churches, and preachers that we are in danger of forgetting that all our lives we have been surrounded by thousands of excellent men and women made gentlemen and ladies by grace, full-hearted and full-handed helpers of the sick, the needy, and the suffering, doers of the work whenever and wherever opportunity has offered, lovely in their lives, and credible because involuntary witnesses of the reality of their faith. To the number

of these a season of marked religious interest unquestionably must make large additions ; for though the weak may fall away, though the most vociferous may grow silent and the warmest cold, there will always be a remnant of stronger natures abiding to the end.

The chief purpose of Messrs. Moody and Sankey is the conversion of souls to Christ. What sort of men and women they expect their converts to become, their preaching and exhortations abundantly proclaim. Let us now look in upon them, the first Sunday in Philadelphia, Nov. 21st.

While the heavens wept over the departure of the Evangelists from naughty Brooklyn, the driving rain could not dampen the enthusiasm of thousands who were anxious to attend the initial services of the expected revival. From every part of the city the worshippers came, and for almost an hour hurrying streams of humanity converged to a focus at the old Exhibition building. The police arrangements, as indeed all the arrangements for the accommodation of visitors and the maintenance of good order, were perfect. By eight o'clock the grand auditorium was about two-thirds full, while the stage was occupied by over eight hundred persons, a large proportion of whom were ministers.

In the middle and close to the front of the platform sat the Evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, and the "sweet singer," Ira D. Sankey, surrounded by the gentlemen who were mainly instrumental in persuading the revivalists to come to Philadelphia. Messrs. George H. Stuart and John Wanamaker, who have had almost all the great work directly under their charge, were seated on the right of Rev. Dr. Newton, who presided over the opening services.

At precisely eight o'clock the doors of the vast auditorium were closed, and the hymn,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,"

was sung with fine effect by the choir. Dr. Newton then made a fervent prayer for the success of the movement so well begun, and asked for the blessing of the Holy Spirit on all workers in the cause. The 24th hymn was next given out, and hundreds of voices in the congregation soon joined in to swell the harmonies of the great choir on the stage. Then upon the little platform or pulpit in front ascended the leading spirit of all this congregation of worshippers, Mr. Dwight L. Moody.

"Now," said he, after announcing his text, "what is the use of these special meetings? I have been asked this question often. Are there not churches enough? Are there not ministers enough, and services enough, and sermons enough? Yes, if sermons could save sinners, there have been enough preached to convert the whole of Christendom. We have only come to help you. In time of harvest extra help is always needed, and, my friends, the harvest is here now."

He closed an earnest sermon on work as follows :

"While at Brooklyn, one teacher worked night and day with her class, and one evening told me with heartfelt joy that she had twenty-seven young ladies in the inquiry room. In less than two weeks the whole twenty-seven experienced a change of heart. Don't think because your children are little or young that they can't share the blessings of this revival. Bring them here, and we will save them. The power of Almighty God," added Mr. Moody, suddenly elevating his voice, "is in this hall this morning. *Do you doubt it?*" he asked, turning to the clergy upon the stage. "No," "No," "No," was answered. "Some time ago," continued the speaker, "a lady where we were stopping remained away from her Sunday school, saying that there were only five little boys in her class, and one day could make no difference. Did you ever stop to think what there may be to save in five little boys? In one little tow-headed boy may sleep the Reformation. In another may be a Wesley, a Whitfield, a Bunyan. Little did Andrew know what he was doing when he brought

Peter to Christ. May each one of you hunt up some Simon Peter and bring him to Christ ; find some persecuting Saul and bring him to Christ. One lady in London, by tireless and prayerful labor, succeeded, by the assistance of her husband, a wealthy barrister of the metropolis, in converting one hundred and fifty of their friends and acquaintances. In speaking of it with grateful joy, she said, ‘ We did not work ; we just laid ourselves out for Christ.’ That’s the way to do it. Don’t count your strokes ; just lay yourselves out. God help you to lay yourselves out for work. Go ye all into the vineyard ! Don’t wait for the harvest, for—hark ! ”

At this exclamation a thrill of indescribable anticipation seemed to pass through the breathless assembly, and then, after a pause, during which only the patter of the rain-drops on the roof could be heard, the speaker concluded with :

“ Hark ! the voice of Jesus crying,
Who will go and work to-day ? ”

The tones of Mr. Moody’s voice had hardly ceased before the same words were repeated by Mr. Sankey’s musical voice in a beautiful hymn :

“ Hark ! the voice of Jesus crying,
Who will go and work to-day ?
Fields are white and harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away ? ”

In the afternoon the throng was immense.

The hymns, “ Hear ye the battle cry,” “ Forward the call,” and “ Hold the fort,” were sung by Mr. Sankey, the choir joining in the chorus. No such singing has been heard in any of the churches, and the effect produced was all that the revivalists could have wished.

With few exceptions the clergy of the city are taking a hearty interest in the revival. Probably the Methodists are more active in assisting it than the other sects ; but Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, Lutherans, and, in short,

ministers of all the Protestant denominations, attend the meetings in the Depot Church, and participate in the morning assemblies for prayer. The general feeling among the clergy is one of gratified disappointment at the character of Moody and Sankey's effort. They had expected to hear something much more sensational—they feared, indeed, that it would be objectionably sensational—and they are delighted to find that Mr. Moody preaches only the soundest doctrine, and makes use of none of the theatrical devices of oratory employed by many professional revivalists. His earnest, direct, and humble appeals, his apt and familiar illustrations, and his way of preaching on a level with the hearts and heads of his hearers, is like a new revelation of the possibilities of pulpit oratory to many clergymen, whose well-turned periods and fine theological points have proved powerless to stimulate the faith of their congregations.

A Presbyterian minister, speaking to a friend after the meeting was over last night, said, "Moody's verbs don't always agree with his nouns, but I imagine that Peter the fisherman didn't talk very good grammar either. Moody's language, if not always elegant, never fails to convey the exact idea that he wants it to. Nobody can get a wrong or a doubtful meaning from it."

Just after the prayer-meeting this morning a Methodist minister, talking to a knot of brother clergymen, praised the revivalists warmly. "I declare it gives me new courage," he said, "to see people flocking to hear the Gospel in crowds larger than went to Barnum's Hippodrome last summer. Since the war it has often seemed to me that faith was dying out in the hearts of men. Any kind of a show or parade would draw a crowd, while we talked about the soul's salvation and eternal life to half-filled churches. I believe we are going to see a great awakening in this country. Moody and Sankey

are the Lord's instruments to begin the work. We have had hundreds of better preachers than Mr. Moody, but they made no impression on the masses. Why do thousands rush to hear him? Because the Spirit of God is moving the hearts of men, and he has been chosen to lead a great movement for the salvation of souls."

For one whole week Mr. Moody labored, not for the salvation of sinners, but for the regeneration of professed Christians. At every service hundreds of long-acknowledged church members listened with bowed heads and tearful eyes to the fervent exhortations of the Evangelists, who, casting aside all preconceived notions of church work, and preaching only love to God and devotion to the Saviour, brought to their awakening souls a vision of the blessings of true holiness more beautiful than even in their most unselfish moods they had ever before conceived. He did not preach, "Repent in order to avoid the wrath of an angry God," and thus wring an ephemeral obeisance from weak knees but cold hearts; he preached Christ crucified; drew for his hearers convincing illustrations of the perfect love of the Father, and urged them, with tears in his eyes, not to kneel from a sense of duty, but to cast themselves at the feet of the Saviour, and, with a heart overflowing with love, there seek to learn how to win others to the straight and narrow, but pleasant path of joy and peace.

Mr. Moody said: "Send thanksgiving, but praise to God is better. What we want to do to-night is to praise God for all His mercies, for all that we enjoy, and for all the glorious promises of an immortality. There is a great deal said at our meetings about prayer, but nothing about praise. In the Bible there are more passages referring to praise than to prayer. We want Christ, and if we are heard to praise Him, then will we be able to get to Him. What we want to-day is a praising Church. We can be praising God every day, even when in

sorrow. If we go through the world all the time with a long face, we will drive men away from Christ. There are so many people always borrowing trouble and looking on the dark side of the picture instead of praising God, that they are only in the way of men coming to Jesus. A man once severely cut his hand, and said 'Praise God,' and," said Mr. Moody, "I thought it was a strange thing to praise God for. On asking the man why he praised God, he said he did it because his hand was not cut off. You can see, then, that in the midst of affliction one can praise the Lord because it might have been worse. What we want is more sunny Christian men, who always have happy countenances; they go far toward making religion attractive and drawing sinners to a knowledge of their condition and the necessity of their seeking the Lord. If men praise God and are happy in the Church, the fire will be caught by others and spread until the whole Church becomes alive, and all are happy in the knowledge that Jesus is their Master. If there are any who should be happy, it is those who are sincere Christians, those who have come to Christ. The first thing a young convert always does is to pray, and when, in praising God, he sings,

'O happy day!'

how happy he is! If the ten thousand persons present could be induced to take Christ as their only friend and sing praises to Him, there would be such a shout as to almost raise the roof. We want to see the time when the streets are filled with people filling the air with songs of praise to Zion. When that time comes the people will be happy, because they have found Christ. When we stray away from God, we don't want to pray; but when we return to God, then we want to sing His praises. What we want to-day is a Church of workers, and when we have that we will have a praising Church.

When a man gets out of himself, becomes unselfish, and commences to work for others, he becomes a happy man, because he is doing God's service. If you want to praise God, go and do some work, lift up somebody, relieve the sick and comfort the heart-broken. By so doing it will be the best praise that we can give to God." The speaker said that some years ago he met a man who told him that he was going to take his family of five children to church with a smile. The man said to him, whenever he passed a house on a certain street he always looked at the windows where he saw children, and he always smiled upon them. Said the speaker: "Kindness to children is never forgotten; it is the way to reach their hearts and gain their affection." The children became so fond of seeing the man that they watched for him, and finally they said he was so good and kind that he must be a minister. They resolved one Sunday after he passed to follow him, and they did so; when they found that he entered a church, they also went in, and after service returned home and said that they heard the best sermon of their lives. They went again, and finally joined the church. The man said that he got them in with a smile. A crabbed and cross Christian never accomplishes any good; they are stumbling-blocks in the way of others, and prevent the building up of the Christian Church. Oh, that we may have live churches! What we want to do is to get rid of these dead churches, with their cold forms and ceremonies, and have them filled with live, happy people. The speaker continued in this strain for some time, and urged his hearers to come to Christ and be happy. When they did so they would continually praise Him for His goodness.

Mr. Moody then gave out the 25th hymn, which was sung by the choir and the entire congregation, led by Mr. Sankey. The people seemed to be deeply impressed with it, and such whole-souled singing by more than eleven thousand persons

has never been heard before in this city. It is in these words :

We praise Thee, O God ! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

Chorus—Hallelujah ! Thine the glory, Hallelujah, Amen.

Hallelujah ! Thine the glory, revive us again.

We praise Thee, O God ! for Thy spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.
All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins and cleansed every stain.
All glory and praise to the God of all grace, .
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
Revive us again : fill each heart with Thy love ;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

Mr. Sankey next rose from his cabinet organ, behind which he had remained seated during the service, and said : “ How many prodigal sons may be restored to their homes to-day ? The recurrence of Thanksgiving recalls to my mind a story told me by a very dear friend in Europe of a prodigal son who was saved by love. A wayward boy who could not be persuaded to do good, whose steps were only evil continually, was finally, at the request of his brothers, sent into the street. He went away, but on Thanksgiving day poor John, homesick and heartsick, returned. His father saw the poor wanderer at the door, and received him back to his arms. Then his brothers again demanded that the black sheep should again be cast out, but the father answered, ‘ No, no, my son John, I’ll not cast thee out ; come, gather around our board to-day.’ This overwhelming love was too much. The long-lost prodigal wept, the family knelt with him and prayed for him, and to-day that boy is one of the hardest workers for Christ to be found in all Europe. A father’s love saved him ! Let us remember that. Our friends may cast us off, but our heavenly Father will receive us if we only knock at the door. I will

now sing you the hymn 'Ninety and nine.'" Mr. Sankey here took his seat, and in a sweet voice sang with touching expression the words :

"There were ninety and nine that stately lay
In the shelter of the fold ;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold.
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care ;
Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine,
Are they not enough for Thee ?
But the Shepherd made answer : This of mine
Has wandered far away from me ;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

Never was our National Thanksgiving more perfectly symbolized than in the scene which yesterday morning gladdened the eyes of the Evangelists as they entered the old Exhibition building at Thirteenth and Market Streets to begin their early prayer-meeting. The seemingly limitless auditorium, decorated as it is in our national colors, with wide, beautiful expanses of pure white between the relieving tints, was almost filled with eager worshippers, whose very glances beamed with praise and thanksgiving, while, with many a benison and on silvery pinions, the light of opening day, descending earthward, poured in a flood of welcome through the glass-covered roof and rested on the picture like a dove of peace.

The preaching of Mr. Moody is irresistible in its effects ; so plainly is the teaching of the Saviour made, and so convincing is his argument in behalf of the religion of Christ and the great necessity of turning away from the paths of vice, that before a person is aware of it, he is unconsciously forced to make a public confession of his sinfulness and his desire to lead the life of a Christian.

"Go," said he ; " go to some hovel where a drunkard reels to every day. See the children run away and hide in terror when the besotted father staggers up the hill ; see the pale, haggard-faced wife tremble ; she bears many a scar made by that strong right arm on that defenceless body. Such a man may be here to-day. He may repent at last and secure the Lord Jesus. Then, in a little while, see what a change ! The little children will climb on his knee and clasp their loving arms about his neck ; the wife will wear a happy smile, and instead of the drunken song, you will hear

' There is a fountain filled with blood.'

Or perhaps he will remember a hymn his sainted mother taught him, and on the evening air will come the words

' Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.'

"That is what I call regeneration. May the spirit of prayer come on this assembly this afternoon. You may see many kingdoms, but except you be born again you will never see the kingdom of God. You may travel through your own country, and in California stand in awe before the great trees at which so many have wondered, but except you be born again you can never see the tree of life which stands in the paradise of God. You may stand on the banks of many mighty rivers, but except you be born again you never can see the river that bursts from the throne of God and runs through His kingdom. You may look with pleasure upon the jewelled crowns of the earth, but unless you be born again you cannot see the Crown of Life. You may meet with princes in this world, but except you be born again you cannot meet the Prince of Peace. A few years ago I met with a man who seemed happy and yet very, very lonesome. ' Have you no children ? ' I asked. ' Yes,' was the reply, ' I have one—in heaven.' He then showed me the picture of a beautiful child, about seven years of age, and said, ' I am glad she is in heaven, for while she lived I worshipped her, and when she was taken from me I almost cursed my Maker, for I was a cursing man. And when I was still in this terrible mood I

threw myself on the bed and at last I slept, and dreamed, I suppose, though it may have been a vision. I thought I was travelling along a desert waste, and at length came to a dark, fathomless river. I thought I heard the voice of my darling calling, "Father, come over; it's beautiful over here." Then I saw my precious one amid a choir of heavenly beings, and she kept on beckoning to me until I attempted to cross, but found I could not ford the stream. While I was looking for some way to get over, I heard a voice from heaven saying, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." I awoke a changed man, and now only live to meet her in that heavenly sphere where death can never again come. If my little one had lived I might have led her astray, but she is safe now, and I believe that a kind father will let me follow her.' Oh? how many of you," said Mr. Moody in conclusion, "have little ones beckoning to you from the other side of the river of death? Have you children, husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, godly fathers, or sainted mothers in the land to come? Only go to God, be born again, and meet them in the kingdom of God." At the conclusion of the sermon, Mr. Moody called upon those who desired to be prayed for to stand up, and fully two thousand rose to their feet, and stood with bowed heads and glistening eyes while the leader offered up a fervent supplication in their behalf.

Mr. Moody spoke on the prayers of Jesus, and said He was the example, for He was praying all the night before He chose the twelve apostles; and on every occasion where there was a special communication to Him from His Father in heaven, it came in answer to prayers. What we need is more of the praying spirit, that all who come to these meetings may be reached by the Spirit of God. Even those who are unable to get into the meetings are sometimes in that way led to a spirit of reflection. A man came to one of the services and found the door closed, and the words of Scripture rushed upon his mind, "And the door was shut." He said, "What if the door of heaven should be shut?" and was led to serious consideration, which resulted in his conversion. A lady in

Brooklyn had been praying that her son might attend the meetings. She had tried to persuade him, but he had refused. On the last of the services there, the young man thought he would go to the Tabernacle for the afternoon meeting. He found the gates locked, the building being full. He went into the overflow meeting, and heard Mr. Needham. That afternoon he was converted, and his mother's prayers were answered. There is nothing for which we may not pray. Jesus prayed at the grave of Lazarus; and we may bring our dead sons and daughters to Christ that he may give them spiritual life.

Rev. Dr. Newton said he wanted to relate an incident which had been revived in his memory by the observations of Mr. Moody on prayer. Forty years ago, said he, I was a student in a theological college in New York, and was brought into intimacy with a graduate of West Point Military Academy, whose brother was a fellow-student of mine. The officer was a strictly moral man, of sterling integrity, but not a Christian. His brother one day spoke to him, and asked if he would not become a Christian. His reply was: "What more do you want me to be than I am now?" and his manner was such, that the brother said no more, but determined to pray for his conversion instead of arguing with him. The next winter the officer was ordered out West for frontier service, and his wife, who was a lady of high moral character and great attainments, was in consequence temporarily separated from him, and went to live at Providence, Rhode Island. While she was there a great work of grace was progressing in the parish. She was among those who were brought to the feet of Jesus; and after she was converted, the minister, at whose house she was staying, asked if she would not join the church. She said, "I can't until I have written to my husband. I have never taken a step that we could not take

together since we were married. I can't put a barrier between him and myself until I have written to him and told him of the change in my life." She immediately wrote ; but before her letter reached him out on the frontier he had written to her, and their letters crossed. He said that for several days he had a strange feeling, such as he had never experienced before. He felt that he was unworthy and a sinner, and that he needed pardon. He had no Bible in his tent, and borrowed one from a comrade ; then he read about the way of salvation, and found light. He said in his letter that he had become a Christian ; so when her letter reached him, the wife was in possession of the glad news that both were following Jesus. Who can tell the joy there was in that family ? Although this occurred many years ago, and the dear fellow to whom I refer is now in heaven, the impression it made upon me will never be effaced, and I tell it to-day because it may lead others to pray for the conversion of those friends who do not feel their need of Christ.

After silent prayer for a few moments, during which it seemed that every Christian heart was lifted to God in earnest supplication—for the most solemn stillness prevailed through the house—the meeting closed with the Doxology and benediction.

MEETING FOR DRUNKARDS.

One of the most interesting meetings yet held by the Evangelists in this city, was that set apart especially for the benefit of drunkards who had been unable to conquer the demon of alcoholic stimulus. The congregation was much larger than on the preceding day, and, as would naturally be expected, very different in many other respects. Several hundreds of Christian workers, who have been regularly attending all the meetings, remained away, in order to leave as much room as

possible for those who were directly affected by the curse of intemperance. A glance over the audience showed a large number of temperance advocates and missionaries, several clergymen, and a few regular Christian workers. Almost all the other faces were new. There were old fathers whose white hairs had almost been brought in sorrow to the grave by the wayward steps of loved and almost lost sons; aged mothers, whose doubly refined features had been pinched by suffering, and once rosy, smiling lips blanched to whiteness by long-continued effort to choke back the sobs which will well up from hearts wrung by the anguish of seeing dear ones sinking into ruin; there were pale-faced, loving-eyed sisters, whose young lives had been nothing but woe instead of innocent, hopeful joy, and whose bright smiles had long given place to sighs over the downward course of some wilful brother. Here and there could be seen the bloated faces of blear-eyed drunkards, who glanced wildly around as though the strangeness of the situation was so overpowering that it required a great effort of will to remain, and not a few were accompanied by mothers, wives, sisters, or, perchance, sweethearts, who, having exhausted worldly means, had determined to lay their burden before the Lord. The great majority of all those who gathered in the Depot Tabernacle yesterday afternoon were as sad-faced and tearful-eyed a collection of humanity as it would be possible to assemble in one place. By far the largest proportion of the congregation were women, almost all of whom had evidently clutching at their hearts the agonizing image of some past or present experience with woe in its most terrible form. As the exercises proceeded it was interesting to note the change which gradually came over the scene. As Mr. Moody declared over and over again that the God who had once cast out devils could do it now, and would do it if only asked, and as fervent supplications for this Divine inter-

position were made, the cloud seemed to rise from all hearts, the noonday sun poured in upon the picture like blessed rays of hope; eyes long dimmed by tears beamed with a new light; lips so long tightly pressed by anguish smiled with a new-found joy, and dissipated faces lost their reckless look and became resolute in the strength of noble determination. It is probable that more than one slave was freed, and more than one heart made happy.

Rev. Dr. Newton read the requests for prayer. He said that as the day was set apart particularly for prayers for the intemperate only, only those which related to persons held by the demon drink would be read. Among the requests were twenty for prayers for intemperate husbands; ten for drunken fathers; twenty-five for dissipated brothers from sisters; and ten from widows for intemperate sons.

Rev. Dr. J. Wheaton Smith also offered a fervent prayer for the salvation of those who were unable to take even the first step towards saving themselves. He asked for comfort for aged hearts, for wives and daughters and sisters, so that they could feel to-day the joy of thanksgiving, and asked special blessing on those who were engaged in the unhallowed traffic, that they should be taught that all happiness on earth or in heaven would be lost if they should continue in their present course.

The congregation then rose, and with heartfelt earnestness translated into the harmonies of sound the words of the 3rd hymn:

“I need Thee every hour.”

Mr. Sankey stopped the singing at the third verse and said: “Now we should like to hear every one in the house who believes that he does need the Lord join in that chorus:

“I need Thee, oh! I need Thee.”

Thus adjured, every voice seemed to combine with every other to fill the grand auditorium with the musical reverberations of the beautiful supplication, and the waves of harmony rolled mountain high through the seemingly limitless structure.

Rev. Dr. Hatfield, in referring to the course of intemperance, said there was, humanly speaking, no hope for a drunkard. Only in rare instances could the victim of alcoholic stimulants be saved. But nothing was too hard for God to accomplish, and he wanted his hearers to try and have faith in what seemed an utter impossibility. At one time the speaker could not force himself to have full faith, but a number of instances which had since been brought to his attention, had proved to him how weak had been his confidence in God. One of these instances was the case of a man who was so completely ruined by drink that when at last he showed some sign of repentance the speaker thought he must have some evil design. But the man was prayed for again and again, and these prayers were answered, for he has been a sober, industrious, respectable citizen for the last eighteen years. "Father" Martin next offered a prayer for the salvation of drunkards. Mr. Moody said he noticed an aged man the evening before urging a young man to go into the inquiry room. Afterward, when he went into the room, he met that father and the youth together and prayed with them. The old man, with tears in his eyes, then said: "Mr. Moody, I live twenty miles out in the country, and came all the way here to-night to thank you; for this afternoon I received a letter from my son, who has been attending these meetings, and is now converted." "Is this young man also your son?" asked the speaker. "No," was the unexpected reply; "he is a stranger to me." "This," continued Mr. Moody, "was the most beautiful part of it. The old man had come

to thank us for assisting in his son's conversion, and had seized the opportunity to urge some other man's son to seek the Lord. Now we ought to lift our eyes above all human belief, and remember that Christ has the power to help every one who asks for his divine aid. But some say, 'It has become a disease with me; I can't help myself; my soul don't need a physician; it is my body that is sick.' But don't you suppose Christ can heal your body? He has power over disease. The Great Physician never fails. Some mothers say, "My son is dead to everything that is pure; dead to everything that is holy." You remember the child that was dead and Christ raised it up when asked to do it? You will find Him able to raise up any child of the flesh, whether dead or not. Christ has power over devils, over disease, and over death. In London I saw a great many incurable hospitals. They did not need anything of the kind when Christ was on earth. No case was incurable then. Now let us pray that He will cure this disease of drunkenness.

"Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for such a Saviour as Thou hast sent, and now we come to-day to ask that Thou wilt rebuke the devils who have taken possession of fathers, and brothers, and sons, and cast them out; make bare Thine arm to save these drunkards; bless these strangers who have come to us to-day. They are strangers to us, but not strangers to Thee; heavenly Father, help them, raise them, so that soon a band of men who are now the slaves of strong drink may be working for His glory. While the infidels are mocking and scoffing and saying, 'God cannot save drunkards,' O God! make bare Thine arm and show them Thy strength; show them that God can save the lowest drunkards, and it will be to Thy great glory. Amen."

The 56th hymn was then sung as follows :

“ The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus ;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh ! hear the voice of Jesus.

Chorus—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus ! ”

Rev. Dr. Breed arose and said he had long felt the strongest sympathy for those who were suffering from that particular evil, and he knew there was not a minister living who did not feel in the same way. In all such cases the man was still the same. It was only the appetite which was unconquerable. All had heard of the member of Congress, who, when asked to sign the pledge, said, “ Sign it, yes ; and then I would cut off my right arm if that would compel me to keep it.” Don’t think there was no hope. A lady of this city, who once had a drunken father, many and many a time had gone out to look for him at night, and, finding him in some saloon, would stand in the cold and snow until he came out. The touch of her hand would turn him, and he would follow her staggering to their home. One evening, while the keen winds of winter swept down every street, and a freezing sleet covered everything with a coat of ice, she attempted in the same way to lead him home, but he staggered and fell on the pavement. She bent over him, trying to revive him, and when he returned to consciousness her hair was frozen to his lips. She succeeded in getting him home alive, and in less than one month afterwards he completely reformed. A converted rum-seller in the audience then arose and said he was once a dealer in the accursed stuff, but now thanked God that he would never again touch the hell-distilled fluid or raise it to the lips of a brother. Rev. Mr. Newton prayed earnestly

that all who were struggling for salvation might be saved by the grace of the Holy Spirit, and that those who had sunk so low that they had no desire to rise, might be brought to see the terrible error of their ways and helped to redeem themselves before it was too late. The congregation then united in singing the 89th hymn :

“ Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin ;
Each victory will help you
Some other to win.
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

Chorus—Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you ;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.”

This hymn was sung with a will, all joining most heartily in the chorus. It was then announced by Mr. Moody that another meeting of the same character would be held next Friday at noon, and the meeting adjourned.

Mr. Sankey, with all his enthusiastic love of the Father, for whose worship all hymns were written, never forgets that flesh is very weak, and must be helped by all the means which can be provided. He therefore usually selects hymns for the opening praise with a light, joyous melody, which soon brings all hearts into sympathy, so that, as the services proceed, the majestic movement and grand harmonies of familiar long-metre hymns do not roll ineffectively around souls still insensible from worldly influence, but sweep in resistless waves of music along the tenderest chords of the human heart, lifting the soul far above the burden of clay which weighs it to the earth.

When a meeting is held specially for young men, it is

always better that those for whom it is intended should take the most prominent part in the exercises ; but every one who has had the management of such gatherings will readily appreciate the difficulty that is always experienced in carrying this rule into practice. What is needed to make young men's meetings full of interest and productive of benefit is short addresses, prayers, and little crumbs of experience incident to a young man's life ; and when twenty or thirty participate within an hour, each contributing to the spirituality of the occasion, there never need be any fear of a dull meeting. A word of encouragement from an old Christian, who has a young heart, is always welcome and beneficial ; but when the aged brethren monopolize three-fourths of the time, as is sometimes the case, with long, prosy, and wearisome sermonizing, all the soul of the meeting is effectually stamped out, and the time is, of course, then wasted.

A happy suggestion was made and acted upon. Mr. Moody announced on Sunday that the following evening a fathers' meeting would be commenced at Dr. McCook's church, Penn Square ; "and henceforth," said he, "nobody over forty years of age will be admitted to the young men's meeting. I put the limit at forty, because that will just allow me to go there when I want."

Said Mr. Moody : "I was never more shocked than on one occasion when a father said to his son, after he had returned from a meeting of this kind where he had given his heart : 'My son, I always hoped that you would become established in business before you gave attention to matters of religion ;' but I don't believe one father out of ten millions would say such a thing as that. It is better to go up to heaven from the poor-house than to go down to hell in a gilded chariot. What is there to be gained by losing your soul and thinking only all the time of riches ?" The

speaker said that he would rather lose his eyes ten thousand times over than to lose his soul. He then narrated an incident of a little child who had been run over and killed, and the news was taken to the father by the superintendent of a Sunday school in Chicago, and when the superintendent told the father he arose like a wild man and rushed to the mother, and she cried out to be taken to see the child ; but the good man told her that the child's body was so mangled that it could not be recognized by her. The superintendent said to Mr. Moody that he would rather do anything again than to bear such news to a family and witness such a sight. The speaker said that it would be better to lose everything than to lose your own souls. The little child went to heaven ; it would have been far worse to have borne the news that their little child's soul had been lost. Let the news go up to heaven to-night, "Saved." Strive to enter heaven by the straight way. A man has but to will to do a thing, and it will be done. God has done all he can for you. He has sent His only Son to save you, and if you will to be saved you will find comfort, peace, and happiness. It is for you to decide to-night whether you will serve the Lord or will take the side of Satan. Since the fall of Adam, Satan has been a usurper ; he has no right to this world. The Son of Man has come to seek and save ; He is here now to seek and save. Are you willing to be saved now ? No matter how dark and deep your sins may be. He can pardon your sins if you will only come to Him. Christ comes to you to-night to carry you over the dark river, if you will only let Him. Sinners, won't you come to Jesus to-night ?

MEETING FOR WOMEN.

The afternoon service, which was exclusively for women, may be said to have commenced the actual work of the re-

vival. The meeting was one never to be forgotten by any who were present. At two o'clock the doors were thrown open, and the crowds began to pour in until before half-past three all available space was crowded. More than eleven thousand women gathered at this religious service, the ushers and reporters being the only men allowed on the main floor. By far the larger portion of the occupants of the platform were ladies representing the upper and middle classes, while here and there could be seen poverty-stricken needlewomen who in their battle for life had been unable to find time to think of the life to come. Fully three hundred members of the combination choir were in their seats, and on the stage were many prominent clergymen. Said the Evangelist: "You have seen the murderer before the court of justice. If he had a mother she was there with him. She was not ashamed of him, but would say, 'Guilty or not guilty, he is my boy, and I love him.' How such a mother clings to her son's side every moment possible! How she watches every witness who comes to testify against her own! How she weeps and prays with him in his narrow cell! and when at last the verdict comes in, 'Guilty,' the loving heart-strings break at last, and the mother is carried fainting, almost dead, from the room. But her boy still lives for a few hours, and she comes back. She follows him to the scaffold, and suffers a thousand deaths while he is suffering one." At this point the loud sobbing of a woman in the audience became so painful that for a moment the speaker could not proceed. Recovering himself, he said: "Such is a mother's love, and yet your Heavenly Father loves you more dearly, more devotedly than a mother ever can." All who desired to be prayed for were then requested to rise, and at least three thousand persons stood up.

INQUIRY MEETINGS.

Mr. Moody then rose and said :

“I want to say a few words to you to-day about the inquiry rooms. Many persons talk about them as though they were something new, and ask what is the object of such places? We have been much hindered in our work by people who, night after night, come as spectators, as though we were all on exhibition. I think it is very strange that any Christian should not understand the object of inquiry meetings, for they are not an innovation. Look at the third chapter of Luke and at the ninth verse: ‘And now also the axe is laid at the root of the trees; every tree therefore which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire. And the people asked Him, saying, What shall we do then?’ Then there was an inquiry meeting at once. The people became anxious about the salvation of their souls, and wanted to know what they should do to be saved. ‘He answereth and saith unto them, He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise.’ That was an inquiry meeting. All the people wanted was a little advice, and that was given them. ‘Then came also publicans to be baptized, and said unto Him, Master, what shall we do? And He said unto them, Exact no more than that which is appointed you.’ That was another inquiry meeting. ‘And the soldiers likewise demanded of Him, saying, And what shall we do? And He said unto them, Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely; and be content with your wages.’ You see all classes of hearers were asking, ‘What shall we do?’ They were given special answers for special cases, and that constituted an inquiry meeting. Even John could not speak so plainly but that his hearers wanted more expounding. The object of inquiry meetings is to answer those who have special questions to ask. Many persons may be affected by a good sermon or touched by a fervent prayer, but each one may have peculiar difficulties to overcome, and unless these can be presented to some Christian who, having been through the same trials, can advise how to get rid of them, even the most anxious souls

may go away discouraged, and, what is worse, remain away. In the thirteenth chapter of Matthew we read, 'Now Jesus sent the multitude away and went into the house; and His disciples came unto Him, saying, Declare unto us the parable of the tares of the field.' There was another inquiry meeting at once. Even the faithful disciples of Jesus had questions to ask as soon as opportunity offered. In the fifty-first verse we find that the Master himself opened an inquiry meeting, for it says: 'Jesus saith unto them, Have ye understood all these things? They say unto Him, Yea, Lord.' There, you see, He was encouraging them to make inquiry. This is the only way the truth can be preached and be made effective. We must get right in among the people and answer the numberless questions which confuse groping minds, if we wish to bring souls to Christ. If there were more inquiry rooms there would be more effective preaching. In the eighteenth chapter of Matthew we read: 'Then came Peter unto Him and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him? till seven times?' This was an inquiry meeting started by Peter, and it is a very good thing that Peter went to the Lord with that question, for otherwise we never would have had this blessed answer: 'Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, until seven times; but until seventy times seven.' Christ always encouraged His followers to come to Him, and He was always ready to answer their inquiries. The preaching that does bring inquirers is just the kind the devil does not want.

"Another inquiry meeting is told of in the 19th chapter of Matthew: 'And behold, one came and said unto Him, Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?' In the 24th chapter of Matthew, still another inquiry meeting is spoken of: 'And as He sat upon the Mount of Olives, the disciples came unto Him privately, saying, Tell us, when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of Thy coming, and of the end of the world?' These all show how they used to have inquiry meetings in the days of Christ. In the 2nd chapter of the Acts we read: 'Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do? Then Peter said unto them,

Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.' In the 8th chapter of the Acts we hear of an inquiry meeting that did not take place after a sermon or in church, but away off in the desert. Philip found a poor eunuch out in the desert, and quieted his anxious spirit by telling him it was only necessary to believe in order to be saved. The eunuch was baptized, and went on his way rejoicing. The Bible is full of accounts of inquiry meetings. While Paul was at Rome there were at all times anxious persons hastening to his house and inquiring, 'What shall we do to be saved?' They did not go there to kiss Paul's great toe, but to find the way of life. Some people say you should not speak to persons after they have been listening to a good sermon, for you may disturb the seed already sown. Don't you know it's the devil who is most apt to disturb the seed? We should not only sow it, but harrow it down. All the workers in the inquiry rooms should carry their Bibles and have them ready for just such cases. When the inquirer is seeking for light you need not talk to him; hold up just the right passage from the Scripture and let him read it. The third class are those who are not convicted of sin. I met a man last evening who acknowledged that he had not been in a place of worship for eight years, but still he was very anxious to have me understand that he was not a bad man, though he did admit that now and then, when he became angry, he would swear. Now I knew the only way to do in his case was to get the law on him. So I turned to the 3rd chapter of Romans and read to him: 'And it is written, there is none righteous, no, not one.' Then I turned to Isaiah and showed him that the thoughts of the Lord could not be his. The only way to convict a man is to bring the law of God to bear on his conscience, and then when he fully feels his wickedness teach him to lift up his heart in prayer to God. There is generally in the inquirer either the spirit of the Pharisee or the spirit of the Publican. God be thanked for the spirit of the Publican. Don't give comfort to the Pharisee, or to the unconvicted. Show them plainly their wickedness. But when they are convicted and feel that nothing ever can wash away their sins, turn to the first chapter of

Isaiah and show them the 18th verse: 'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' What more comfort could be asked than this? Scarlet and crimson are two fast colors, yet the Lord can make them white."

The inevitable question, asked and answered so often, What is the secret of the power of these men? recurs to each new community where their influence is directly exerted. The frequent motive behind the inquiry is personal desire to enjoy and employ this secret in the service of Jesus. This becomes every honest worker, and justifies the attempt to unveil the hiding of their influence, for the information and inspiration of those who would fill the earth with redeemed souls. And again, in the midst of our gathered threads, we insert the answers to this problem, that they may be woven into the beautiful robe of their wonderful career.

There are two points here to be considered: 1. The occasion met these men, and, 2. They proved equal to it. If the capability had not been in them, they would have dropped into obscurity like hosts of others. But it is no less true that for lack of occasion great powers often lie concealed, not only from the world, but even from him whose they are. In Chicago, hundreds, even thousands, gladly heard Mr. Moody, and he there proved his efficiency in every department of the work he undertook. Had he not, it is by no means probable that a larger opportunity would have opened to him. When the enlarged opportunity was given, he showed a breadth of comprehension, a depth of insight, a control over large masses and a mastery of the myriad details of a great undertaking, such as his work in Chicago never would have called for. There is another consideration. Mr. Moody's powers have had development; his capabilities have not only been educed, but they have been improved by exercise.

Mr. Moody talks as if he knew just what he wanted to say, and was determined to say it. In this he is an example to Sunday school teachers.

His Christian experience was of a most positive kind ; and a vivid realization of the appalling fact that on every hand men were perishing eternally, moved him to the work which has now grown to such great proportions. In awakening the consciences of the unconverted and stimulating the activities of Christians, he possesses a rare power that none can fail to recognize. Herein lies his greatness. No one will claim for Mr. Moody the richness of language, the resistless pathos and humor, the wonderful mimicry and dramatic power that characterize the great temperance orator. But Mr. Gough does not more thoroughly hold an audience than Mr. Moody. We have heard the latter when every eye and every ear in his vast audience were riveted upon him—the place, the man, all else in the universe forgotten, while his homely sentences and pointed illustrations issued forth hot and glowing, radiant with quaint touches of imagination and varied by occasional sallies of quiet humor, the whole saturated with sincerity, and marked by the simplicity of a child-like faith. This was oratory of the truest sort. There are many men who talk as effectively as Mr. Moody *for a little while*, or occasionally. They can get the sympathy of an audience when they chance to be in the vein ; but it is a very different thing to be *master* of an audience. Mr. Moody is always that ; at his best superlatively so.

The one unmistakable cause of the great interest attending these two brethren is the conviction that God is with them. Among the natural agencies which he is using through them are :

An irrepressible ardor of personal conviction ; the simplicity, quickness, and brightness of speaking ; the speaker's

utter forgetfulness of himself ; no parading of his own sanctity or humility ; of his own goodness or badness, or of himself in any way ; an unaffected, loving regard for his fellow-men ; a real and affectionate interest in them ; and a hearty, genial way of showing it ; the entire naturalness of manner wins and holds attention. There is none of that straining after effect which is so apparent and so odious in some professional " revivalists ; " no solemn farce, no cant, no sentimentalism. He appears to be among Evangelists what Walter Scott was among writers—a sturdy, wholesome, *manly man*.

Mr. Moody owes none of his success to fiery enthusiasm, sensational exhortings, or clever advertising, as many devotees, not to religion but to special church organizations, so confidently asserted. He owes it all to simple earnestness, unerring judgment, and that never-failing conservator of human effort—method. Most of his brothers of the cloth, knowing that their congregations are composed of representatives of many classes and conditions of life, and honestly desiring to preach and pray as much for one as another, forget that homeopathic principles cannot be extended to include the soul diseases which the Great Physician came to cure, and thus continue to dilute the current of their endeavor by attempting to preach on all sins and to all sinners at the same time, until such infinitesimal portions are dispensed to those who need special aid that their work is, after all, but love's labor lost. Mr. Moody, from the very start, has been as systematic in his work as an astronomer laboring to master the secrets of some newly-discovered planet. He is not content with simply giving his life to the cause of religion, trusting to some higher power to carry home the arrows shot at random, but so husbands his strength, so concentrates his energies, and so persistently directs his efforts to the special

work of the moment, that every word is made to tell, and each succeeding sentence carries more and more conviction to the hearts which it is intended to influence. It will be remembered that, contrary to all precedent, the Evangelist commenced his work of regeneration, not with the unconverted, but with professed Christians. Ignoring the sins of sinners, he preached only of the sins of saints.

Curious as it may appear, the great Evangelist seems instinctively to have adopted in his spiritual warfare with Satan precisely the same tactics which, originated by the great Napoleon, was the secret of his numberless and marvellous victories. Napoleon never made a direct movement until he had so divided the battalions of the enemy that by a *coup d'etat* he could concentrate his whole force on one subdivision, thereby gaining a certain victory without material loss, and thus continuing until the enemy was reduced to fragments and routed. The Evangelist, in his crusade against evil, follows exactly the same plan. Instead of imitating the Church, and firing indiscriminate and ineffective rounds into the well-trained ranks of the enemy, he persuades the sinners to divide themselves into clearly-defined classes, and then concentrates his whole force on the separated fragments, with, as a result, an amazing number of unconditional surrenders. But, besides Mr. Moody's earnestness and attention to system, there is back of all an overpowering strength of will, made peculiarly effective by a large amount of animal magnetism. These qualities combined would raise any man of ordinary intelligence above his fellows ; but when this power is controlled by intense religious feeling, it not only raises the leader above his fellows, but his fellows above themselves. Who shall describe the Evangelist's preaching ? He is not oratorical, or rhetorical, or even logical. His brightest ideas are not æsthetic, and his most effective appeals are not pathetic. Still, he has the faculty

of selecting the very arguments or illustrations which will most affect the particular heart he desires to touch, and of presenting those arguments or illustrations in such a gleaming light of plausibility as to throw into a shadow every opposite thought which chance may evolve. When speaking to parents, he invariably tells of the beautiful children who stand beckoning to their loved papa and mamma from the summer land ; when talking to sons and daughters, he adjures them by their white-haired father or sainted mother to hasten onward to the place of pure delight where all who loved may be again united. He appeals to husbands to reform for the sake of their loving wives and innocent children, and to wives to come to the Father for the sake of their wayward husbands and helpless babes. There may be art in such methods of making truth patent, but with Mr. Moody it has the effect of the perfection of art—artlessness.

THE HARVEST GATHERED.

The third week of the Evangelists' labors among the unconverted in Philadelphia, drew to a close on Saturday, Dec. 11th.

At the end of a fortnight their special work, that of arousing members of churches to activity and individual effort, was probably as far advanced as at Brooklyn when the Evangelists had ended their month's labors ; but then it must be remembered that the City of Brotherly Love had caught inspiration from the glorious and successful meetings in Brooklyn, which will always be remembered as initiatory of a revival that promises to be widespread, if not national, in its influence and extent. There were some difficulties to be overcome when the work was begun in Brooklyn, which did not present themselves in Philadelphia. When the Evangelists came here on

the 21st of November, it was no longer a matter of doubt that in their own land, as well as in the British Isles, great crowds would be attracted to listen to Mr. Moody's earnest talks and Mr. Sankey's sweet gospel sermons in song. Something of the methods by which the multitudes were to be reached and brought under religious influences had begun to be appreciated; the efficiency and important mission of the inquiry meeting were recognized, if not generally, at least in part; and so the special work in the City of Churches, while it has brought forth lasting fruit in the conversion of many souls, and might have been still more effective had it been of longer duration, was also influential here in Philadelphia, and in many cities and towns, through the medium of the press, as sounding the preliminary bugle notes which called the Lord's hosts to battle.

A great work has been done amongst the young men. Meetings were conducted each evening by Mr. John Wannamaker in the Broad and Arch M. E. Church, at which the average attendance has been little short of five hundred. Here many conversions have taken place; young men have learned to talk to young men, and with loving entreaty and kind sympathy lead them to Christ. Mr. Moody spoke to those who gathered at this meeting, and incited them to band themselves together for a canvass of the city, that they might bring many strangers to the meetings and make their influence felt in all parts of Philadelphia. Not only was this work recommended, but hints were thrown out that a still more important mission might be given to the young men of this city. Philadelphia, he said, was a great centre, and there are hundreds of towns and villages in all the surrounding country where special meetings might be held and become productive of most wonderful results. "A thousand young men are wanted," he said, "to devote themselves to Christ's service."

Excursion trains were running almost every night, bringing in hundreds to the meetings. Thus the village churches and country ministers were aroused, quickened, and encouraged, and a spirit of energy and Christian zeal very widely infused.

Judging from Mr. Moody's own words, the results have been more than satisfactory—they have been surprising. More converts are believed by the Evangelists to have been made during the past week than in any other week ever spent in America. The inquiry rooms, so often explained and so ably defended by Mr. Moody, have been full almost every evening, and a large proportion of those converted have at once become workers for the salvation of others. There were on Sunday three regular services, the first in the morning for Christians, the second at four o'clock for women, and the third in the evening for men. At the early morning service the Evangelists were greeted with a congregation of over 6,000 Christian workers, supported by an excellent voiced and well-drilled volunteer choir of 500 members. The choir has been so perfectly trained, under the direction of Mr. Fischer, that it has become one of the best organizations of its kind ever drawn together in the city. The services opened with the 11th hymn,

“ I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,
A dear, loving Saviour, though earth's friends be few ;
And now He's watching in tenderness o'er me,
And oh ! that my Saviour were your Saviour too,”

which was sung by the whole congregation with much spirit and rare grace of expression for a body of 6,000 or 7,000 singers, most of whom were strangers to each other. The words, “ For you I am praying,” were repeated in the softest of echoes. The 87th hymn,

“Lord, I hear of showers of blessings,
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing ;
Let some droppings fall on me.

Chorus—Even me, even me,
Let Thy blessing fall on me,”

was next sung by the choir, led by Mr. Sankey, whose sweet voice rang out pure and clear above the multitudinous harmonies, like the notes of a silver flute amid the fortissimo tones of a powerful orchestra. Wm. B. Dodge, of New York, then made a prayer, asking that, in the spirit of the hymn just sung, all might move forward through the day, and that the Lord might grant to each and all a Sabbath day's blessing. He prayed that all might be quickened in their efforts for the advancement of His glory, and that clearer views of the beauty of salvation, as well as of the pains of eternal death, might be given. He prayed that His servant, Mr. Moody, should be strengthened and be able to speak like a dying man to dying men. The 79th hymn,

“Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night,
Oh ! what shall the harvest be ?”

was next announced. This, whether regarded from a Scriptural, poetical, or musical standpoint, is one of the most beautiful hymns in the collection ; and it has become such a favorite that nearly all singers have learned it, and now as the familiar notes of the chorus are touched by Mr. Sankey, the sweet melody, rich harmony, and rather intricate movement are perfectly followed by thousands of voices. The last verse, “Sowing the seed with an aching heart,” was sung

with affecting expression by Mr. Sankey, and as the echoes of the solo died away the choir could be heard repeating the chorus in whispers of melody. Mr. Moody then arose and read a part of the twelfth chapter of Romans. After which the 170th hymn,

“Hark ! the voice of Jesus crying,
‘Who will go and work to-day?’”

was sung by Mr. Sankey to the beautiful tune of “Your mission,” which became such a favorite with the martyred President Lincoln.

The theme and spirit of the two compositions are very similar, the latter being religious, while the original, though far from irreligious, was still better adapted to secular than purely devotional occasions. Mr. Moody preached an eloquent sermon from the text, “Occupy till I come,” Luke xix. 13. He said the Church had been divided by some one into four very familiar classes. First, there were the destroyers, who found their way into almost every congregation and proved destructive to prosperity, as well as to peace and harmony. Then there were the obstructors, who continually opposed every movement, whether good or ill. Next came the idlers, and finally the workers. “Now, which of these four classes do you belong to?” continued Mr. Moody. “I shall judge no man ; take your places as you please ; but if you have faith in Christ you must desire and occupy till He comes. The Church seems to have gone into camp and become demoralized. Some of its members have gone in simply to sleep and rest. I heard of one man who left one church where he had been a hard worker, and wanted to enter another, but said he did not want to do any work. ‘Oh !’ said the minister, ‘you have made a mistake ; you should apply to my neighbor, who is pastor of the Church of the Heavenly Rest.’ I think

very many more churches could appropriately be named the Heavenly Rest. Some people think because they can do but little their efforts are of no use. When Moses told Pharaoh that his God could remove the plague of the frogs, Pharaoh said, 'Oh ! I don't think much of your God if He is the God of such an insignificant little thing as a frog.' 'Yes,' replied Moses, 'but there are a great many of them.' Let us remember that we may be little, but if there are only a great many of us we can do a great work. We must remember that each one of us has talent peculiar to himself. I can't sing like Mr. Sankey, or carry on business like Mr. Stuart; I am not an organiser like Mr. Wannamaker; yet if I use my half a talent as such a man as Rev. Dr. Dodge uses his ten, I will receive the same reward." Mr. Moody here spoke of a number of interesting instances of men using for the Lord such talents as He had given them, referring particularly to a Quaker in London, who, being unable to talk, sing, or otherwise labor, had expended his fortune in printing and circulating tracts. "This man," said Mr. Moody, "has already sent out more tracts than all the American and London publication societies combined, and he is now in daily receipt of piles of letters from people who have been converted all over the world."

The speaker also told of a gentleman of fortune in England who had spent the past nine years in searching through the slums of London and educating the gamins whom he rescued. Referring to the responsibility which all Sunday school teachers assumed, he told of a little girl who was converted by her teacher (who probably afterwards forgot all about the child); that child grew up, became the mother of ten sons, all of whom were led into "paths of peace," and six of whom became ministers of the Gospel. At the conclusion of this sermon, those who were willing to try to save even one soul during the

week were called upon to stand up, and fully two-thirds of those present rose to their feet. The persons who desired to become Christians were next requested to rise, and one-half the remainder stood up.

“Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path,”

was next sung as a solo by Mr. Sankey, the choir joining in the chorus :

“Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
For our reaping by and bye.”

Mr. Moody then read the parable of the ten virgins, from the 12th chapter of St. Matthew, and as he concluded Mr. Sankey exquisitely sang the new hymn, “The wise and foolish virgins.” The latter part of this hymn is an adaptation of Balfe’s “Too Late,” and was rendered by Mr. Sankey with rare beauty of expression.

Mr. Moody next read a few verses in the 14th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke, in which the parable of the marriage supper is written. “I wish,” said Mr. Moody, “to call your attention to the words, ‘I pray thee, have me excused.’” Though 1,800 years have rolled away, we find people still with one consent praying to be excused. It was not a pestilential hospital to which they were called, but to a marriage supper. To-day the King of kings sends an invitation to every human being to be at the marriage supper, and yet how many want to be excused. Suppose the Lord should take you all at your word and then lay the hand of death upon you? What a wail would go up from this city of Philadelphia! Suppose He should cease trying to compel you to come in, and just quietly shut the door upon you, have you ever tried to think of the anguish which such a change would bring? If all who wanted to be excused should be taken

away, the grass would soon be growing in the streets of Philadelphia. There would be a good many shops shut up, there would be no saloon-keepers left, and I would have a very small audience here to-morrow night. Now, look at the excuses which these three men gave. The first said he had bought some land, and must needs go and see it. Now, when men buy land they go and see it before buying it, and even then would not start off at supper-time. The answer bears on its face the fact that it was a downright lie. The excuse was manufactured. The second man had a more absurd excuse than the first. He said, 'I have bought a yoke of oxen and must needs go and prove them.' That excuse was manufactured also. Men don't buy oxen and then prove them; they prove them first and buy them afterwards. More than that, the morning, not the evening, is the time to prove oxen. That excuse shows in itself that it's a lie. Then the third man could not come to the supper because he had married a wife. Why, if he had a wife, this fine banquet was just the place she would most like to attend. That excuse also was manufactured. Just notice how miserable all these excuses are. Now, I want to ask this audience just one question, Have you got a better one? Can any one get up here and say, 'Mr. Moody, I have a good excuse?' I never saw any one in my life who had a better excuse, and few have as good ones, yet even these, poor as they are, are manufactured. Look at some of the excuses we hear in the inquiry rooms. Some say, 'Oh! it's so *hard* to serve the Master.' This is a mistake, Christ is an easy Master. 'The way of the *transgressor* is *hard*.' I stand here as a witness that my God and my Saviour is not a hard Master. Another excuse is that the inquirer don't understand the Bible. Now, I don't believe that excuse will stand the light of eternity. I never met sceptical people that have read the Bible from back to back, and I know there is no book more misjudged. People will seldom judge of a new book until they have read it, but they willingly judge God's book before looking into it. More than that, the Bible was not made to understand. Don't give up the good old Bible until you can get a better book. You won't want to stand up before God and say: 'Lord, I was not saved because I did not understand the Bible.' Others excuse themselves

on the plea that there are so many hypocrites in the Church, and they don't like such company. Now, I admit that there have always been hypocrites in the Church, but is that a good excuse? If every man on the face of the earth is a black-hearted hypocrite, is that any reason why you should be? But if you don't like hypocrites you had better go to Christ, for not one of them shall sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb. Stay away, and you'll go with the hypocrites through eternity. Again, I fancy there is one in the audience who says: 'I am so vile that Christ won't receive me.' I know there is not one of you who can show me a place in the Bible where it says any one is so wicked that forgiveness is impossible. There is not a mother in the congregation who would not forgive a wayward child, and there is not a sinner in this assembly who cannot obtain forgiveness of the heavenly Father."

Mr. Moody concluded with a touching incident in his own experience, relating in affecting tones the simple story of a brother lost for years and years, but at last found and clasped in a forgiving mother's arms.

It has been proved by Mr. Moody, beyond doubt, that the consciences of men can be easily reached by honest, earnest endeavor and manly argument, when showy but soulless phrases would hardly penetrate beyond the ear.

At the conclusion of the prayer, Mr. Sankey took his seat at the organ, and with marvellous power of expression, sang the 6th hymn:

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold."

Mr. Moody then called attention to the 14th chapter of Luke, beginning at the 16th verse. After the parable of the marriage supper had been read, Mr. Sankey sang the 81st hymn:

"The Lamb's bright hall of song,
With its fair glory,
Beckons thee on.

Ref.—Room, room, still room,
Enter now.

Day is declining and the sun is low,
The shadows lengthen,
Light makes haste to go."

The refrain was sung by the choir in the softest of musical whispers, having the effect of the distant melody of heavenly choristers. Mr. Moody then rose and repeated the sermon of the afternoon, on the subject of the "Supper of the Lamb." While the leader spoke of the three excuses, and showed how absurd they all were, the attention of the vast audience became more and more intense, until, as he began to exhort his hearers to come to Christ, to forget self and seek the forgiveness of a loving Master, the vast sea of faces, as if by some irresistible fascination, turned fixedly towards the speaker, and every glance became fastened on the lips from which Christ crucified was preached. Then, as he concluded and called upon those who desired prayers to stand up, several hundred strong men arose, and, trembling with emotion, waited with bowed heads while Mr. Sankey exquisitely sang the 38th hymn :

"Come home, come home,
You are weary at heart,
For the way has been dark,
And so lonely and wild,
O prodigal child !
Come home, oh ! come home !"

As the echoes of the song of invitation died away, Mr. Moody lifted up his hands in prayer, saying : " Our heavenly Father, we thank Thee for this invitation to be at the marriage supper, and we pray that we all may accept it. As these who stand up pray to God, ' Be merciful to me, a sinner,' may Thy Holy Spirit search them out. May these young men

have courage given them, and let them not be ashamed of the Word of God. If there is a prodigal child here, oh, help the wanderer in his efforts to return !” At the conclusion of the prayer, over 1,000 men accepted the invitation to go into the inquiry rooms ; and as the throng were pressing forward the vast assemblage sang the 86th hymn :

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me.”

This hymn was repeated, and with each stanza hundreds more arose and joined the throngs pouring into the rooms where the Christian workers waited to receive and comfort them.

Never was the Gospel truth presented to erring man with greater force, and at no time since the inauguration of the meetings have such great results been seen. Hundreds flocked to the inquiry rooms, all anxious to know more of the love, mercy, and tenderness of the Saviour, and very many more left for their homes, for the first time giving any heed to the warning words of Him who came upon earth to call men to repentance, and who died that sinners might be saved.

At the Monday morning roll-call Mr. Moody said that, as usual on Monday, the early meeting would be devoted to reports of progress from all sources. He began by reading an affecting letter from a convert, who was spoken to only a week before. In the note the writer said he had not been in church ten times in as many years. But when he listened to the sermon his heart broke, and returning home, after being spoken to by Mr. Moody, he wept for his sins, and finally surrendered unconditionally to Jesus. A man in the audience next arose, and told of two brothers who started out one Saturday morning, became intoxicated, and continued in that state until Sunday afternoon, when their mother requested prayers for her wayward boys. Both afterwards

went separately and accidentally to the revival meetings, and, to the surprise of both, they met each other in the evening converted men. Mr. Cree spoke of a young man who, after many struggles, rose for prayers and was finally converted. Rev. Mr. Culver spoke of the work at the Grace Mission, where fifty persons went into the inquiry room, and thirty declared they had found peace. Many more cases had been noted in the congregation. A clergyman in the press box said that at a previous service he spoke to a man who happened to be seated at his side. The man acknowledged that he had come to scoff. He went to the inquiry room and was converted. Mr. Sankey referred to three men who had spent the whole of the morning meeting scoffing at the services, but who, upon being spoken to in a kindly manner, were easily led into the inquiry room, and soon afterwards led to the foot of the cross. A number of clergymen gave the most encouraging accounts of the progress and effect of the revival in their churches. Several young converts present related their experiences in their journey from darkness to light.

A young man in the back part of the audience arose, and in a trembling voice thanked the congregation for prayers and work which had helped to bring him, broken-hearted and repentant, to the foot of the cross.

Rev. Dr. Newton next called attention to the total absorption of the woman, in the chapter just read, to the will of God. She had a submission and a sublimity of confidence which all Christians should endeavor to emulate. When she was asked if all was well, she answered, though she knew the child was lying cold and lifeless on his bed, "It is well." "Let us, too, remember," continued the speaker, "that even if our prayers should not be answered, even if our dearest joys should be stricken from our lives,

we should be able to say, 'It is well.' The great principle of this movement should be entire submission to God and unfaltering confidence in His love."

Mr. Geo. H. Stuart next rose and related an affecting incident of a man who came into the inquiry room on the previous night, and after long years of infidelity at last was able to return to his wife, who had been so long praying for him, a Christian man.

Mr. Sankey also spoke of two cases for which he desired special prayers. One was a man who came to him the night before last and said he was one of eleven children, who all had become Christians but himself. He said he had once come to the meeting in hopes of finding Jesus, but could not. He came again on Sunday. "And then," continued the man, "when I heard Mr. Moody tell of that little child beckoning from the other side of the dark river, I thought my heart would break, for I had lost my only child only three weeks before. Oh! cannot you help me?" "I prayed with him there on the street, where we met," added Mr. Sankey, "and he went home with a changed heart." Another case mentioned was that of a young girl who was converted on the previous evening and afterwards informed Mr. Sankey that she was the niece of an eminent clergyman in Belfast, Ireland, with whom the speaker had long been acquainted. "I told her to write to him at once," said the speaker, "and to tell the uncle who had so often prayed for her while he has been carrying on the good work that his loved one had found Jesus clear across the sea."

Love to Christ will enable us to make sacrifices for Him without feeling it to be a hardship. In illustration of this, Mr. Moody related a touching story of the wife of an Indian missionary giving up her children to the care of Christian friends in this country, so as to go back to the mission field

where her own and her husband's labors had been before greatly blessed, and saying, just before she parted from them, "I want to say good-by without a tear, for I would not like my children to think that it cost me tears to serve Christ." Then besides working from love, let us also put ourselves in sympathy with the people we want to influence for good. A man who had just come out of the penitentiary and had no friends was won, and his hard heart broken, by just the kiss of my little girl. Let us put ourselves in the place of those who are in trouble and distress, get in sympathy with them ; then the Lord will bless our efforts. We must have a heart to weep with those who weep.

There were those who were affected to tears, so pathetic and yet so strikingly truthful were the words of the revivalist.

At a meeting presided over by Mr. Wannamaker, he said : "These are golden days for Philadelphia. But a little while and we were all under a shadow. The traveller who has been to Interlachen will remember a feeling coming over him as of some impending shadow of gloom. It was in some such shadow that we were until now ; like a mantle covering us come these days of brightness. To-night let this vast congregation join in the solemn prayer," he continued, "to the Lord for the great and glorious work that is now progressing amongst us." The hymn,

" Rejoice and be glad ! The Redeemer has come,
Go look on His cross and His tomb,"

was sung in such a beautiful and touching manner that an old gentleman sprang up at its conclusion from his seat on the platform and exclaimed : "I have frequently heard it said that Jesus loved a musical heart more than a musical voice. If that is so, I can tell you that here we have learnt

how both can be united." The old gentleman's remark appeared to intensify the quiet feeling felt by every one present as the musical sounds in waves of melody rolled along the peaked roof of the immense structure. Mr. Wannamaker at this moment requested the quire to sing

"I am so glad that our Father in heaven."

"I want to utter a word of thanksgiving," said Mr. Sankey, "for having been permitted to witness in this dear land this glorious spectacle. Often in the British Islands have Mr. Moody and I wondered, and hoped, and prayed that we might be able to spread the old story amongst you all. When your chairman came to England and told us that a wave of prayer was going through this city, we were encouraged. We now praise the Lord in our hearts that we have come, and that our efforts have been beneficial in their results."

A gentleman rose and said: "Among the most conspicuous persons at the Rink in Brooklyn was a man of over fifty years, by profession a reporter of the sensational sort. Entering into conversation with him the second evening, we found him partly intoxicated, ribald, sneering, and professing infidel principles. Inquiring further concerning him, we found that he had been several times in the city jail, for misdemeanors committed while under the influence of liquor, although originally a man of culture and polish.

"Time passed, and at one Friday evening meeting the same man, conspicuous by his commanding figure, sat in a back seat at the Simpson Church. I accosted him once more, and this was the answer:

"I am waiting to thank Mr. Moody, who under God has been the greatest blessing of life to me. I have given up my engagement, the temptations of which are such as no Christian

can face. And I am a Christian, a new creature—not reformed ; you can't reform a drunkard ; I tried that a hundred times—but regenerated, born again by the grace and power of God. I have reported sermons many a time, simply to ridicule them, but never had the least idea what true religion meant till I heard Mr. Moody's address on "Love and Sympathy" ten days ago, and I would not have believed there could be so much sweetness in a lifetime as had been condensed into those ten days. My children know the change ; my wife knows it ; I have set up the family altar, and the appetite for liquor has been so utterly taken away, that I only loathe what I used to love."

The most interesting part of the meeting was the story told by Mrs. Keen, of the way in which she was led, when 19 years of age, to give herself entirely to God ; of how many times she felt that she must give up everything to God before she could work for Him, and how at a ladies' meeting she was afraid to rise and say that she would give up her will to God because the ladies would say she was such a young, giddy girl. It would be all gone to-morrow, and, said Mrs. Keen, "they did say so. But I felt from that hour a different being—that it was all between God and myself, and it mattered not if I was thought singular, so long as I had this sweet feeling of rest and peace in my own soul. The thought came, Can I give my will to Him ? but I said, Lord, I take Thy will to be mine, so mine must be Thine."

At the close of the morning service an inquiry meeting was opened in Rev. Dr. McCook's church, and was continued all the afternoon. The attendance at this meeting was very large and the converts many.

Mr. Moody rose and said : "I will open the meeting with a very few remarks about the inquiry room. We have a great deal of trouble with people coming into the inquiry room on

outside business. One man pressed past the ushers yesterday and wanted to shake hands with me just because I was born in New England ; another wanted to see me because I once lived in Chicago ; others want to present requests for friends ; others want to talk on all sorts of subjects, and, because I cannot attend to them, think I am very rude. Now I don't want that impression to get abroad, and therefore ask all who desire to talk with me on purely personal or general subjects, to try and find some other time for seeing me." The leader next read from the 5th chapter of Romans, beginning with the 7th verse. Continuing, he said in all cases where persons had been blessed in the Bible they were asked to go home and tell their friends, and when they did this, either then or now, many more souls were at once led to Christ. He hoped that all young converts would confess Christ before the world, and thus be the means of leading hundreds and thousands of souls to the Saviour.

"After a man is a Christian I would work him day and night. I believe that for one man killed by overwork in the cause of Christ ten thousand die from laziness."

Mr. Moody, at the conclusion of his address, read a letter which he had just received from Manchester, in which a lady stated that all on behalf of whom she had requested prayer during the services in that city had been converted, except one, her brother, who had left his wife and family after bringing disgrace upon the family, and whose misconduct was breaking his father's heart. "This is really a story of grace," said Mr. Moody ; "for this lady says in her letter : 'If he would but come home there will be no reproach. Nothing but love.' Perhaps this man may have wandered in here this afternoon, or he may be in this country. Let us pray that he may be brought back, and that his family may rejoice over the return of the wanderer."

After preaching his famous discourses on "Heaven," Mr. Moody turned the tide of men's thoughts very sharply, and preached on "Hell," taking as his text two words from the parable of Dives and Lazarus, "Son, remember." "I can well imagine," said he, "that if you had known what I was going to preach about to-night many would have stayed away ; but I cannot afford to have it said that I held services in Philadelphia for four weeks and never once spoke about hell. 'Son, remember.' These are the words of the Lord himself. If any one of you has a servant, and you send him with a message, if he keeps back part of your message because he thinks it too harsh, you would dismiss that servant at once. I must deliver the message that the Lord has given me as I find it ; and if you have any quarrel about these words it must be with God, and not with me. The thought that we take memory with us into the other world is very solemn. We talk about forgetting things, but the fact is we never forget. Twice I have been very near to death ; and all my past life came rushing back upon me ; everything that I had done crowded upon my memory. My whole life came up before me, tramp, tramp, tramp. When God says, 'Son, remember,' all the past will be recalled. We talk about God's book of record ; but we will need no one to tell us what we have done, for He makes every man keep his record. Talk about God condemning us ; why, we shall condemn ourselves ; we won't want any one to condemn us. Memory will come up against us, and there will be no need of any witnesses to prove our guilt.

"A man who had charge of a swing-bridge opened it just to oblige a friend who said there was plenty of time for his boat to pass through before the train of cars came along. But a moment after the lightning express came thundering on and dashed into the dark waters below. The bridge-keeper, whose neglect had caused the disaster, lost his reason, and his life since has been spent in a mad-house. The first and only words he uttered when the train leaped into the open chasm were, 'If I only had !' and he has gone constantly repeating the vain regret. That will be the cry in the lost world, 'If I only had !' That is the cry of men who were living in Philadelphia a year ago. Ask the man in prison what it is that

makes his life so wearisome, and he will tell you, 'Memory, memory.' And in the prison-house of hell it is memory that makes the place so awful—to think what they might have been if they had but accepted Christ when He was offered to them. A young man met the deacon of a church one Sabbath morning and asked him the terrible question: 'How far is it to hell?' 'Young man,' was the reply, 'Don't mock such a terrible reality, you may be nearer to hell than you think.' They had only just turned the corner of the road and ridden a few yards, when his horse threw him, and he was picked up dead. Some of you went out of this building last night laughing and making merry; you mocked at the idea of heaven, and when its joys were offered you, you kicked them away like a foot-ball; but the time will come when you will remember that service. Some may go out to-night and drown the memory of this text in drink, but it will come up in the other world and then you can't drown it in drink. No doubt all the six thousand years Cain has remembered the terrible sin he committed, and has heard the voice of that loving brother whom he murdered. Has Judas ever forgotten how he betrayed the Son of God with a kiss? How that word has knawed away at his conscience these eighteen hundred years! I tell you there is coming a time when you can't forget. Memory is the worm that dieth not. It is the same Bible which speaks of heaven that tells us of hell. There is no place in heaven for unprepared men—for those who are unredeemed. Besides, what are such men going to do if they get there? Do you think that these rumsellers, who are destroying so many souls, bodies, too, as well as souls, and making so many widows and orphans—are they going to heaven without repenting and turning to God for salvation? Or these men that are cursing and blaspheming God—can they join in the songs of heaven? Your own reason tells you no. Now mercy and salvation are offered, but in the lost world there will be no 'Jesus passing by,' no praying mother, no praying wife there; they will be in another world, and between these is a great gulf fixed. Remember, you have got a praying wife to-night, perhaps she is sitting by your side. You can be saved to-night. God offers you salvation and mercy, and warns you, and pleads with you to be saved.

"It is but one step out of yourself into Christ. Perhaps a loved minister has been pleading with you for many years—there will be no ministers there. You may laugh and scoff at these meetings—but there will be no special meetings in hell. And this service to-night will come to you by and by ; you will remember how the preacher pled with you from this pulpit, and how Mr. Sankey sang. There will be no young man there putting his hand on your shoulder and asking you to be saved ; no Sabbath school teacher to lead you to Christ. Why not say now, 'I will turn to the God of my mother ; I will this night seek salvation ;' for God says : 'Then shall ye find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart.'

"I have heard people say, 'These meetings make men worse instead of better.' That is true—no one can pass through these special meetings without becoming either better or worse. When people have been stricken down by your side, and you still go on living in sin, you will soon get more and more hardened. The sermons that now move you will make no impression."

Mr. Moody related an incident of a man in Chicago, who twice determined to give his heart to God, but never had the courage to acknowledge Christ before his ungodly companions. When recovering from a long sickness he still refused to come out boldly on the side of Christ, saying : "Not yet ; I have got a fresh lease of life. I can't be a Christian in Chicago. I am going to take a farm in Michigan, and then I will profess Christ." "I asked him," said Mr. Moody, "How dare you take the risk ?" He said, "I will risk it ; don't you trouble yourself any more about my soul, Mr. Moody. I have made up my mind." I never left a man with a sadder heart in my life. The very next week he was stricken down with the same disease. His wife sent for me, and she said, "He don't want to see you, but I can't bear that he should die in such an awful state of mind." He says, "My damnation is sealed and I shall be in hell in a week." I tried to talk and

pray with him, but it was no use; he said his heart was as hard as a stone. "Pray for my wife and my children, but don't waste your time praying for me." His last words were: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved," and then the angels bore him away to judgment.

Dr. J. Wheaton Smith offered the closing prayer, and from two to three hundred persons entered the inquiry rooms, while the congregation sang: "Jesus, lover of my soul." Frequently upwards of forty clergymen, with many other Christian men and women, were engaged in conversation with those who are anxious to find salvation.

Prayer for the intemperate was again the theme of the noonday meeting, as on the two previous Fridays. There were not less than five thousand persons in attendance. Mr. Moody said he would again call attention to the new birth. "I don't know," said he, "of any other refuge for a man addicted to strong drink. Unless Christ give him a new nature, all his good resolutions and his efforts to reform himself will be of no avail. You can't find anything in Scripture which will justify a man in the belief that he can reform the flesh. It is only when the new life is given by God that he can resist temptation. Flesh is flesh, and you cannot improve it. Some one has said, 'God never mends anything; He creates anew.' It is of no use to go and tell a man he ought to reform; just tell him to give up trying and accept the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour. God does not put a new piece into an old garment. When God saves a drunkard he takes away all the appetite. Then a man does not have to give up the drink; he does not want it any more, has no desire for it. Why, I would just as soon go and eat mud as go into a saloon and drink. I have got something better.

"Some say, 'Oh, but I want something as a stimulant. Suppose you do, you can get better stimulants than drink.

When the Spirit of God fills a man's heart, and he gets a thorough acquaintance with his Bible, he has the best kind of stimulant. God wants every poor drunkard to become a partaker of the divine nature. Of course the natural man don't know what we are talking about ; we must be born of God before we receive spiritual strength ; with God's life in us we shall overcome. A man who has been intemperate for thirty years, and who would drink five glasses before breakfast, has just been reclaimed ; he says that all the appetite has been taken away. God can do this for every poor drunkard in Philadelphia, and he has done it for many during the last week or two."

Mr. Moody then read a letter from an inquirer who, while trying to do right, knew his love for Christ was not the motive. He had come to a meeting hoping some word might be spoken which would help him to decide the question, What should he do to be saved ? Mr. Moody continued : " It is better to have love for Christ than to lead a blameless life without love. Now, the subject for to-day will be backsliding ; but I wish to say, first, that very few who call themselves backsliders ever slid forward ; they entered the Church for some personal, social, political, or business reasons, and when they left it they were no worse than when they went in. Now, I want to speak to those who have really once been born of God. Such men may have slid backwards, but they are never satisfied, for any man who was once converted finds the world spoiled for him. In the 2d chapter of Jeremiah, you will find the question, ' What iniquity have your fathers found in Me ? ' What iniquity have you found in God that you should leave Him ? That's what the question means. A backslider don't leave a congregation or a people ; he leaves God. In the 19th verse you will find the words, ' Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy

backslidings shall reprove thee.' Do not think God can let such faults escape. The backsliders are the unhappiest mortals on the face of the earth. They seem to think it's a very light thing to break God's law, but God will punish them. God says to the backslider, 'I am married to you; I am merciful; but only acknowledge your sins and I will forgive you. Turn, O backsliding children! saith the Lord, for I am married unto you.' What words can be more beautiful than these? Why is it that these men have left such a Father? If you will only come back now you will have a warm welcome. But I believe many backsliders are still Christians outwardly, but they have been moving away in heart. They neglect secret prayer, and become very formal in public devotion. Now, one very great comfort is to treat Christ and think of Christ as a personal friend. If I should go from here to Chicago, I should bid good-by to my friends here before I started; but did you ever hear of a Christian going to Christ and saying: 'Oh, Christ! you have been a dear friend to me, but I must bid you good-by now. I am going away from you, and never expect to call again. Good-by, for I am going back to the world? Did you ever hear of any one backsliding in that way? I never did. You do not bid farewell to Christ; you just run away from him without saying a word. All you need do now is to come back, and Christ will receive you."

Sunday, the coldest day of the winter, seemed most forbidding for an early service. Nevertheless, at the eight o'clock service a congregation of seven thousand gathered to listen to Mr. Moody's address on "Daniel." Anticipation of a rich feast seemed written on many faces, for a goodly number had heard of the remarkable impression made by the delivery of this address in Brooklyn and in the cities across the Atlantic. Mr. Moody had an audience more sympathetic

and thoroughly earnest than perhaps any that has gathered on previous Sunday mornings. All had gathered expecting to obtain a blessing, and to learn some great lessons from the life of one of the greatest Bible characters ; and we venture to say no one went away disappointed. The meeting had been advertised as specially for young men, and probably three-fourths of those present were of that class. The address was a rapid review of the life of Daniel ; and great emphasis was laid upon the fact that at the age of seventeen he and his companions, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, were not afraid to come boldly as God's servants. When ordered to eat meat and drink wine from the king's table, which had been offered to idols, and therefore was forbidden to the Jews, they refused. That is often the turning-point in a young man's history to be able to say "No," when the first temptation of city life is presented to him. During an address which lasted three-quarters of an hour the most rapt attention was given throughout.

Mr. Moody spoke in the afternoon in continuation of his last Sabbath afternoon's subject, which was on the text, "I pray thee, have me excused."

Many people, he said, make the doctrine of election an excuse why they cannot accept salvation. He believed that the world had nothing to do with that word election ; it was only intended for the Church, not for the unconverted ; the only word that the unconverted had to do with is "whosoever ;" Christ settled the question by telling John to write, "Whosoever will, let him come and drink of the water of life freely." "Do you think that God offers the cup of salvation to all men, and then, just as you are going to drink, he snatches it away, and says, 'Oh, but you are not one of the elect?' God doesn't do anything of the kind. Some young people say that religion is going to make them gloomy, and they want to enjoy life before they accept salvation. Who told you that lie? Pardon for the condemned, bread for the

hungry, a feast in the wilderness—are these likely to make men gloomy? None are too young—and a marriage feast is just the thing likely to make the young happy. Some people stumble over their intellect, and say they can't understand religion. There are hundreds of things we believe that we cannot understand. Many parts of the Bible I don't understand; but I am not going to fight against my Lord with my puny reason.

“That excuse will not serve us on the last day. We can't say then that we didn't come because God gave us too much reason and intellect. Some make the excuse that they are too bad. We preach a Gospel for the very worst; but you can't clothe yourselves with your own righteousness; you must have the righteousness of Christ. Many think they must prepare themselves. God wants you just as you are in all your guilt and rags. If you come as princes he sends you away as beggars; if you come as beggars he sends you away as princes. Just because our hearts are so bad is the reason we need a Saviour; the harder the heart, the more need you have of Christ. Nobody tells us we must weep over our sins so many hours; it ain't necessary to shed tears to get into the kingdom of God. Feeling is the last plank the devil throws out just when a man is almost ready to step on the Rock of Ages. All you have to do is to believe—not believe yourselves, but believe in Christ. You can't give a reason for not accepting the invitation. All your excuses are a tissue of lies. Do you say you have not time? Make time. Say, as a lady did last week, ‘I won't leave this room until I have found salvation;’ and she went out soon after rejoicing in sins pardoned.”

At the close of the sermon no less than five hundred rose for prayer, and a very solemn feeling was prevalent throughout the vast assembly.

It not unfrequently happens that persons embrace the invitation to the inquiry room just for the purpose of airing their religious crotchets, or seeking the Evangelist's opinion upon some peculiar tenet to which they may be attached. Some are anxious to have an argumentative encounter on a doctrinal point, or an intellectual set-to as to the reasonable-

ness of some plain statement of Scripture. All such receive the cold shoulder from both Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey, as well as from most of their fellow-workers ; and the cavillers and questioners are beginning to learn that the inquiry room is no place for them, unless they come prepared humbly and honestly to seek directions from the Holy Spirit through conversation with Christian men and women.

A large party of gentlemen from Washington, who were invited to visit and inspect the Centennial preparations, took occasion to hear the Evangelists, and on Sunday evening, the 19th, the following distinguished persons were upon the platform : President Grant ; Hon. George M. Robeson, Secretary of the Navy ; ex-Gov. Jewell, Postmaster-General ; ex-Secretary Borie ; Hon. Geo. Bancroft ; Judge Strong, of the United States Supreme Court ; Governor Hartranft ; ex-Governor Joel Parker, of New Jersey ; ex-Governor Bigler ; Hon. Thomas A. Scott ; Col. Fred Grant and lady ; Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church ; Judge Buell, of New York ; ex-Speaker Blaine ; Hon. Morton McMichael ; General Patterson ; General Garfield ; Senator Christiancy, of Michigan ; Senator Wallace and wife ; ex-Senator Cattell ; Congressmen Wells, of Mississippi ; Thompson, of Massachusetts ; Purham, of Florida ; Judge Pierce ; Messrs. Geo. H. Stewart, G. W. Childs, and John C. Bulli.

When these prominent and well-known men appeared on the platform there was quite a commotion in the congregation, and many evinced a disposition to applaud.

Bishop Simpson made the opening prayer, and pleaded very earnestly for a blessing upon the President and his Cabinet, for the governors of states, and all in authority.

It was with great difficulty that Mr. Moody preached on Sunday night. He had contracted a severe cold, and the exertion of speaking during the early services of the day, and con-

versing with the inquirers for an hour besides, had rendered him very hoarse. As he warmed up in his discourse, however, his voice became, for the time at least, stronger and clearer, and he spoke with almost his wonted earnestness—at fully his usual rapidity. Governor Hartranft, on leaving the building, said that he had heard so much of Mr. Moody's power to influence a great popular assembly, that he had in advance formed a very high estimate of his ability as a public speaker. After listening to him he had come to the conclusion that all his friends had told him of Mr. Moody was not exaggerated.

President Grant expressed himself as greatly pleased with the entire service, being especially gratified with the singing of Mr. Sankey. Ex-Speaker Blaine thought Mr. Moody was a wonderful man, and others of the distinguished visitors who occupied seats on the platform expressed themselves in similar terms of gratification.

During the progress of the revival, the question often recurs as to the results achieved by such vast expenditures and labors.

Mr. Moody says truly, that the test of a revival is the prominence it gives to Bible study, the power it has in turning men to the examination of God's Word, that they may learn therefrom of their danger, their need, their duties, their encouragements, their helps, and their hopes. From the days of Nehemiah down to the present time, every true revival of pure religion has shown itself in a new interest in God's law and testimonies on the part of leaders and people.

Hence it is that the present great revival is a blessed and hopeful revival; for it secures a prominence to God's Word beyond anything which has been known since "all the people" of the Jewish nation "gathered themselves together as one man into the street," to hear and study "the book of the law of God," "day by day, from the first day unto the last day"

of the protracted meeting which followed their return from captivity.

Never in the best days of olden time was there anything like the present interest in Bible study, in the home, in the Sunday school, in the social religious meeting. More people are studying the Bible than ever before. A larger proportion of all the people are engaged in this study. The study is more systematic, more intelligent, more thorough, and more fruitful than at any former time. This interest in Bible study is not by any means exclusively a result of the meetings led by Mr. Moody. It is a result of the work of God in which the Moody meetings are a single element, and of which they are an evidence rather than a cause. But Mr. Moody works in the line of God's providence in this particular. He values Bible study. He urges it on all. He leads many to it. Through his labors and appeal Bible study increases, and its methods improve.

It was a remarkable and a most gratifying fact, that at the early morning meeting, on a dark, damp, chilly day, from six to eight thousand persons came together expressly to be told how to study the Bible to best advantage. Mr. Moody said that he counted it the most encouraging meeting he had ever attended in America. If he had been told five years ago that that number of persons would come together for such a purpose, on such a day, in the city of Philadelphia, he would have said that the man was crazy who suggested it. A very large proportion of all present at that meeting had their Bibles and used them freely, and very many in the audience were taking notes freely, as Mr. Moody told of the methods he valued in the effort to search out, and to profit by, the truths of the Bible. It was pleasant to hear that building "rustle wi' religion," as the thousands of Bible leaves were turned together at the leader's call.

If Mr. Moody's work in Philadelphia had no other result than the bringing of disciples, old and new, to the more intelligent and systematic study of the Bible, it would prove a rich blessing to the entire community. The entrance of God's words giveth light; it giveth understanding to the simple. God's words are able to make wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus. The believer is to be sanctified by God's truth. God's Word is truth.

Mr. Moody's valuable instructions on "How to study the Bible," will be found among the "Sermons," in the back of this volume.

The following letter from Mr. Moody to "the recent converts in Great Britain" will have an interest to many in this country; not only to "recent converts," but to some who have long been counted as believers.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS :—Since returning to America, in response to my invitation, I have received precious communications from many of you. Were it possible I would gladly reply to each; but, as I have not opportunity for this, I shall avail myself of the columns of *The Christian* to send to you a few words of greeting.

I praise God continually for what he has done for you in saving your souls through the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son. You are much on my heart, and in my prayers. But most glad am I to know, that when I cease to remember, Jesus himself bears each one of you in continual remembrance before his Father. You are graven upon the palms of His hands (Isa. xlix. 16), and written upon the heart of His affections (Ex. xxviii. 29); and of you He has said, "My sheep shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand" (John x. 28).

You have taken the Lord Jesus for your Redeemer, and it has become eternal salvation unto you. Now, Jesus is some-

thing more unto you. He has become your High Priest. His great business in heaven to-day is to *represent you*—your needs, your infirmities, and your trials. I want you to know this very fully ; for no other truth can give you more daily comfort, or more firmly establish you in a constant holy walk. Having died to save you, Jesus lives to keep you. At the cross he washed you from the condemnation of sin ; at the mercy seat He will cleanse you from daily defilement.

Some of you have written me how old besetting sins are annoying you. Take them straight to Jesus. Don't rely too much on yourselves in overcoming them ; don't follow human advice too much, or copy the example of other people too much in gaining the victory. Spare yourselves this weariness. Cast it all before your blessed Advocate, and let Him bear you and your burdens too.

And do not, above all, forsake your Bibles. You can never separate Jesus the Word made flesh from the written Word. He who proclaimed himself *the Way*, declared also that He was *the Truth*. Pack your memory full of passages of Scripture, with which to meet Satan when he comes to tempt or accuse you ; and be not content to simply *know*, but strive to *obey* the Word of God. *Never think that Jesus has commanded a trifle, nor dare to trifle with anything he has commanded.*

I exhort the young men to be sober. Exercise yourselves unto godliness ; run the race according to Paul's motto, "Looking unto Jesus ;" draw your inspiration and power directly from himself.

I exhort the young women to great moderation. Your sphere of testimony may not be public ; your place of usefulness may not be large ; in your own houses "adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour." Keep one little thought in mind—"I have none but Jesus to please." And so make your

dress as simple as you know will please your Lord ; make your deportment as modest as you know will commend itself to Him.

And for you all, "among whom we have gone laboring," our prayer is, "That your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment ; that ye may approve things that are excellent ; that ye may be sincere, and without offence, till the day of Christ, being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God " (Phil. i. 9, 10, 11). Mr. Sankey joins me in Christian love. Your brother in Christ,

D. L. MOODY.

Brooklyn, November 12, 1875.

Among the most effective presentations of truth made by the Evangelist are the discourses on Noah. Mr. Moody preached from Genesis, chapter vii., verse 1 : " And the Lord said unto Noah, come thou and all thy house into the ark." He said it was a loving invitation from a personal God. This communication came to Noah, that God would destroy the world, that His Spirit would not always strive with man. This was one hundred and twenty years before the flood that He told Noah to build the ark. Grace always precedes judgment. You find that when Christ came into the world He came in grace, and then judgment followed. Mr. Moody's description of the entry of the animals into the ark was very touching. God shut the door of the ark. As in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the last days.

So clear and unmistakable is the plan of salvation presented that the most illiterate can readily understand it. There is no chance for the slightest excuse ; no one can plead ignorance after hearing the warning words of the Evangelists, or say that the opportunity was not offered them of coming to

the Saviour. Some of the most remarkable instances of conversion have taken place, and many who attended the meetings with no thought of becoming Christians, have, under the preaching of Mr. Moody, and the singing of Mr. Sankey, been induced to enter the inquiry rooms and make an unconditional surrender of their hearts to the Master.

OLD 1875 SHROUDED WITH PRAYER.—THE GREAT WATCH
MEETINGS.

No outside attractions of holiday week drew away from the meetings at the Depot Church. Indeed, at no time before was the attendance uniformly so large, day by day, and the seriousness of the hearers so general. The interest of the week culminated in the watch meetings of Friday night. The building was packed to overflowing, and crowds outside vainly sought admission. There were three meetings during the evening, one beginning at nine, one at ten, and one at eleven o'clock. Mr. Moody preached earnestly at each service.

"Should any people faint," said Mr. Moody, "I hope the ushers will carry them right out, and don't let me see three or four thousand people straining their necks just because some one has swooned away." After a general chorus of the hymn, "Rejoice and be glad," Mr. Moody read the thirteenth chapter of the First Corinthians. "Grant, O God," prayed Mr. Moody, "that if there be any here who have made resolutions to do better during the coming year than they did in the blessed year that is closing, their resolves may be taken away from them, and cause them instead to put their trust in Thee." "For the last time in this old year," said Mr. Sankey, "I will sing you the 'Ninety and nine.' Let us ask a blessing upon its singing." The popular hymn was well rendered, and the Evangelist smiled a heavenly smile of

satisfaction. "A man cannot serve two masters," said Mr. Moody. "I couldn't belong to the Democrats and to the Republicans at the same time. You remember the border men in the late war when our army got among them. Oh! they were all Union men, red-hot; and when the Confederates came, then they were all Southerners, and the result was that both parties hated and plundered them. None of you, except infidels, would say that you wouldn't want to become Christians some time. Why not decide to-night, in the closing moments of the old year? All the good men named in the Bible were men of decision, and the others, Pilate, Agrippa, and the rest, wavering—'almost persuaded.' When Egypt was so troubled with frogs that the king couldn't stand it any longer—it was frogs, frogs, nothing but frogs everywhere; he couldn't move his foot without treading on a frog—he called Moses, and says he: 'Moses, I want you to get rid of these frogs for me.' Moses says: 'When?' 'Why—a—a—to-morrow,' says the king. He had no decision, and wanted to keep the frogs for another night. You must come down with the 'I will!' If there's no God to punish sin—if there's no hereafter, let's turn our churches into theatres; if the Bible is a tissue of lies, let's build monuments to Voltaire and Payne; if there's no hell, 'let's eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die.' I believe that the hand of God is upon this nation, and that things are going to be worse if there's not more repentance. I know what keeps men from deciding; it's some darling sin. 'I like to play cards and I can't give it up;' 'I love my rum-bottle—oh, my darling rum-bottle, how can I part with you!' Sinners, this may be your last chance to decide. Oh, for Christ's sake—for your own sake—trust, believe! throw yourself into the arms of the Saviour, who alone can bless you with a happy new year."

Ten o'clock was announced, the first service closed, and

several thousand departed, their seats being taken by newcomers. At eleven o'clock occurred a repetition of this egress and ingress, and the last portion of the watch began.

A little after ten o'clock, Mr. Moody called the Rev. Dr. Plumer, an aged minister, to what he called the "witness-stand," and interrogated him as to his Christian experience. It was a novel way of doing things. Mr. Moody asked questions as if doubting the Word which he so often preaches, and the venerable doctor answered. The following is Mr. Moody's own account of this original episode :

In response to a request for an account of the watch night inquiry meeting, when the Rev. Dr. Plumer was questioned by me as to the great truths of salvation, I give the questions and answers, as I recall them, aided by notes taken by others at the time :

DR. PLUMER.—I wish to give a year-text to this assembly. It is from the 73rd Psalm : "Whom have I in heaven but Thee ! And there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee."

MR. MOODY.—Dr. Plumer, we speak of the duty of "conviction." What is conviction ?

DR. PLUMER.—Conviction is a clear persuasion that a thing is true. Religious conviction is a clear, settled persuasion of five things. *First*, That I am ignorant, and need instruction. *Second*, That I am guilty, and deserve wrath and not pardon, *Third*, That my heart is vile, and must be renewed. *Fourth*, That my condition is miserable ; I am "wretched, and miserable, and poor. *Fifth*, That I am helpless ; I am without strength ; I cannot save myself ; I cannot think a good thought without divine grace.

MR. MOODY.—What is the use of conviction ?

DR. PLUMER.—The use of conviction is not to punish a man for his sins ; nor is it to make him any better. The devils

in hell have been under an awful conviction for a long time, and not one of them is any better. The sole object of conviction is to light up the soul to the faith of Jesus. The sole object of conviction is to bring the sinner to accept salvation by atoning blood.

MR. MOODY.—Is any given amount of distress necessary to genuine conversion ?

DR. PLUMER.—Lydia had no distress—we read of none. God opened her heart, and she attended to the things spoken by Paul ; but the jailer at Philippi would not have accepted Christ without some alarm. If you will accept the Son of God, you need have no trouble ; there is nothing in trouble that sanctifies the soul.

MR. MOODY.—Well, Doctor, what is conversion ?

DR. PLUMER.—Glory be to God, there is such a thing as conversion ! If there was not, everlasting chains and darkness would be our doom. To be converted is to turn from self, self-will, self-righteousness, all self-confidence, and from sin itself, and to be turned to Christ. The turning-point in a man's conversion is his acceptance of Jesus Christ ; that he closes in with Christ and gives him all his confidence.

MR. MOODY.—Why must a sinner come to Christ for salvation ?

DR. PLUMER.—Because Jesus Christ is the only Saviour. All the angels in heaven and all the saints in heaven and earth cannot save one sinner. He must come to the Saviour. I will tell you why. Here are quintillions of tons of atmospheric air, why does not that support life without your respiring ! You must breathe it, or you die. For the same reason you must make Christ yours, or you perish, notwithstanding what he has done. The sight of a river will never quench thirst, and the sight of food will never satisfy hunger. You must come to Christ and make his salvation yours.

MR. MOODY.—Can a man be saved here to-night before 12 o'clock—saved all at once?

DR. PLUMER.—Why not? In my Bible I read of three thousand men gathered together one morning—all of them murderers—their hands stained with the blood of the Son of God. They met in the morning, and before night they were all baptised members of Christ. God added to the Church in those days such as should be saved. If you are ever saved there must be a moment when you accept Christ and renounce the world.

MR. MOODY.—What is repentance?

DR. PLUMER.—It is turning to God with abhorrence of sin, and cleaving to Christ with promise of obedience. A man truly repents of his sins who does not commit the sins he has repented of; therefore saving repentance always terminates in purity of life and reformation. A thorough change of heart is followed by a thorough change of character.

MR. MOODY.—How can I know that I am saved?

DR. PLUMER.—The fact that God is true. "Let God be true, but every man a liar." If I accept Jesus Christ it is not Mr. Moody's word, nor Mr. Sankey's, nor Dr. Newton's; it is the Word of the living God whose name is Amen. "He that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life."

MR. MOODY.—What if I haven't got faith enough?

DR. PLUMER—Glory be to God, if I can touch the hem of my Saviour's garment I shall be saved. A little faith is as truly faith as a great deal of faith. A little coal of fire in the ashes is as truly fire as the glowing heat of a furnace. Jesus says not, if you have great faith you will be saved, but "he that believeth shall be saved." Oh, come and trust Him fully. Give Him all your confidence, and if your faith is not as strong as it ought to be, cry, as did the disciples, "Lord, increase our faith."

MR. MOODY.—But I don't know that I have the right kind of faith.

DR. PLUMER.—Are you able to analyze your faith and say whether it is exactly of the right kind? The thief upon the cross did not say, if I had a little more faith I would ask Thee to remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. He offered his prayer with the faith he had, and Christ accepted him. You must have faith in God through grace, and then your faith must have works, to be of the right kind.

MR. MOODY.—I don't feel that I love Christ enough.

DR. PLUMER.—And you never will. To all eternity you never will love Him as much as He deserves to be loved.

“Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be ;
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
I'd give them all to Thee.”

MR. MOODY.—When the temptation comes, it is so much stronger than my resolution that I yield. What shall I do?

DR. PLUMER.—Look to Jesus. He was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Christ can give us the strength of giants. Jesus is the best Master and the best Friend in the universe. Glory be to His name for ever.

The questions and answers are worthy of preservation. It would be indeed well if the scene, on the occasion of this conference between the two men of God, could be faithfully pictured to our readers.

It was near midnight. The close of the year was at hand. The Depot Church was crowded. Twelve thousand persons sat listening intently to the words of the earnest Evangelist. Mr. Moody had concluded a sermon from the text, “How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him.” The appeal had come

home with power to many who now longed for words of personal counsel, or who were burdened with anxious doubt. An ordinary inquiry meeting, such as usually follows Mr. Moody's sermons, was not practicable then and there ; for the services in the main room were to continue until the new year opened. Said Mr. Moody : "You always show an interest in the inquiry meetings. I often see some of you who are outside looking in at the doors to see what is going on in there. Some of you have been there. Some of you would like to go there to-night ; but we've no chance for such a meeting now. So I propose to turn this whole meeting into an inquiry meeting. Here is the Rev. Dr. Plumer, of South Carolina. He is seventy-four years old. He has been living on borrowed time for four years. For fifty-five years he has been sitting at the feet of Jesus. I'm going to put him on to the witness stand, and question him before you all. Dr. Plumer, will you take the pulpit."

The venerable clergyman, with his commanding form and patriarchal presence, arose, and with tremulous movements took the stand before the vast congregation. He gave his Bible greeting from the seventy-third Psalm to the waiting hearers. Every word was spoken with distinctness and with deep feeling, as if under a sense of weighty responsibility in thus witnessing for the Lord.

THE MIDNIGHT WATCH.

At eleven o'clock the doors were again thrown open while the big audience sang "Oh for a thousand tongues to sing." This was the commencement of the watch-meeting proper—watching for the first stroke of the hour which marked the end of the old and the beginning of the new year. Though but a few more persons got in through the briefly opened

doors, it was because those who had come to stay the meeting out held on to their seats, unwilling to give up an opportunity of once a year's happening. Another solemn hymn, "A charge to keep I have," and one of a joyful character, "The Lord of earth and sky," were sung, Mr. Sankey standing by the organ, while Prof. Fisher played, beating time by gently clapping his hands, and the Rev. Dr. March, formerly of the Clinton Presbyterian, prayed. He entreated God that all the meditations of the night should draw the congregation to a contemplation of their great blessing in Christ. The twenty-eighth hymn, "One more day's work for Jesus," was sung, the solo by Mr. Sankey and the chorus by the choir, Mr. Sankey substituting the word "year" for "day" and asking the choristers to do the same. The change fitted the hymn very well. Mr. Moody then began his third sermon of the evening by the sudden utterance of the words, "There are thirty-five minutes left for you to take Jesus." He resumed the theme "Decision," which he had treated two hours before, taking for his text the words in Matthew, "What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?" If Pilate, said the preacher, had decided to follow Christ he would have been walking with Peter, John and the disciples in heaven; he would now be in the fold of Christ; but he liked popularity, and he listened to the call of ambition, and he gave Jesus up to be crucified. Every one in the depot had to go out to-night with or without Jesus; there was no more serious question to be settled in the last few minutes of the year. The Jews had said, Crucify Him! crucify Him! when the words of the text were asked of them. Would those present do the same? Let Christians in "these last minutes of 1875" lift up their voices in prayer for the salvation of sinners. Mr. Moody pictured Pilate's supposed remorse on the morning after he had refused to save Christ from the cross.

He followed the footsteps of Judas—this man Pilate, who would be popular with Cæsar—and put an end to his life. The man of pleasure and the woman of the world were then exhorted to come to Jesus. “How about you blasphemers who have come in here to-night? What are you going to do? Many are here to-night who have made resolutions to commence the new year with, but they can do nothing without Jesus.” At 15 minutes to 12 Mr. Moody asked them all to join in a silent prayer. Heads were bowed all over the building, and silence reigned, Mr. Sankey breaking it by playing the soft strains of “Almost persuaded,” which he sang, or rather recited, in a broken voice. Mr. Moody asked those Christians to rise who wished other Christians to pray for them. Almost the entire audience rose to their feet. Then the unconverted were invited to stand up and ask Christians for their prayer. Rev. Mr. Johns led in prayer, remembering both classes—the converted in need of help and the unconverted in need of a Saviour. Dr. Newton, after this, recited the Lord’s prayer, and all the congregation followed. The doxology, “Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,” was sung, and Mr. Moody said that there were about four minutes of the old year left, which he wanted spent in silent prayer. It was an awful solemn four minutes. It was so silent inside that the sudden clang of the bells and shriek of the whistles on the stroke of twelve on all sides of the building broke with startling distinctness on the ear. A few words of prayer were uttered in the meanwhile by Messrs. Moody, Sankey and George H. Stuart, the multitude still bowing their heads. The benediction was impressively pronounced by Rev. Dr. Plumer, and Mr. Moody, wishing all a “Happy new year,” closed the meeting.

Dr. Plumer said, “I wish you all a happy eternity,” and with this solemn greeting the vast multitude passed out.

THE MID-DAY SERVICE.

At the noon service, which was specially for the reclamation of inebriates, more than a hundred requests for prayer were read for unfortunates of all ages and sexes of that class. Mr. Moody's text was, "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth." He told of a man who, in his drunken moments, came into one of these meetings, declaring: "John Wannamaker's catchpenny won't have any effect on me." But the question "Where art thou?" so affected that drunkard that he was led to the Saviour. Dr. Plumer, President of Columbia College, exhorted the people, saying: "Oh, believe! Be saved! Come, ye opium-eaters and smokers, ye drunkards and ye chloral drinkers, come all and be saved!"

The hymn "Sowing the seed" was announced. Mr. Sankey said: Before we sing this song, I will tell you one reason why we should sing these hymns, and that is, God is blessing them to many a poor wanderer who comes to this building night after night. Last week a man who had once occupied a high position in life came into this hall and sat down. While I was singing this hymn he took out his pass-book and wrote down these words:

"Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame,
Oh, what shall the harvest be?"

Last night that man in the inquiry room went on his knees and asked God to break the chain that had dragged him down from such a high position to the lowest of the low. He said he had resolved when he went out of that praise meeting that he would cease to indulge in the intoxicating cup, but before

he reached home he went into a saloon and broke his resolution. We prayed for him last night. He is now praying that God may break his chain. I want you to pray that this brand may be plucked from the burning, and that God may use these gospel hymns to turn the hearts of sinful men.

Rev. Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, said the question was asked: "Are there any permanent results following the labors of these two brothers, Moody and Sankey, in the only two cities they have visited in this country?" We had no substantial results in Brooklyn until the froth of novelty had blown away. In Philadelphia the froth of novelty has now blown away, and you have got to the blessed work. Every church in Brooklyn that followed up the labors of Moody and Sankey with personal effort is to-day in the midst of a greater or more limited revival of religion, and every case that has been followed up by an effort has been succeeded by a permanent conversion. Our chief difficulty was from the self-indulgence of church members, who were greedy to get enjoyment for themselves and not pass it to a dying soul. Sabbath-school teachers were quickened in their work, but the greatest results of the work have been in regard to young men. Two union prayer meetings have grown out of the work—one in Brooklyn and the other in New York. God has blessed the labors of these brothers in reaching that class of men who are addicted to strong drink. The most significant example I have yet met with in Brooklyn is that of a man given up by everybody. That man was picked up in the mud before my church door many a time, and he has stood before that church and damned it. He is now sitting at the feet of Jesus, humble and in his right mind. If God will save him, He will save any man in this city.

Mr. Moody said he had received a note on Sunday night,

asking him if a person could come to the Saviour if he wanted, or, in other words, has one power in himself to come? To answer this, he read from Matthew xi. 27, and from other portions of Scripture. If a man wants to come, no power on earth or hell could hinder him; but God will not receive any one who is not willing to give up his sins.

The only sorrowful meeting of the week is the prayer meeting for drunkards on Friday. The glimpse that is given in these meetings into many of the homes of the great city is an appalling one. Wives, sisters, daughters, send up a bitter cry for intercessions in behalf of those who are walking in the sure way to death, and wrecking the happiness of others in the work of their own destruction. And darker still was the revelation when the requests for prayer mentioned wives, mothers, and daughters hastening to a shameless end through strong drink. One note was in behalf of a wife in a home of wealth, of social position, the slave to strong drink, "whose husband would gladly give all his wealth for the restoration of his partner and their home." Another for an only daughter given to the use of intoxicating liquors. The prayers in behalf of these cases are most urgent and beseeching, and it is a relief to these dark unveilings to know that some of the poor slaves of drink have been rescued from their bondage, and brought in humility and penitence to the feet of Christ.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL DAY AT THE DEPOT CHURCH.

Thursday, January 6, the noonday service at the Depot Church was specially in the interest of the Sunday schools. The platform was crowded, as was also the space in front of the separating curtain, which was finally lifted, and a large number of persons occupied the space beyond. Mr. Moody conducted the services, which began by singing, under Mr.

Sankey's leadership, the hymn beginning, "There is a land of pure delight." After reading a few verses from Matthew xviii., Mr. Moody said :

We have been having such a tender time in these noon-day meetings for a few days back, that we want to keep on to-day in the same line. And so our topic is, "How to lead our children to Christ."

Now my experience in the Sabbath school has been something like this : that wherever I could find a teacher who was willing to work personally with the children, and get them to learn one by one, and talk with them, and pray with them, and pray for them, and then, after they had succeeded—because that kind of work always succeeds—in bringing them to Christ, if they just nursed them, and fed them with the sincere milk of the Word—instructed them, and taught them how Christians ought to live, how Christians ought to walk—that teacher has always been successful. I never knew such a teacher to fail. But those teachers who never speak to their scholars, except in the class and when they are all together, are about as successful as the ministers who never have any inquiry meetings, and who always meet their people in the pulpit, and preach to them in a body. If we are to be successful in leading children to Christ, it must be done personally.

A friend of mine, who has been a teacher some time, said to me that he had never seen a soul converted. He had in his class five young ladies of position and influence in the town in which he lived. He had tried to teach them the Bible, and had talked to them about Christ, but had never spoken to them personally about their going to Christ. Some remarks were at length made to him about working personally with the children. He went home and thought over the matter, and the next Sunday he said to one of the five young ladies that he would like to see her and have a little talk with her after the school had broken up. The young lady stayed when the rest went out, and he then spoke to her personally about her soul's salvation; told her how anxious he was for her conversion. The tears began to trickle down her cheeks, and he found that she was ready to

be taught the way. The next time the others met that young lady they asked her what he wanted of her, and she told them. The next Sunday he asked another one to stay, and in five Sundays those five young ladies were led to Christ, and all of them have been successful teachers now for five years. Remember that this was done in five short weeks, by exhorting them personally and praying for them.

I remember once going out with two of my teacher's class, calling upon some scholars. We went into one house and met three young ladies who had grown up in our mission Sunday school. They had been there from childhood up. As I went out I said, "Now let us go to work and see if we can't win those three to Christ. You take Margaret, you take Sarah, and I will take Henrietta, and we will give them books, write to them, visit and pray for them—work personally with them." Within a month two of them have been led to Christ, and since I have been in Philadelphia a young man has come to me from Chicago and told me that Margaret has been converted. Prayer has prevailed, and those three have been saved, and two of them have been co-workers with me in the Sabbath school for a long time.

If teachers here will hold their classes next Sabbath with a determination, God helping them, that they will try to lead one soul to Christ, and pick out one member of their class and earnestly endeavor to work with that one member, you don't know what you may do for Christ. And if you can't see them on Sunday, make a point of meeting them through the week, invite them to some of your meetings, and then pray to God to convert them.

My friends, when you turn one of these little children to Christ, you don't know and you can't tell what God may do with them; you don't know how they may be raised to be a great blessing to the honor of the Lord, or how they may hereafter turn hundreds and thousands to Christ. If we don't get into this personal work of dealing with souls I don't think we are going to be very successful. It is my experience, after having superintended schools for twelve or thirteen years, that the people who deal personally with the scholars make the successes.

And not only that. How very few mothers take their children off into a room, talk with them, pray with them, tell them the way to Christ ! I know if that were done we would have fewer requests here from mothers for drunken sons ; but the fact is, that hundreds of mothers do not believe in the conversion of their little children, and the result is that soon those children wander into billiard halls and drinking saloons, and at twenty many of them have become confirmed drunkards, and then, and then only, the mothers begin to wake up and cry to God that He must save their sons. We ought to commence earlier.

In Cincinnati, at a Sunday school meeting, the little children were repeating verses, and one of them, a little child only four years of age, got up. She was so small she had to be put up on a seat. She got scared at the people, and was afraid to repeat the verses her mother had been teaching her through the week—"Suffer little children." With trembling lip and heart, she said, "Suffer little children," and then broke down. She commenced again, "Suffer little children to come," and broke down the second time. She attempted it the third time, "Suffer little children to come, *and don't any of you stop them from one and all to come.*" She had got the meaning of the phrase. She could not have given a better one.

Don't any of you stop them, for God wants them all to come, and it is this miserable unbelief in the Church that is keeping back the children. How many could be brought to Christ in the morning of their days if we labored for their salvation as we should. God help us to be wise while we have our children with us young—their hearts tender. Let us pray to make an impression upon them for eternity, that they may go to Christ in the morning of their day.

Mr. Sankey said many a parent and many a teacher, it is to be feared, as the result of all his earthly career, will at last be able to say nothing better than that he has gathered "nothing but leaves." Pardon me, then, while I sing that hymn, and let each one pray that his harvesting will be far better.

After singing, the Rev. H. C. McCook spoke as follows :

Faith is natural to a child. There is scarcely anything that a child does not receive by faith. In the family circle, when he comes to learn the first principles of right and wrong, he has nothing for it but the word of the father, "This is right, my child," or the word of the mother, "This is wrong, my child ; you must do this ; you must not do that," and the child believes. You scarcely ever find a doubter among children. Now, God has already prepared the children for this. When you come before them persuaded that the child can be led to Christ—as Brother Moody has said—persuaded that the Word of God which you teach is able to make the child wise unto salvation through faith in Jesus Christ—when you sit down before that little immortal, God has made the whole way, so far as his natural disposition is concerned, perfectly plain and easy for you.

Now, what are you to do ? You do not need to stop and explain what faith is, or what regeneration is, or to enter into any other of these questions about religious doctrines and life, but the great thing is to hold up the object of faith. If you can put Christ's creed before the child, showing what Jesus is to the child and to all the world, in all his lovely attributes, the child will follow you, and the Holy Spirit will bring that child to embrace Christ by faith.

Now, then, point to God as the Father of the child in Jesus Christ. Let him be taught to believe through all his days that this heavenly Father is his own Father—his Father in heaven—and that he may go to him for every blessing. Several years ago I was playing with my own little girl and a companion who had come to the house, when the children were both very small. They were leaping down from the stairway, and as I stood below, my little child said, "Papa, let me jump into your arms." "Very well," I said, "go up a step or two higher," and I reached out my arms. The little

one stepped up and then sprung down the steps without any hesitation, and I caught her safely. "Now," said I, "Gracie, you try it," and little Gracie went up a step or two, and stood as though she was going to make the jump, but she didn't do it. Once, twice, several times, she tried to make the jump and couldn't do it, and I had to reach up and lift her down in my arms. Now, what was the difference? How can you account for the difference in those two children? Why, my own little child had the spirit of a child in her. I was her father, and so with an unquestioning faith she leaped right down-stairs, knowing that I would catch her. But the other child was not of my family. She was only in there as a play-mate for a season, and when she came to attempt to repeat the action her little heart failed her, because she didn't see her father down below with outstretched arms.

Rev. C. A. Dickey, D.D., next addressed the meeting. He said: "God has laid on me many responsibilities, under which I tremble, but there is none that I carry like my two children, because I feel that for those I am wholly responsible before God. I believe that in regard to every other soul on God's earth somebody must share the responsibility with me—some other father or some other mother must divide it with me—but before God I feel that for two souls I am wholly responsible. And I say that nothing bears upon me like the weight that God has put upon me for those two little children. And if I have one word to say to you, knowing that most of you are parents here to-day, it is this one thought, that the responsibility is yours and not the child's. I therefore wish that this question had been otherwise presented. Instead of how to bring the children to Christ, we ought to be considering on our knees how we are liable to hinder the children from coming to Christ, for I believe that there is nothing which can possibly interpret the promises of God and the pre-

cepts of God but this thought, that so far as God and his plans of mercy are concerned, they embrace the children, and God is exhausting everything to save them all, even those who are hindered by others. It is to me the most humiliating thing that falls from the Word of God that the disciples are presented in the most beautiful picture of God's Word as the obstacles in the way of the children. There is no picture that God has painted upon the Word so beautiful as that where Christ beseechingly says, "Suffer them to come." And I say that the dark line on that bright picture is the fact that the disciples must be rebuked and be gotten out of the way before Christ can be gratified in the possession of the children. It is not said, "Suffer little children to be brought unto me," but "suffer them to come," as though the little ones were themselves eager to come ; as though their hearts were full of the desire to come ; as though they, by the plans and purposes of God, would come ; as though everything that was essential was provided but one thing, and that was the removal of the obstacle, the taking away of the hindrance. "Suffer them to come." "I am ready," says Jesus. The children are ready. The trouble is that something is in the way, somebody is violating some pledge, somebody is violating some promise, somebody has thrown himself in the way of the child, and it is prevented from coming to me.

Rev. Dr. J. Wheaton Smith, of the Beth Eden Baptist Church, related an interesting incident. He said that they organized some years ago a mission on South Street, and among the scholars was a little boy who was a rider in Dan Rice's circus, and whose mother kept a peanut stand at the Arch Street Theatre. The little boy was a great trouble in the school, and none of the male teachers could do anything with him. Finally a lady said she would take the boy, and soon after he noticed the little fellow looking earnestly into his

teacher's face, and intently listening to her. Through her he was led to the Saviour. He finally left the school, and some time after they heard that he was a drummer boy in the Union army, and was mortally wounded. He sent a letter to his old teacher, full of love, thanking her for leading his soul to Zion. Some persons say that they are not sufficiently educated for teachers, but, said the speaker, all that is required is to have the love of Christ in our hearts, and He will do the rest.

Mr. Moody gave his experience. He said when he found a teacher willing to work personally with the children—get them alone one by one and talk with them, and pray with and for them, teaching them how a Christian ought to live and walk—that teacher has always been successful. Teachers that never speak to their scholars only in the class are about as successful as preachers who never have any inquiry meetings. If we are going to be successful in leading children to Christ it must be by personal teaching. Mr. Moody related several instances of the successful result of personal teaching, both by Sunday school teachers and mothers with their children. If mothers would take their children alone in a room and teach them, there would not be so many requests by mothers for us to pray for sons who are drunkards.

The Rev. Dr. E. P. Rogers said: I want to give a single illustration of what my friend Mr. Moody said in his opening address. One fact is worth a thousand arguments. He said we didn't know what our children might be the instruments of accomplishing in God's hands if they were early converted. I want to state one single fact to him and to you. The scene occurred about twenty-five years ago, and I shall never forget it. One beautiful Sunday morning word came to me that a little girl, six years old, a member of my Sunday school, was lying on her dying bed. She was a child of un-Christian parents, the highest people in the state, her father the Gover-

nor of the State, a former Judge of the Supreme Court, a gentleman of the highest standing, but out of Christ. The little girl, as I stood by her bedside, said to her father, "Father, come here." She took him by the coat, drew him down to her so that his head almost touched her cheek, and said, "Father, I am going up, I am going up, I am going to Jesus; and now, dear father, I want you to promise me one thing." "What is it, my child?" said he, broken down in agonizing sorrow. "I want you to promise me," said she, "that you will be a Christian and follow me to where I am going, up to Jesus;" and turning to her grandfather, an old gray-headed man, nearly eighty years of age, she said, "Grandpa, your head is very white, and your time is very short; but, grandpa, follow me to Jesus." So she passed away, saying to me, "Give my love to my Sunday school teacher, and thank her for all she did for me." The next day we laid little Sallie in her grave under the tall pine trees of the Southern forest, and after the funeral this tall, stately, dignified man, always attentive to my voice as a preacher but never allowing me to get near him out of the pulpit, said to me with tears in his eyes, "Mr. Rogers, come and see us every day, and talk to us about Jesus, for we want to remember the little preacher and follow her to Christ."

You don't know what your children could accomplish if they were brought to Jesus. One of the sweetest pictures of the latter-day glory closes with this climax, "A little child shall lead them." And there are children in your household who may yet lead men and women to the Saviour, if we suffer them to come to Him now.

After silent prayer, the Rev. George A. Peltz said: How can we reach that very point? How can we see in the children of our homes and our classes that work of the Lord God so that they will lead others to righteousness? In theory I have long held that they may be Christ's very early, but I had

to wait for a little girl in my own home to teach me that the thing was a great reality. That little girl, five years old at the time of which I speak, was singing around the room, "I love Jesus." We thought it was to her only a matter of amusement, and one of us said, "Do you really love Jesus?" "Why, I can't tell the time when I didn't love Jesus," said she. Love to Jesus appeared to have sprung up in that little heart, so far as she was conscious of it, as early as love to father or love to mother.

It taught me this: First, none can tell how early God's Holy Spirit may take hold on a heart and mould it savingly. It taught me, secondly, that very little ones may intelligently receive the blessed Jesus; and it taught me, thirdly, never to doubt a child's experience where there is a sweet trust and a loving faith in the Saviour. As parents and as teachers, let us hold to this.

One other lesson we may learn from children. A boy in my own Sunday school was convicted of sin. He came to the school hoping his teacher would say something to help him, but the teacher did not. He went home with his heart all crushed because he felt that nobody cared for his soul. He sat down alone to brood over his terrible condition. His little sister came running into the room, and as she came in she repeated the words, "Let not your heart be troubled," and away she went. He thought about it. Thought he, "Who sent me that message?" He supposed an older sister had sent it, and he felt so grateful that he went to thank her. She said, "I didn't send it." He called the little girl and asked who told her to say those words. "Nobody told me," said she. "Where did you get them?" said he. She answered, "Why, I was learning my text for next Sunday." He asked where the text was. She showed it to him, and for the first time the fact dawned on him, there is a Saviour who said,

“Let not your heart be troubled.” He thought, “My teacher had no such word for me, but Jesus had it, and I have it from the lips of Jesus.” And just there and then he felt that Jesus had personally suffered with and sympathized with him, and was ready to bear his burden and take away his sins. Let us hold up a personal Saviour such as that. This is the Saviour the children need.

Mr. Moody read a letter from an English correspondent, in which a very touching account was given of the call up higher of two Christian boys. “Precious jewels” was then sung, and the meeting closed, the mothers tarrying to pray in one anteroom, and many of the men retired for the same purpose to another.

Teachers in the Sabbath school might well take some hints from Mr. Moody. He preaches for a purpose. He does not merely do it to interest, but to convert. He would not preach at all, we may be sure, unless he did interest and instruct, but we may be equally certain that he would cease to preach if he did no more than this. His great aim is so to interest and instruct that his hearers shall decide for Christ. When a teacher spends all his time on that which will secure the attention and give instruction, he may find that after all he has accomplished nothing. He has taken the easily-captured outworks, while the citadel remains untouched. The heart, and not the mind or the fancy, is the real object of attack.

Mr. Moody in one of his sermons said: “Suppose I go to find a poor beggar-woman whom I have seen standing on the street clothed in rags. I find her all nicely clothed, and ask, ‘What does this mean!’ She says, ‘Why, Mr. Moody, a man came and put into my hand, as I stood here, a ten-pound note.’ ‘How was that? Did you know how to put out the right kind of hand? Was your hand all right?’ ‘Why, sir, you don’t understand. The stranger put the

money, a ten-pound note, into my hand ; laid it here on this very palm. Why, I got the money ; isn't that enough ?' Now, many come to me and say, ' I am afraid I haven't got the right kind of faith.' Faith is only the hand held out to God. Don't look at your hand, look up to God. You don't feel joyful ? Take Jesus at His word, and let feelings alone."

Mr. Marsh, who has been on Mr. Moody's track, writes : I have not once heard the complaint, so often made after revival excitement has cooled, that converts did not " hold out." It was a common thing for people to come into his meetings indifferent and go away converted. Indeed, the emphasis with which he preached to all alike the duty of immediate surrender, was a stumbling-block to some good people. Who could not see that a man who decides promptly when an issue is fully before him, is quite as much to be depended on as one who dallies a long while over a decision ? There are no more steadfast soldiers of Christ in the British Churches to-day than those who enlisted under Mr. Moody. Perhaps no other minister in Edinburgh has had to do with so many of the converts in that city as Mr. Wilson, of the Barclay Church. He recently stated that he had known of but two declensions. But I am sure that the most important result of this two years' work is not measured by the number of hopeful conversions in connection with it, many thousands though they were. The breaking down of denominational prejudices is most marked. The spiritual life of the churches has been greatly quickened. Ministers confess that they have preached since as they never knew how to preach before. " He used to be a very different man, but he got a blessing when Moody was here," was a remark made about an earnest Christian worker in Edinburgh, the like of which one often hears in Scotland. It was something marvellous how he inoculated those whom he met with his zeal for souls. A business man

in an English town went to hear him in another city. They had a five minutes talk together. A new fire was kindled in his heart, and since then he has had no greater joy than to preach in the evening on the street to those who never go to church; adjourning to some convenient room for a prayer and inquiry meeting with such as may be entangled in his net. In Aberdeen I found the theatres filled every Sunday evening to listen to the simple, pleading presentation of Gospel truth from a lawyer; and a police magistrate holding meetings in the Infirmary with the old people who are too feeble to get out to any other service.

The results that followed his flying visits to some of the smaller cities were sometimes quite remarkable. At Berwick-on-Tweed I asked whether he held meetings there. "Yes, he was here for one day." I suggested that such a short visit did not leave much of a mark, probably. "Indeed it did," was the answer. "It was the beginning of a great revival. Berwick has never been the same town since." In many places the special revival interest—if it may be called special in such a case—which began with his meetings, still continues.

"Evangelistic meetings" are a common form which this quickened interest in Christian work takes,—meetings with the special aim of leading sinners to Christ. They are held in halls, in churches, in tents; on week-day evenings and on Sundays, conducted sometimes by ministers and sometimes by laymen. Edinburgh seemed to be full of them. The noon prayer-meeting is one of the notable results of the work in the latter city. It is held in the Free Assembly Hall, and attended by hundreds every day. The ministers and members of all denominations seem to be most thoroughly and delightfully united in it. It flows on full to the banks with a current of its own. No one comes for the sake of "keep-

ing it up." The specific requests for prayer that are sent in to it sometimes reach a hundred in one day, a goodly number being accompanied by thanksgiving for answers received to prayers previously solicited. On Saturdays it takes the form of a crowded children's meeting, similar to those held in Dundee and other cities on Saturday afternoons.

It is with some pleasure that we present the views of the Rev. Dr. Richard Newton as to the work of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Philadelphia. Dr. Newton is so widely known, both in this country and abroad, from his prominence as a preacher to children, as a representative clergyman in one school of thought in the Episcopal Church, and as editor of *The Sunday School World*, that a communication from him will always command attention. Moreover, as chairman of the Committee of Arrangements for the meetings of the Evangelists in Philadelphia, he has had unequalled opportunities of learning the truth as to the subject on which he now writes.

I write, by request, a few lines expressive of my own impressions of those dear brethren, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and of the work which they are carrying on in this great city. The details of their work are reported in the papers every day. I need not dwell upon them. The striking peculiarities which mark the men themselves have been spoken of again and again. We are all familiar with these. There are three points of view from which these men and their work have most strikingly impressed me; and on each of these I wish to say a few words.

The first of these *is the illustration afforded in the work of these men of the essential, practical union existing between Protestant Christians*. Many instances of this might be referred to in connection with this movement. A single one may here be adduced. This occurred rather in the preparation for the work than in the work itself. A part of this prepara-

tion was to have a class of Christian workers trained and ready to go into the inquiry rooms and render service there in guiding anxious souls to Jesus. The class was composed of between three and four hundred Christian men and women. These were gathered from the different churches of the city known to be in sympathy with the Evangelists and their work. They were the best specimens of Christian knowledge and experience that these churches could furnish. And when convened together this body of "Christian Workers" made up a deeply interesting assembly.

The preparation of these workers was intrusted to a committee of four ministers, representing the leading Protestant denominations. The Rev. Dr. Breed represented the Presbyterian Church; the Rev. Dr. J. Wheaton Smith, the Baptist; the Rev. Dr. Hatfield, the Methodist; and the present writer the Episcopal Church. This committee met the workers several times for general counsel and directions in view of the solemn and responsible work in which they were to engage. At these meetings each member of the ministerial committee addressed the workers in turn. There was no concert or agreement beforehand as to the points to be discussed, and yet the most delightful harmony prevailed through all the exercises. Not one jarring or discordant note was struck from the beginning to the end. If a stranger had been present he might have listened most attentively to the teachings of these men representing the leading branches of the Protestant Church; and for the life of him he could not have detected the slightest shade of difference in their teaching. From anything he saw or heard there, he could not have told who was the Presbyterian, the Baptist, the Methodist, or the Episcopalian. The watchmen on the walls of Zion were seeing eye to eye. They had approached so near to Jesus that they no longer saw things in the decomposed rays of their separate denomination-

alism. The pure white light that shines eternally from the Sun of Righteousness was shedding down its beams upon them; and, on that grandest of all questions, "How shall a man be just with God?" they were made "one in Christ Jesus." And whatever helps to bring us thus together in such a way is a blessed work, and one on which God's blessing must certainly rest.

Another interesting point of view from which to contemplate the work of these men is in *its influence for good on the churches*.

We see several things from which this influence must spring. One of these is the marked characteristic of these men. If asked to put my finger on this peculiarity, I should say it was great singleness of aim, a remarkable earnestness and intensity of purpose. And to be brought into contact with such men, especially when, as in the present case, they are possessed of great magnetic power, cannot fail of having a good effect on all about them. We hear the song of life pitched to a higher key than we have been wont to sing it; and before we know it we find that our hearts and spirits have been attuned to harmony with this loftier strain.

Then, again, the Church in general is receiving good from the effect of Mr. Moody's style of preaching on the clergy. The most striking peculiarity that marks his preaching is its simple, direct, practical, unceasing, and intensely earnest appeals to the Word of God. And greater conformity to a style of preaching, so truly primitive and apostolic, in the pulpits of our land, would be an unspeakable blessing to the Church. It would be to put aside what the Apostle Paul calls "the enticing words of man's wisdom," and substitute for them "the demonstration of the Spirit and of power." This is a great want of the Church in the present day.

Still further, these Evangelists are doing good to the Church

by promoting, on the part of Christian people, a more careful and diligent study of the Word of God. All the services in which they engage lead to this result. This is especially the case with the Sunday morning services for Christian workers. I wished, while at these last named meetings, that every member of my church could have been present, for I was satisfied that it would have done them all great good. I never went to my Lord's day work in a better frame of mind for doing it than on the mornings when I had the privilege of attending those meetings. What we need among our church members in these days, above everything else, is greater acquaintance with the Scriptures. And these men are blessing the Church by helping to lead Christian people on to just this result.

The other point of interest from which to contemplate these Evangelists and their work, is, *in their power to reach and bless multitudes of men not reached or blessed by the ordinary ministrations of the Gospel.* This is seen in the character of the assemblies they are addressing all the time. It is seen in the open acknowledgment of numbers converted at these meetings ; and especially in the numerous cases of those lost to their families, or to society, and given up to the body-and-soul-destroying tyranny of strong drink ; but who, through God's blessing on their instrumentality, have been "plucked as brands from the burning," and restored to health and hope—to peace, to comfort, and to usefulness. The recovery of *one* such would be a sufficient recompense for all the time, and money, and labor expended in this work since these brethren came to our city. But when this one comes to be multiplied by dozens of scores of rescued men of this most hopeless class of all who go astray ; and when to this one class are added large numbers of those in every other class of transgressors, brought back to God through the labors of these Evangelists, I feel, for myself—whatever others may say or do—that I can

do nothing else than thank God for sending them here ; and pray Him to bless them more and more while they tarry among us ; and then to follow them with His blessing wherever else it may please Him to lead them.

MR. MOODY'S WINSOMENESS.

Gentlemen thus write from Philadelphia :

For once we have an Evangelist who is an evangelist. As such no fault can be found in him, except by some scurrilous papers, rum-dealers and infidels. Many thanks to Him who has raised up and sent to us Mr. Moody. No crotchets, or hobbies, or eccentricities, or taint of heresy, or anything objectionable to earnest Christians—what a comfort in this, to begin with. But in expounding the Book he is mighty, because he has made it his study, is full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, and has strong common sense. In all these seven weeks of labor no heresy-hunter has even smelled any unsoundness. Plain, pointed, all-sided, tender, and intensely earnest, he reaches every case. In the power of illustration he has no equal known to us—though he is not conscious of any scholastic rules or professional technicalities. For once we have an evangelist who has solved that question of ministerial conferences and Sunday school institutes, "*How shall we reach the masses ?*" Over eleven thousand people, of all classes, crowd the great tabernacle, all eager to get near the stand, and all hang upon his thrilling words.

Mr. Moody is an organizer and a manager in the best sense. Classifying Christian workers by age and sex, for greater efficiency, by meeting at different hours and places adjoining, and all under his direction, his way of doing things wins the co-operation of all. And if, as rarely is the case, anything falls out of line, or is likely to disturb the harmony,

he has the happy faculty of shutting it off without offence. Hence what a work has been done in seven weeks! No exact estimate can be made, of course, but inquirers have gone up to thousands. And the good gained to the church members in attendance, and to the ministry, cannot be told. At this point the interest is steadily rising and extending, and it seems vastly important that Messrs Moody and Sankey continue here a long while yet. The sweet gospel-singer has also won the hearts of the people by his unequalled singing, and his loving labors in the inquiry room.

In the churches that are enjoying the influence of these great meetings, the good will be long felt, and the fruits seen.

God never has a work to be done but he finds a worker to do it. Commonly, too, his choice is just what man's would *not* be. Samuel blundered as to Israel's first king, and the last thought of David, the chosen one, prefigured the mis-choices of the kingly ones by men, and their rectifications by the Lord of the kingdom ever since. John, the shaggy rustic of the wilderness, with loathsome "locusts and wild honey" for "his meat," grimy fishermen, and a hot-headed youngster fiercely "haling men and women to prison," who of the "wise men" would have picked *these* as the men to tell the world the great redemption story?

They *were* chosen and did it. Seventy years of Sunday school work has drawn Christians into the general use of what are called the International lessons, which are simply a plan by which Christians agree to open to the same chapter and study it together, each Sabbath of the year. The Christian world never before by their own choice hit upon such a *doing together* of anything. It has pleased Jesus, the king, and throughout the world he has drawn the heart of man to the divine Word in a wonderful manner. He has anointed ones in the service. This humbly-born, illiterate Mr. Moody

is a "chosen vessel," or witness to the treasures hidden in the book of grace. He didn't set out to do this work. He doesn't claim to be doing it beyond all other men. I think he is doing it, though he may not know it, for, while aiming at and attaining other wonderful work—using this as a means only—he is educating millions *in a way of study*, which will go on after all his other work ends, and outgo it in real value.

MR. SANKEY ANSWERS A QUESTION.

"How should music be conducted in the Lord's work?" asks one. Before we give his reply we insert the crisp remark of a veteran pastor :

"There are these three," said Dr. Plumer, at one of the Moody meetings, "faith, hope, charity, but the greatest of these is charity, for charity endureth forever. There are these three, prayer, the sacraments, praise, but the greatest of these is praise, for praise endureth forever."

I can scarcely expect that my views will be accepted by all singers ; but my opinions are based upon the results of more than fifteen years' personal experience in conducting the service of praise in various branches of the Lord's work in this country and other lands.

I will speak first of the music in the church, which should be conducted by a good, large choir of Christian singers, who would encourage the congregation to join heartily with them in the songs of Zion, instead of monopolizing the service themselves.

I would not have unconverted persons leading the praise of the people of God. I am fully persuaded that four-fifths of the traditional trouble with choirs arises from having unconverted people conducting this part of the service of the sanctuary. If I could not get a converted choir, I would go back to the good old ways of our forefathers, and select the

best Christian man in the church who had a good voice, and put him up in front of the congregation, and let him lead as best he could, and I am sure the people would join more heartily under his leading than they would with a choir who are anxious to show how well they can execute some new tune which they have just found. But there are very few churches, if any, in which a good Christian choir may not be formed, and no one will doubt that when all the parts of our sweet church songs are sung from the heart, and the words of the hymn are distinctly pronounced, it is much sweeter than where all are singing in unison.

I would have the singers and the organ in front of the congregation, near the minister or speaker, and would insist on deportment by the singers in keeping with the services of the house of God. The conduct of the choir during the service will have very much to do with the success of the preaching. Instead of whispering, writing notes, passing books, and the like, the choir should give the closest attention to all the services, especially to the preaching of the Word. There should be the most intimate understanding between the leader of the singing and the pastor. When new tunes are to be introduced into the church they might be sung frequently by the choir alone, before the regular services commence, as voluntaries ; thus the people would become somewhat familiar with the music, and when it is introduced into the regular service they would be able to take up the tune and sing it with pleasure and profit. New hymns and tunes should be introduced occasionally, but great damage is often done by injudicious choir leaders trying to introduce a new tune at every service.

The congregation should be exhorted by the pastor to join heartily in the singing, and if a choir-master persisted in bringing out new-fangled tunes in which the people could not join

during the hour of public worship, he should be set aside and his place supplied by some one who would not be so ambitious to show off how well the choir could perform, but who would be glad to have all the people join in the good old songs of Zion, which will be loved and sung until

“ All the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.”

The whole question of the singing should be kept in the hands of the office-bearers of the church, and the choir should never be encouraged to entertain the idea that they are an independent organization, with power to levy war upon the church and bring it to terms, or to secede from it and cause a disruption. Praying singers are likely to be loyal to the church, and not to give trouble.

The singing in the regular prayer-meeting should be of the most spirited and spiritual character, and should be led by a single voice, usually without instrumental accompaniment, so that no restraints of any kind may interfere with the worship of even the oldest saint, who might not be able to sing in just such time and voice as would be expected were the instrument used.

The singing of long hymns should be avoided. Two or three verses well sung and bearing upon the key-note or subject of the meeting will do more good than a dozen verses poorly sung. Old familiar hymns and tunes should be used, with now and then a Sunday school song, so that the children may feel that they have a part in the prayer-meeting as well as in the Sunday school. The young should be encouraged to attend the prayer-meetings to assist in the singing.

Nothing will kill a prayer-meeting more effectually than poor, drawling, lifeless singing; while many a poor prayer-meeting has been saved by good and spirited singing.

The American Sunday school has done more to make us a singing people than all other causes combined, and to attempt giving suggestions as to how its singing should be conducted, may seem rather venturesome. But as there are schools where, for want of a good singing leader, there is a sad deficiency in this most delightful service, I may be pardoned for dropping a few suggestions for their benefit.

In the first place, you should have a lady or a gentleman who can play the cabinet organ. If you have not such an instrument already, I would advise you to get one as soon as possible. Let the leader, seated at the organ, before the school, with a few good voices near by, conduct the singing in a hearty and spirited manner, inviting and urging all the teachers and scholars to take part in it. You will have great difficulty in getting the children to sing at all, if the tunes are allowed to drag. A word now and then as to the meaning of the hymn, a few directions as to the way in which it should be sung, and hints as to the correct pronunciation of the words, will add much to the interest and profit of the singing.

Do not let the school run into a singing-class. See that all the hymns have a bearing upon the lesson of the day.

When union religious services are held, the singing should occupy a prominent place, and it should be judiciously conducted. A union choir should be formed, composed of the best singers from the different denominations in the community. The pastors should select the persons from their own choirs or congregations, and send in their names to the person or persons selected to have charge of the singing. Frequent meetings of these singers should be held for practice. Such hymns and tunes should be used as are easily caught by the people, and such only as contain the simple gospel; those which are full of invitations to Christ rather than to creed.

All these preparatory meetings for practice should be opened and closed with prayer. Moreover, each singer should be impressed with the importance of bearing himself in the most exemplary manner. Especially should this be demanded from each singer during the time of the public services, for inattention to the preaching on the part of members of the choir will cause more or less inattention in the congregation.

The time and tune should be led by the organ. The organist should first play a measure or two, to indicate the time and movement. At the close of this all should join heartily in the singing, leaving no place for the appearance of the quite useless appendage of too many religious gatherings—a fussy singing-leader. During the public service I would not have the leader stand up before the audience, and with a stick or a book beat the time with such fearful gesticulations as to call the attention of the people from the singing to himself. Let there be nothing about the choir to divert the audience from their part of the worship. All should try and understand the sentiment of the hymn or sacred song, and enter into it with heart and voice, in a prayerful frame of mind, silently asking God to bless the song to every soul.

I am persuaded that much interest may be added to evangelistic services by the singing occasionally of some sweet gospel hymn by a single voice. If the voice be strong enough, and the pronunciation of the words be clear and distinct, and the singer be full of faith that God will bless his message, I have no doubt that many will accept the “gospel in the song” who would, perhaps, otherwise remain unreached by the truth. I would not permit solo singing, or any other kind of singing to take the place of the preached Word ; but solo singing, properly conducted, may be a means of attracting people to the services who would not have come simply to hear a sermon in the usual way.

What is most needed in all these things is that they be attempted in prayer and faith, and to the glory of God. Ministers should pray for the singers and the singing. The singers should pray for themselves and their work. Thus may a bond of union be formed in this service which will be owned of God, and thereby will the world be led to see still more and more of the power of sacred song in winning souls to Jesus.

At an immense praise-meeting presided over by him, additional words were spoken worthy of being read by many ten thousands.

Mr. Sankey said : " There has been running through my heart since coming here this evening, a sort of mournful note along with these notes of joy. It is that these meetings are soon to pass away—that this is the last praise-meeting we shall probably join together in on earth. But with that thought comes this blessed thought, that by and by, with this large company, and with other large gatherings we have met elsewhere, we shall meet to sing a better song than we have ever sung on earth. We are glad of the Christian hope and assurance we have that we shall stand with that company, and our song shall be, " Hallelujah, 'tis done, I believe on the Son ; I am saved by the blood of the crucified One.' I would to God that while we are praying, singing, and speaking to-night, souls may decide for heaven. We are fast moving on to judgment. May God help us all to believe on Jesus, so that when we stand before the presence of the King we may be able to join in the new song of Moses and the Lamb."

Mr. Sankey and the congregation then sang, "'Tis the promise of God full salvation to give."

Mr. Sankey said : " I have received so many cheering letters of how these little hymns are blessed, that I am encouraged to go on with this speaking to one another in hymns

and songs. It is wonderful how these hymns have been spread all over the world these last two years. After our work in London was over, I had twelve days to spend before sailing for home. I thought I would slip off where I could get rest, where I would not be asked to sing or even talk about these meetings. I went to Calais, thence to Paris, and on to Switzerland. I went to the capital of Switzerland, near the foot of the Alps. The evening I got there, the first thing I heard under my window was the most beautiful volume of song that I almost ever heard. I looked out of the window and saw about one hundred and fifty people singing this sweet hymn: 'Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on his gentle breast.' It had been translated into their language. I recognized the words. I spoke to them through my friend as an interpreter. The next evening they were requested to attend a large gathering in the capital of that country. I promised to go down and sing a hymn or two. The old French church was packed and people were standing in the street. These people sang nearly all the hymns that you sing to-day. They had been translated and sung for months. I heard the children sing them in the Alps. As I returned through another portion of France, I heard those hymns sung on board the railway trains, and I thought, 'What shall the harvest be?' You do not know how many souls have been rested by hearing 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.' Then, I said, by God's grace I will keep on singing, and I will encourage every other person who has a voice to keep on singing these sweet stories of Jesus and His love, and somebody will be blessed, just as somebody is being blessed here. May God bless the singing of these hymns throughout the earth, until we meet to sing a better song in heaven."

Mr. Sankey rendered the favorite hymn, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." His voice, in the lines "Oh, all ye heavy-

laden, come," and afterward in "Too late ! too late ! will be the cry, Jesus of Nazareth *has* passed by," became so low, broken, full of pity and clear withal, that dozens of people half rose from their seats and bent forward toward the stage as if by magnetic attraction. Mr. Sankey's singing was as fine as ever, and it seems strange that any one who listens to his beautiful songs of praise is not touched and brought to look upon the question of eternal life as the most important that could be presented. Men have risen for prayer who have stated that they were brought to realize their lost condition and to seek salvation through the hymns that they have heard sung.

Mr. Moody read the 35th chapter of Isaiah, after which he made an earnest prayer, thanking God for the rich blessings that he has showered upon the people. Reports were then received. Mr. Moody first made the report as to the women's meetings. He stated that they are very interesting, and God is showing His power greatly. The prayers of mothers and wives are being amazingly answered. The 87th hymn was then sung,

" Lord, I hear of showers of blessing."

The reports were then continued as follows : Mr. George H. Stuart reported a great awakening in the First Reformed Presbyterian Church. He said that the pastor had taken a great interest in the revival services, and that since they have commenced his only son has given his heart to Christ. There are now twenty-three young men who are living witnesses of what Jesus is doing in that church, and while he could not give the number of ladies who have professed Christ, he would say that there have been quite a large number. Several young men in his store had come out on the Lord's side.

Mr. Rowland represented the Young Men's Christian

Association. He said that the prayer-meetings on Saturday evenings are largely attended, and that there is an average of twenty young men who at every meeting rise for prayer and express a desire to come to Christ. There have been twenty-seven drinking men converted. Meetings have been inaugurated by the young converts among the workmen at the Gas Works and the seamen on board of the receiving-ship. He also stated that a good work is being done by the Yoke Fellows, and that bands of workers were going out, holding meetings, and bringing men to the Saviour.

Rev. Dr. Hatfield followed, and said that he had been greatly encouraged with the meetings, and had given them very much of his time. He spoke of the great work that is being done among the women, and said the results are astonishing. He then referred to the young men's meetings, and stated that he had seen as many as fifty rise for prayer. The number of conversions are surprising, and, do what he would, he never could get away until a very late hour.

A school-teacher from the country during the Christmas holidays was converted at one of the meetings, and he writes that after he got home he gathered the boys together and had a prayer-meeting. Several have since been held, all of which have been greatly blessed. On Monday last a lady came to the women's prayer-meeting and was converted. She said that the evening before her husband had attended the meeting in the Depot and given his heart to Christ. The conversion was brought about in this manner: The two had engaged in a quarrel, during which their little girl, unobserved by them, on the porch knelt down and prayed for them. A neighbor noticed the child, and went into the house and told the parents. The quarrel ceased, and that night the father went to the meeting at the depot, and there was converted. He returned

home and set up the family altar. The result was that the wife and mother the next day attended the meeting and was also converted. The family are now rejoicing in the Saviour.

Mr. John Wannamaker, who has so efficiently presided over the young men's meetings, made a very encouraging report of the work that has been done and is being done for the conversion of souls to Christ. He said that on Sunday night, in Rev. Dr. McCook's church, between four hundred and five hundred young men on their knees consecrated themselves afresh to the Master's work, and nearly all of those young men were converted during the past eight weeks. He had never witnessed such meetings, and on earth he never expected to be closer to God than he has been while in attendance upon them. Every night men have stood up and given their hearts to Christ, and are now laboring hard for the conversion of all out of the fold. A recent convert who once had been a Christian, but who had fallen through the power of strong drink, related his experience. He had lost two fortunes, and all his friends had left him, but through the efforts of Mr. Moody he had been again brought into the fold.

At the final monster farewell services the Depot was filled with upwards of 12,000 persons. The doors were closed, and within twenty minutes from this time there were over 7,000 more around the several entrances, striving in vain to gain admittance. At the close of this meeting three thousand persons went into the inquiry room. A gentleman, whose son had found rest in a Saviour's love through the instrumentality of their meeting now closing, sent to Mr. Moody a diamond ring, which had been so long worn that it seemed a part of himself, as a thank-offering to the Lord for this great blessing, with instructions to dispose of it as the Holy Spirit

should direct. This ring was afterward sold for \$1,000, and the money given to the Y.M.C.A. Over \$100,000 were raised at the collection.

Mr. Moody concluded the services by thanking the ministers of Philadelphia for their support and sympathy, and asked their prayers as he went to New York. He then prayed most fervently for all the young converts, that they may be kept true to the faith.

After singing "Blest be the tie that binds," the happy throng dispersed, and the glorious record of the Evangelists in Philadelphia was closed.

It is a wonderful record which is made of the meetings led by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Philadelphia. Including the young men's and young women's meetings, there have been in all about 250 different services of the series, with an aggregate attendance at them of perhaps 900,000 persons. It is thought by the committee in charge that at least 300,000 different persons have in all been at these meetings. To the last the interest in these services has deepened, and the attendance at them has increased. The meetings of last Sunday at the beginning of the ninth and closing week, were as crowded as any from the first of the series. Very many Christians have been quickened to new activity in the work of the Lord, and very many sinners have been led to yield themselves to a waiting Saviour through God's blessing on these services. The good results of the meetings are not to end with the removal of the Evangelists from Philadelphia. There is a new Christian life in this city, manifested in a spirit of union, and in zeal and heartiness in all religious endeavors beyond anything hitherto known there. Unmistakable evidence of this is given in the varied exercises of the closing week of these evangelistic meetings. The

brightest anticipations of friends of this work at its beginning are more than realized in Philadelphia.

It is interesting to note that the closing meeting of the course was densely packed by the best people of the city, while thousands were unable to gain admittance. Faithful to Christ and to the truth, he wins the confidence of good men, and more than all binds them closer to the Lord and to duty.



CHAPTER XV.

THE WORK OF GRACE IN NEW YORK.



MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY, and their Christian helpers, after a short respite from the tremendous labors necessary to the successful conduct of their work, attacked sin and unbelief in its stronghold in the metropolis of the western world. The long awaited campaign was commenced on Monday night, Feb. 7th, at the Hippodrome, and continued for sixty-four days.

The location of the Tabernacle is in the very centre of the city, accessible from every direction by all classes. On one side of it lie the homes of wealth, the avenues of fashion, and the great hotels, on the other the masses of the middle classes, and a little beyond, the crowded abodes of the poor and the dens of wickedness and vice. It is the old depot of the Harlem Railroad, and occupies the block bounded by Madison and Fourth Avenues and Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh streets. It was the scene of Barnum's great pageant, and subsequently of Gilmore's monster concerts. It is about one-fourth larger than "Depot Church," Philadelphia. Mr. Varley preached here for several Sabbaths, the first occasion being a wonder to every one. On a wild and stormy winter's night, 15,000 people crowded the place, while multitudes were unable to gain entrance. Frequently then the roar of the wild beasts would be heard mingling with the singing and prayers.

The committee rented this structure at \$1,500.00 a week, and spent \$10,000.00 in fitting it for the meetings. It has been divided into two great halls, one seating 6,500, the other 4,000, while between there is a wide space inclosed for inquiry rooms and for the Evangelists, with a passage from one to the other for their use. After speaking in the large room Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey pass over to the other or overflow meeting, where, meantime, addresses and prayers are to be made by clergymen and laymen, chosen for their adaptation to such work.

Into the Hippodrome gathered day by day the largest audiences ever collected in New York. Lawyers, bankers, merchants, some of whom scarcely ever enter a church, were just as much a part of the congregation as the lowly. All classes and conditions of men have been represented at these meetings.

Such an anxious seeking for the truth has never been witnessed, and it is a question whether the same amount of good has been accomplished anywhere in so short a time. All classes have been benefited by these special religious services—ministers, Christian workers and sinners.

All who attended the meetings have reason to look back upon the period with great pleasure, for they have witnessed wonderful manifestations of the Holy Spirit, and the blessings of the labors of the good and faithful ambassadors of Christ.

As full details of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's meetings, held in other places, have been given in former chapters of this work; and as the mode of conducting the meetings, the numbers attending, the remarks of assistants, the requests for prayer and their remarkable answers, etc., were very similar in New York to what they were in Philadelphia, we will avoid the tediousness of repetition, and occupy the space so

gained with selections from Mr. Moody's sermons delivered at the Hippodrome.

Mr. Moody's first discourse at the Hippodrome was upon human weakness and almighty power.

Long before the hour advertised immense crowds had gathered on Madison Avenue, and when at last the large doors at the entrance on that side of the building were thrown open, the crush became considerable. Men and women appeared to forget every other consideration in the all-absorbing effort to get in early in order to obtain advantageous seats. Some were a good deal crushed in this endeavor, but no one was much injured. The policemen around the building, only fifty in number, had no difficulty in keeping order. When once the immense throng began to surge in, it took a very short time to fill the large hall to its utmost capacity, the body, galleries, and every available seat in the building being brought into requisition. The smaller hall was then thrown open, it being found that there were still large numbers waiting for admission. Too much cannot be said in commendation of the arrangements inside the building. Notwithstanding the rush of such a number of people into the hall, there was not the slightest confusion. The ushers were here, there, and everywhere, and performed their duties most efficiently; so much so that the immense crowd was seated in a very few minutes, and in as quiet and orderly a manner as an ordinary church congregation would be. For some time before the entrance for the general public had been thrown open, the platform had been gradually filling up from the Twenty-seventh street entrance, which had been reserved for ministers, reporters, and the holders of complimentary tickets.

Among those on the platform were Rev. Drs. Ludlow, Adams, Hastings, Tucker, S. H. Tyng, Jr., T. H. Marling, Newell, Hall, ex-Gov. Morgan, Rev. Dr. H. B. Chapin, Hon.

William E. Dodge, Rev. Dr. R. D. Hitchcock, J. B. Cornell, Mr. Ralph Wells, Revs. W. McAlister, H. Moore, Rev. Drs. A. M. Clapp, G. H. Hepworth, Taylor, Gen. C. B. Fisk, Bishop James. The platform to the left of the speakers was set apart for the choir, the men of which had also assembled and taken their seats before the entrance on Madison Avenue had been thrown open. The first meeting of the great revival in New York, was a decided success. The audience was very quiet. It was only when Mr. Sankey led the choir in some of his well-known hymns that they showed their enthusiasm by the way in which they joined in the chorus. Mr. Moody's address appeared to deeply interest the assemblage. As usual with him, it was simple, but he showed his deep earnestness throughout the whole of it, and these are the qualities that make his sermons so effective.

HUMAN WEAKNESS AND ALMIGHTY POWER.

Mr. Moody took for his text "*But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty.*" "*That no flesh should glory in his presence.*"

Now, said he, if we are going to have a work in this city of New York we must give God all the glory. I dread coming to a new place, for it takes a week or a fortnight to get down to solid work.

People are leaning on the choir and saying: "Is not that a large choir?" Or they are saying: "There are so many ministers here, this is going to be a great work." It is not by might or power, but by God's Spirit, and we are to get our eyes off from those things. There will be no blessing until we get done leaning upon anything of that kind. It is the old Gospel—the old story, and we want the old power—the power of the Holy Spirit. If it is anything less than that it will be like the morning cloud, it will soon pass away.

I can tell you who will be disappointed, and who, in after years, will say the meetings were a failure : It will be every man and woman who does not get quickened. If there is a minister who does not get quickened, he will say the work is a failure. What we want is to get down to ourselves. If there is to be a true revival, there must be a casting down before there is a lifting up. It was when Abraham was on his face that God talked to him. When we are humble God will lift us up. Until God's people are quickened, there will be no revival. It will only be a counterfeit revival if you work among the unconverted before you get quickened yourself. When the Lord has restored us to the joy of His salvation, then we will be able to teach transgressors the way to the kingdom of God. If we are cold and lukewarm, and have not the Holy Spirit resting upon us, God will not revive the work. There may be one or two converts, but the work will not be thorough unless the Church of God is quickened. I have come from Princeton, and I have not seen anything in America like what I saw there. I think they have a Holy Ghost revival there. The president of the college told me they never had anything like it before, and the same remark was made by one of the faculty. They had been disappointed of the leaders they wanted, and they met together and prayed. One of the faculty asked them to pray for him, and right there at that meeting the work broke out. There have been about fifty brought back who had wandered from Christ. About fifty have been converted, and it looks now as though all Princeton would be brought into the fold. Oh, that it may commence here and quicken us, and then the Lord will use us. If you want to introduce two men to each other, you want to be near them. If you want to introduce sinners to God, you must be near to God as well as near to the sinner. If a man is near God he will have a love for the sinner, and his heart will be near him. Until we are near to God ourselves we cannot introduce men to God. Some one has said God always uses the vessels nearest at hand, and if we are near to God He will use us, and if we are not God cannot use us. Now we want to be in a position to give God all the glory. There are some things that make me tremble for fear our work will come to nought. There is so much man-wor-

ship. We must sink ourselves. We must get "I" down in the dust. We must lay aside our dignity and say: "Here am I, use me." I must decrease, but He must increase.

I want to urge you Christian people of New York not to buy anything on the street. I am told that sixty-five men have come over from Philadelphia to sell photographs and medals, and they are hawking them on the streets. It is a wonder people come to the meetings, they are so beset with people having these photographs to sell. People who patronize these men are doing the work a great injury. I would like to urge the people not to buy even the hymn-books on the street. Go into the book-stores and buy them. Those photographs are no more photographs of us than they are of you. I have not had a photograph taken these eight years. Many men will not come into the meeting, because they say, "these men are speculating." That impression has got abroad on account of these men on the streets. Let me urge and beg you to do anything to keep down this man-worship. Let us get behind the cross, and let Christ be full in view, and then we will have men come into the kingdom of God. Let us go back to the text. It is the weak things that God wants to use. The world does not want the foolish things; it wants the mighty. But God takes the foolish things of the world to confound the wise. Next, God takes the weak things to confound the things which are mighty. Then he takes the base things, and the despised things, and the things which are not, to bring to nought the things which are, that no flesh may glory in His sight. That was written that we may learn the lesson that God must have all the glory, that we must not take any glory to ourselves, that no flesh may glory in His sight. Just the moment we are ready to take our places in the dust and let God have His glory, then the work will be begun. If we get lifted up and say, "This is a great meeting," and get our minds off from God and are not in communion with Him, this work will be a stupendous failure.

Now you will find in all ages that God has been trying to teach His children this lesson—that He works with the weak things of the world. When He wanted an ark built He called one man to build it, and the world looked upon it with contempt. God's ways are not our ways, and God's thoughts

are not our thoughts. God called one man to build the ark, and though it was thought by the world to be contemptible, yet when the deluge came it was worth more than all the world. When God wanted to deliver Israel out of the hand of the King of Egypt, He did not send an army. If we had that work to do, we would have sent an army ; or if we were going to send a man, we would have sent an orator, and laid the matter out before the king in grand style. The Lord called this man Moses, that had been in the desert forty years, that had an impediment in his speech. Down goes Moses to the King of Egypt, who looks upon him with scorn and contempt, and says, "Who is God, that I should obey Him?" He finds out who He is. Look and see how God works with that king. He uses the little frog. Pharaoh looks upon the frogs with scorn and contempt. Moses said that there were many of them, that their God was a mighty God, who delighted to take the weak things of the world to confound the mighty. We are not weak enough.

It is weakness God wants. If we lay our weakness upon the altar God will take that and use it. One depending upon God's strength is worth all the strength of the world. He has power, and He wants us to learn the lesson that power comes from Him. Look at that giant coming out to defy Israel. Down in the valley came the giant of Gath every morning, and the whole army was afraid to meet that giant. When Israel was trusting in God whole armies came against them and they were not afraid. At last a stripling came up, and when this uncircumcised Philistine came out the young boy enquires, "Who is this man that defies the army of God?" They tell him. He wants to go right out at once and meet him. He was the very last person we would have chosen. We would want to have some other giant to meet the giant of Gath. God will have the glory. That is the point. If some great giant had slain the giant of Gath the people would have given him all the glory. God takes that youth from the country, and he goes out not with Saul's armor. He has no armor of Saul upon him. He takes a few smooth stones out of the brook, and with his sling goes forth to meet the giant. He says, "You have your spear, but I come in the name of my God." He leaned upon the strength of his God.

And now look at him as he puts that little stone in his sling. He takes one aim, God directs it, and the giant of Gath falls. That boy was the very last man we would have chosen, but he was chosen of God. God takes the weak things of the world to confound the mighty. We want to learn the lesson that we are weak. We do not want our own strength. God called Sampson, and with the jawbone of an ass he slew a thousand men. Look at Jonathan and his armor-bearer. God can save by few as well as by many. It is not by might or power, but by the Spirit of God. If we will learn that lesson to-night we can be of use at once; we can be used as chosen vessels to carry the Gospel to others. Then the work can commence in New York at once. Let me impress this upon you, that it is weakness that God wants. There was weeping once in heaven. John wept when he got there, and some one handed him a book, and it was sealed, and there was no one there that could open the book. Abel was not worthy. He might have looked upon Enoch; he was not worthy. He might have looked upon Abraham, the man who had such mighty faith in God; yet the father of the faithful was not worthy to open the book. He might have looked upon Elijah or upon Daniel, but they were not worthy. He might have looked upon the New Testament saints, but they were not worthy. Stephen was not worthy. John began to cry as he looked into heaven and down upon earth, and found there was not one upon earth who was worthy to open the book. John heard a voice saying: "There is one who is worthy; the Lion of the tribe of Judah." John looked around to see the Lion, and lo! it was a lamb.

Instead of our having strength, we want weakness. When the lion of hell was to be overcome, the Lamb of God came forth, and the Lamb of Calvary slew the lion of hell, and conquered him. If we are going to have strength in God, we must have weakness. We want to ask God to give us weakness, not strength.

When God wanted Germany to be blessed He gave power to one man to do it and Germany was blessed. When darkness and superstition were settled over Scotland He did not call forth a great army to deliver the land. The Spirit of the Lord came on John Knox, and he shook all Scotland. You

cannot move through that country now but you feel the influence of John Knox there. You feel in England the influence of John Wesley and Whitfield. They were not giants in intellect, but the Spirit of God was on them ; they were mighty in God. Look at Gideon. God wanted him to go up against the Midianites. He marshalled 32,000 men. The Lord said : " If I give you victory, Gideon, with that army, Israel would say, ' What have we done ; we have slain our hundreds of thousand of Midianites.' Just say to the men who are fearful that they can go back home." Out of 32,000, 22,000 left, so that he had but 10,000 remaining. His heart sinks within him. " Too many yet," said the Lord. " If they get the victory they will say, ' See what we have done.' They will take the glory to themselves. Take them down to the water and we'll try them again." Well, out of 10,000 only 300 were left. So the Lord sent them forth with their empty pitchers, and they overthrew the Midianites. I would rather have 300 men in New York city whose hearts were set on God—who were not full of fears and doubts, than thousands of those who see so many giants, so many obstacles always in the way. I have heard so many say, " New York is a hard city ; you won't succeed here." They are all the time looking at the difficulties. If God be with us we will succeed. Is not the God of our fathers enough for New York ? Cannot our God take this city and shake it as He would a little child ? There is not an infidel or a sceptic in New York that the Lord cannot reach. When in Philadelphia, we almost thought it was a failure for the first few weeks. They talked about the crowds all the time, but could not get their eyes fixed on God. Then the holidays began and the audience fell off. It was the best thing that happened. The work then commenced, and I believe the results are deep and lasting as eternity because it was God's work. Don't you say that anything is small that God has a hand in. Look at that little cloud yonder, not bigger than a man's hand ; but as the hand of God is in that cloud it is found to be enough for all Palestine. The land then thirsting for water got all that it needed. Don't call it small ; it is large enough if God only give it.

Let me say, before we close, what we want to get is the

blessing home to ourselves. Let us not be so anxious to reach the unconverted as ourselves. People will say, "That is just what such a person wanted." They will never hear for themselves. Use your ears for yourselves. Let us pray God to get a blessing ourselves, every one of us. Let ourselves get quickened, and what the result will be it will take eternity alone to tell. Let us get quickened and anointed ourselves by the Spirit of God, afresh, and I have no more doubt that I exist than that a great work will be accomplished in our midst. But if we are not blessed ourselves, then the work will be a superficial one. It won't be the work God wants to give us. Let us ask God to-night that we may receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Let our prayer be: "O God, bless me. Give me a fresh baptism of Thy Spirit. Restore to me the joy of Thy salvation." Just before Elijah was taken away the Lord told him to call Elisha to take his place. If God calls us He will qualify us for our work. He is able to do it. He can qualify us for it. So Elijah called Elisha, and when the time came for him to be called away he started from Gilgal to go down to Bethel. He said Elisha should not go with him. But it had been revealed to Elisha that Elijah should be taken away, and he wanted to get his spirit, so he said: "I will not go without you." When they got to Bethel, Elijah said: "You stay here and I will go to Jericho." He wanted to visit the theological seminaries there. But Elisha said: "You will not go without me." So arm in arm the two went to Jericho. "You tarry here till I go over Jordan." But Elisha would not stay without him, so arm in arm they went to Jordan. Elijah now said: "What do you want—what is your petition?" Elisha answered, "I want a double portion of your spirit." A pretty bold petition indeed. Oh, let us ask great things! That is just what God wants. Elijah said: "Thou hast asked a hard thing; nevertheless, if thou see me when I am taken up, it shall be so unto thee." But Elisha will not leave him. They now come to the waters of Jordan and pass through dry-shod together. They leave the Jordan arm in arm, when lo! suddenly a chariot separates them. Elijah goes away from him; he is swept away to the clouds, but, as he goes, back comes his mantle. Elisha takes it up to Jordan. With it he strikes the waters. The answer

now comes ; these waters separate and he goes over alone. And when the sons of the prophets saw it, they lifted up their voices and cried out : "The spirit of Elijah rests upon Elisha."

Oh, may the spirit of Elijah rest upon us to-night ! Let us go to our closets and plead with God. Let us go to our homes and cry mightily to God that the spirit of Elijah may rest upon us. Then we can say : "Here I am, use me." Oh, that we may get self out of the way. Let us make no provision for the flesh, but give up all to Jesus, and you will see how quickly he will bless our service.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

You will find my text this afternoon in the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, 4th and 5th verses : "*Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows ; yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities ; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him ; and with His stripes we are healed.*"

Five times that little word "our" is used—our sorrows, our griefs, our iniquities, our transgressions, and the chastisement of our peace—there is a substitute for you ! I would like, if I could, to make the 53rd chapter of Isaiah real. I would like, if I could this afternoon, to bring before this congregation, or to bring out this truth—what Christ has suffered for each one of us. We take up the Bible, we read the account of His crucifixion and death, how He suffered in agony, and we go away, lay the Bible down, and think nothing more about it. I remember when the war was going on I would read about a great battle having been fought, where probably ten thousand men had been killed and wounded, and after reading the article I would lay the paper aside and forget all about it. At last I went into the army myself ; I saw the dying men, I heard the groans of the wounded, I helped to comfort the dying and bury the dead, I saw the scene in all its terrible realities. After I had been on the battlefield I could not read an account of a battle without it making a profound impression upon me. I wish I could bring before you in living colors the sufferings and death of Christ. I do

not believe there would be a dry eye here. I want to speak of His physical sufferings, for that I think we can get hold of. No man knows all that Christ suffered. Now, when a great man dies we are all anxious to get his last words, and if it is a friend, how we treasure up that last word, how we tell it to his friends, and we never tire talking to our loved ones of how he made his departure from the world.

Now let us visit Calvary ; let us bring the scene down to this present age ; let us bring it right down here into this world this afternoon ; or let us go back in our imagination to the time of Christ's crucifixion : let us imagine we are living in the city of Jerusalem instead of New York ; let us take just the last Thursday he was there before he was crucified. Let us just imagine we are walking up one of the streets of Jerusalem. You see a small body of men walking down the street : everybody is running to see what the excitement is. As we get nearer we find that it is Jesus with His apostles. We just walk down the street with them, and we see them stop and enter a very common-looking house. They go in and we enter also, and we find Jesus sitting with the apostles. You can see sorrow depicted upon His brow. His disciples see it, but do not know what has caused His grief. We are told that He was sorrowful unto death. As He was sitting there He said to the twelve, "One of you shall this night betray me." Then each of them wondered if he were the one of whom the Master spoke, and they said, "Is it I?" Then Judas the traitor said, "Is it I?" Jesus said it was. Christ said, "Judas, what thou doest do quickly." Then Judas got up and left the room. For three years he had been associated with the Son of God. For three years he had sat at the feet of Jesus. For three years he had heard those words of sympathy and love fall from His lips. For three years he had been one of the faithful twelve. He had seen Him perform His wonderful miracles. He had heard the parables as they fell from the lips of Jesus. For three years he had been a member of that little band. So he got up and went out into the night, the darkest night that this world ever saw. He goes out of that guest chamber. You can hear him as he goes down those steps, off into the darkness and the blackness of the night. Then he went to the Sanhedrim

and he said, "I will make a bargain with you, I will sell him cheap;" and there he betrayed his Master for thirty pieces of silver. That was a small amount. Men condemn him, but how many are selling Him for less than that? How many will give him up for less than that? There are men who will sell Him for a little pleasure, and women who would sell Him for two or three hours in a ball-room.

You can hear the money being counted. He puts it into his pocket. He says, "Give me a band of men and I will take you where He is." It was then that Christ said those beautiful words. It was on that night that He said, "Let not your hearts be troubled. I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go to prepare a place for you I will come again, that where I am there ye may be also." Instead of the disciples trying to cheer Him, He is trying to cheer them. He takes Peter, James and John off from the rest, and then He withdraws from them about a stone's throw. Then he prayed to the Father. He that knew no sin was to bear all our sins. He who was as spotless as the angels of heaven was to suffer for us. From this lone spot His prayers ascended to heaven. And while he is praying the apostles fall asleep, for their eyes are heavy. Peter, James, and John were heavy with sleep. When He gets up from prayer He looks into the distance. He sees the men who are hunting for Him. They are looking around through the olive trees for some one. He well knows who they are looking for. He went up to this band of men and said, "Whom seek ye?" And they said, "We seek Jesus of Nazareth." "Well," said Jesus, "I am He." There was something about that reply that terrified those men. They trembled and fell to the ground. Then at last Judas came up, and I don't know but he put his arms around His neck and kissed Him. When Judas had kissed Christ, the soldiers seized Him, for Judas had told the soldiers that when they saw him kiss a man that was He. Those hands that had wrought so many wonderful miracles, those hands that had often been raised to bless the disciples, were bound. Then Peter takes his sword, and cuts off the high priest's servant's ear. But Jesus healed the wound at once. He would not let the soldier suffer.

Then they take Him back to Jerusalem. He can see the

soldiers and the populace mocking Him. When they take Him back they are summoned before the Sanhedrim. They lead Him before the Sanhedrim, and Annas is sent for. He is taken before Annas and Caiaphas: Christ is taken before the rulers of the Jews. There were seventy that belonged to that Sanhedrim. The law required that two witnesses must appear against a person on trial before he could be convicted. They secure false witnesses, who come in and swear falsely. Then the high priest asked Jesus what it was that those men witnessed against Him, but He said nothing. Then the high priest asked Him a second time and said, "Art Thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?" Jesus answered, "I am, and ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." Then the high priest said, "What need we any further witnesses? Ye have heard the blasphemy from His own lips." And the verdict came forth, "He is guilty of death!" What a sentence! After a moment he was pronounced guilty of death. You can see one of these soldiers strike him with the palm of his hand. Another spits in His face. Why, if I should spit in any of your faces you would be disgusted and get up and leave the hall. They not only struck Him, but they spit upon Him. They keep Him until morning. While they are keeping Him, Peter is out in the Judgment Hall swearing that he never knew Him. They had all forsaken Him. Judas had already come back and thrown down the money which had been paid him for betraying innocent blood. He was about going out to hang himself.

About daylight they take Christ before Pilate. They are so eager for His blood that they cannot wait. By this time the city is filled with strangers from all parts of the country. They had heard that the Galilean prophet had been brought before the Sanhedrim, that they had condemned Him, and that he was to die the cruel death of the Cross, and all they had to do was to get Pilate's consent and they would put Him out of the way. Pilate looked at Him and talked with Him, and then said, "I find no fault in this man." And they shouted, "Why, if you chastise this man and let Him go you will do wrong; He is a Galilean." "Why," said Pilate, "is He a Galilean?" And they told Pilate he was brought up

at Nazareth. When he heard that, glad to get rid of the responsibility, Pilate says, "Then I will send Him to Herod." There are a great many Roman soldiers keeping back the crowds in the streets, the same as our police on some great day. You can see these soldiers going before the crowd that has Jesus, clearing the streets. Herod was glad when Jesus was brought into his presence, for he hoped that He would perform some miracles to gratify his curiosity. We are told that Herod's men of war set Him at naught. They dressed Him up, took some cast-off clothing of one of their kings, perhaps, and said, "Hail, King of the Jews!" Then they came up and struck Him on the face. Oh! my friends, let us make this scene real to-day! He was bruised for our transgressions. He is your substitute and mediator.

After they had mocked Him, they dressed Him up in His own garments and brought Him before Pilate. You can see the crowd around the Judgment Hall. They are ready to put Him to death. Pilate wanted to chastise Christ and release Him, and then deliver a prisoner to them. And they cried, "Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas."

They opened the prison door and let the prisoner out. Then Pilate thought of a way to save Him. He remembered that it was a custom among the Jews that on a certain day one prisoner was to be released to them, and go unpunished. So he said to the Jews, "Which of these two prisoners shall I release, Jesus or Barabbas?" And when the Chief Priest found out what was going on he went through the crowd and asked that Barabbas might be released. The Governor was disappointed, and when he put the question to the crowd, "Which shall I release unto you, Jesus or Barabbas?" Jesus who raised the dead, or Barabbas who took the lives of men, whose hands were dripping with the blood of his fellow-men? No sooner was it put to the crowd than they lifted up their voices, shouting, "Barabbas, Barabbas!" Then he said, "What shall I do with Jesus?" And the cry rang through the streets, "Let Him be crucified." But a few days before the crowd were crying, "Hosanna to the Son of David!" Then when the Governor heard it he turned and wrung his hands, saying, "I am innocent of the blood of this just man."

Oh, until I came to read all about what Christ suffered, I never before realized what He had done for us. I never knew until I came to read all about the Roman custom of scourging what it meant by Christ being scourged for me. When I first read about that I threw myself on the floor and wept, and asked Him to forgive me for not having loved Him more. Let us imagine the scene where he is taken by the Roman soldiers to be scourged. The orders were to put forty stripes, one after another, upon His bared back. Sometimes it took fifteen minutes, and the man died in the process of being scourged. See Him stooping while the sins of the world are laid upon Him, and the whips come down upon his bare back, cutting clear through the skin and flesh to the bone. And, after they had scourged Him, instead of bringing oil and pouring it into the wounds of Him who came to bind up the broken heart, and pour oil into its wounds—instead of doing this they dressed Him up again, and some cruel wretch reached out to Him a crown of thorns, which was placed upon His brow. The Queen of England wears a crown of gold, filled with diamonds and precious stones, worth \$20,000,000; but when they came to crown the Prince of Heaven, they gave Him a crown of thorns and placed it upon His brow, and in His hand they put a stick for a sceptre.

Now you might have seen at one of the gates of the city a great crowd bursting through. What is coming? There are two thieves being brought for execution. Between the two thieves is the Son of God walking through the streets of Jerusalem. And he carried a cross. You ladies wear small crosses made of gold and wood and stone around your necks, but the cross that the Son of God carried was a rude, heavy tree made into a cross. I can imagine Him reeling and staggering under it. Undoubtedly He had lost so much blood that He was too faint to carry it, and before they got to the place it well nigh crushed Him to the earth. And then some stranger undertook to bear it along after Him. I can imagine the strong man carrying it along, and the crowd hooting "Away with Him; away with Him"—a pestilent fellow, as they called Him. This was only nine o'clock in the morning. They arrived at Calvary a little before nine. Then they took up the Son of God and they laid Him out upon that cross.

I can imagine them binding His wrists to the arms of the cross. And after they had got Him bound, up came a soldier with hammer and nails and put one nail into the palm of His hand, and then came the hammer without mercy, driving it down through the bone and flesh, and into the wood, and then into the other hand. And then they brought a long nail for His feet, and then the soldiers gathered round the cross and lifted it up; and the whole weight of the Son of God came upon those nails in His hands and feet. O, you young ladies, who say you see no beauty in Christ that you should desire to be like Him, come with me and take a look at those wounds; and remember that that crown of thorns was laid upon His brow by a mocking world. Look at Him as He hangs there, and at the people who pass by deriding him. There are the two thieves that reviled Him, and the one that said, "Save us and save Thyself if Thou be the Son of God." But hark! At last there comes a cry from the cross. What is it! Is it a cry to the Lord to take Him down from the cross? No! It is, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Was there ever such love as that? While they were crucifying Him, He was lifting His heart to God in prayer. His heart seemed to be breaking for those sinners. How He wanted to take them in His arms! How He wanted to forgive them! At last He cried, "I thirst!" and, instead of giving Him a draught of water from the spring, they gave Him a draught of gaul mixed with vinegar. There He hung! You can see those soldiers casting lots for His garments as they crowd around the foot of the cross. While they were casting lots the crowd would mock and deride Him and make all manner of sport of Him. He cried only, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Right in the midst of the darkness and gloom there came a voice from one of those thieves. It flashed into his soul as he hung there, "This must be more than man; this must be the true Messiah!" He cried out, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom!" We are anxious to get the last word or act of our dying friends. Here was the last act of Jesus. He snatched the thief from the jaws of death, saying, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." And

again He spoke. What was it? "It is finished," was His cry. Salvation was wrought out, atonement was made. His blood had been shed; His life had been given. Undoubtedly, if we had been there we would have seen legions of devils hovering around the cross. And so the dark clouds of death and hell came surging up against the bosom of the Son of God, and He drove them back, as you have seen the waves come gathering up and surging against the rock, and then receding and then returning. The billows were over Him. He was conquering death and Satan and the world in those last moments. He was treading the wine-press alone. At last He shouted from the cross, "It is finished." Perhaps no one who heard it knew what it meant. But the angels in heaven knew; and I can imagine the bells of heaven (if they have bells there) ringing out, and angels singing, "The God-man is dead, and full restitution has opened the way back into Paradise, and all man has to do is to look and live." After He cried, "It is finished," He bowed His head, commended His spirit to God, and gave up the ghost. Do you tell me you see no reason why you should love such a Saviour? Would you rather be his enemy than His friend? Have you no desire to receive Him and become His? May God soften all our hard hearts to-day.



LOVE.

It speaks in Galatians about love, the fruit of the Spirit being love, joy, peace, gentleness, long suffering, meekness, and temperance. The way this writer has put it—and I think it is very beautiful—is that joy is love exultant, peace is love in repose, and long suffering is love enduring. It is all love, you see; a gentleness is love in society, and goodness is love in action, and faith is love on the battle-field, and meekness is love at school, and temperance is love in training. Now there are a great many that have love, and they hold the truth. I should have said that they have got truth, but they don't hold it in love; and they are very unsuccessful in working for God. They are very harsh, and God cannot use them. Now, let us hold the truth; but let us hold it in love. People will stand almost any kind of plain talk if you only do it in love. If you do it in hardness it bounds back, and they won't receive it. So what we want is to have the truth, and at the same time hold it in love.

Then there is another class of people in the world that have got the truth, but they love so much that they give up the truth because they are afraid it will hurt some one's feelings. That is wrong. We want the whole truth anyway. We don't want to give it up, but hold it in love; and I believe one reason why people think God don't love them is because they have not this love. I met a lady in the inquiry room to-day, and I could not convince her that God loved her; for she said if He did love her He would not treat her as He had. And I believe people are all measuring God with their own rule, as I said the other day, and we are not sincere in our love; and we very often profess something we don't really possess. Very often we profess to have love for a person when we do not, and we think God is like us. Now God is just what He says he is, and He wants His children to be sincere in love; not to love just merely in word and tongue, but to love in earnest. That is what God does. You ask me why God loves. You might as well ask me why the sun shines. It can't help shining, and neither can He help loving, because He is love Himself; and any one that says He is not love does not

know anything about love. If we have got the true love of God shed abroad in our hearts, we will show it in our lives. We will not have to go up and down the earth proclaiming it. We will show it in everything we say or do.

There is a good deal of what you might call sham love. People profess to love you very much, when you find it is all on the surface. It is not heart love. Very often you are in a person's house, and the servant comes in and says such a person is in the front room, and she says: "Oh, dear, I am so sorry he has come, I can't bear the sight of him;" and she'll get right up and go into the other room and say, "Why, how *do* you do? I am *very* glad to see you." [Laughter.] There is a good deal of that sort of thing in the world. I remember, too, I was talking with a man one day, and an acquaintance of his came in, and he jumped up at once and shook him by the hand—why I thought he was going to shake his hand out of joint, he shook so hard—and he seemed to be so glad to see him, and wanted him to stay, but the man was in a great hurry and could not stay, and he coaxed and urged him to stay, but the man said no, he would come another time; and after that man went out my companion turned to me and said, "Well, he is an awful bore, and I am glad he's gone." Well I began to feel that I was a bore, too, and I got out as quick as I could. [Laughter.] That is not real love. That is love with the tongue while the heart is not true. Now, let us not love in word and in tongue, but in deed and in truth. That is the kind of love God gives us, and he wants the same in return.

Now, there is another side to this truth. A man was talking to me out here the other day that he didn't believe there was any love at all; that Christians professed to have love, but he didn't believe men could have two coats, and I think he reflected on me, because I had on my overcoat at that time and he hadn't got any. I looked at him and said: "Suppose I should give you one of my coats, you would drink it up before sundown. I love you too much to give you my coat and have you drink it up." A good many people are complaining now that Christians don't have the love they ought to have, but I tell you it is no sign of want of love that we don't love the lazy man. I have no sympathy with those

men that are just begging twelve months of the year. It would be a good thing, I believe, to have them die off. They are of no good. I admit there are some that are not real, and sincere, and true, but there are many that would give the last penny they had to help a man who really needed help. But there are a good many sham cases—men that won't work, and the moment they get a penny they spend it for drink. To such men it is no charity to give. A man that won't work should be made to work. I believe there is a great deal more hope for a drunkard, or a murderer, or a gambler than there is of a lazy man. I never heard of a lazy man being converted yet, though I remember talking once with a minister in the backwoods of Iowa about lazy men. He was all discouraged in his efforts to convert lazy men, and I said to him, "Did you ever know of a lazy man to be converted?" "Yes," said he; "I knew of one, but he was so lazy that he didn't stay converted but about six weeks." And that is as near as I ever heard of a lazy man being converted; and if there are any here to-day saying they don't love us because we don't give them any money, I say we love them too well. We don't give to them, because it is ruin.

Some years ago I picked up several children in Chicago, and thought I would clothe them and feed them; and I took special interest in those boys, to see what I could make of them. I don't think it was thirty days before the clothes had all gone to whiskey, and the fathers had drank it all up. One day I met one of the little boys, for whom I had bought a pair of boots only the day before. There was a snow storm coming up, and he was barefooted. "Mike," says I, "how's this? Where are your boots?" "Father and mother took them away," said he. There is a good deal that we think is charity that is really doing a great deal of mischief, and the people must not think because we don't give them money to aid them in their poverty that we don't love them; for the money would go into their pockets to get whiskey with. It is no sign that we are all hypocrites and insincere in our love that we don't give money. I believe if the prodigal son could have got all the money he wanted in that foreign country, he would never have come home; and it was a good thing for him that he did get hard

up and had to live on the husks that the swine ate. And it is a good thing that people should suffer. If they get a good living without work, they will never work. We can never make anything of them. God has decreed that man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and not live on other people.

But I am getting away from the subject. I only wanted to touch upon this subject because a good many are complaining that Christian people don't help them. I have sometimes fifteen or twenty letters a day, coming from Kansas, and Europe even, asking me to take up a collection. They say, "Here is a poor woman. Just get the people to give a penny apiece." Suppose we began doing that sort of thing. We should have to have somebody to look up this man or this woman and find they are worthy. If we took up one collection, we would have to take up five hundred. I never found a person true to Christ but what the Lord would take care of them. I think it is a good thing for people to suffer a little until they come back to God. They will find that God will take care of them that love Him. A great many say, "Oh, I love God." It is easy enough to say this, but if you do love God He knows about it, be assured. He knows how much you love him. You may deceive your neighbors, and think you love God, and assume a good deal of love when there is really no love in your heart. Now it says in Corinthians viii. 3: "But if any man love God, the same is known of Him." God is looking from heaven down into this world just to find that one man. God knows where he lives, the number of his house, and the name of the street he lives in. In fact, he has the very hairs of your head numbered, and he will take good care of you. He will not let any of His own children come to want; He will not let any of those who come to want suffer; He will provide for their wants if they are only sincere, but He don't want any sham work. When the Lord was here He was all the time stripping those Pharisees of their miserable self-righteousness. They professed great love for Him while their hearts were far from God. Let us not profess to love God with our tongue and our lips while our lives are far from it.

Another class say, "I don't know whether I love God or not. I am really anxious to know whether or not I love God." Now, if you are really anxious, it won't take you long to find out. You cannot love God and the world at the same time, because they abhor each other. They are at enmity, always have been, and always will be. It is the world that crucified God's Son; it was the world that put God's Son to death. Therefore if we love the world, it is a pretty good evidence that the love of the Father is not in us. We may say our prayers and go through some religious performances, but our hearts are not right with God, because we cannot love God and the world at the same time. We have got to get the world under our feet, and the love of God must be first in our hearts, or else we have not got the love of God. The command we have is that he who loveth God loveth his brother also. Now, if we have got our heart full of enmity and jealousy and malice toward any of God's children, it is a sure sign that the love of God is not in our hearts. To love a man that loves me—that don't require any goodness; the greatest infidel can do that; but to love a man that reviles me and lies about me and slanders me—that takes the grace of God. I may not associate with him, but I may love him. I may hate the sin, but love the sinner. And that is one of the tests by which to find out whether you have love in your heart. The first impulse of the young convert is to love every one, and to do all the good he can; and that is the sign that a man has been born from above—born of God—and that he has got real love in his heart; and these tests God gives us that we may know. The question is, Do you love the world? Had you rather go to theatre than to prayer meeting? Had you rather go to a dance than to commune with the godly? If so it is, then it is a good sign that you have not been converted and not born of God. That is a good test. People want to know whether they love God or not; let them turn to that test and they will find out. If your heart is set on the world, and you had rather not be with God's people, it is a sure sign that you have not been born of God.

Well, there is another class of people who say, "I don't see, if God really loves me and I love Him, why I am called

upon to have so many afflictions and troubles." Just turn a moment to the 8th chapter of Romans, the 28th verse: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are called according to His promise." It is not a few things, not a part of them, but *all* work together for good. Give a man constant prosperity, and how quickly he turns away from God; and so it is a little trouble here, and a little reverse here, and some prosperity there; and, taken all together, it is the very thing we need.

If you just take your Bibles, you will find that God loves you. There is no one in this wide world, sinner, that loves you as God loves you. You may think your father loves you, or your mother loves you, or a brother or a sister; but let me tell you, you can multiply it by ten thousand times ten thousand before it can equal God's love. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Can you have greater proof of God's love and Christ's love? "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Christ laid down His life for His enemies. Ah, my friends, it will take all eternity for us to find out the height, and breadth, and length, and depth of God's love. I am told that when the Roman Catholic Archbishop in Paris was thrust into prison during the last war, there was a window in the door of his cell in the shape of a cross. He took his pencil, and at the top and bottom marked the height and length and depth, and at each end of the arm the length and breadth. Ah, that Catholic bishop had been to Calvary. He could realize the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of God's love, and that Christ gave Himself up freely for us all.

How men with an open Bible can say that God don't love them is more than I can understand. But the devil is deceitful, and puts that into their heads. Let me beg you, go to Calvary, and there you may just for a moment catch a glimpse of God's love. There was a man came from Europe to this country a year or two ago, and he became dissatisfied and went to Cuba in 1867, when they had that great civil war there. Finally he was arrested for a spy, court-martialled, and condemned to be shot. He sent for the

American Consul and the English Consul, and went on to prove to them that he was no spy. These two men were thoroughly convinced that the man was no spy, and they went to one of the Spanish officers and said, "This man you have condemned to be shot is an innocent man." "Well," the Spanish officer says, "the man has been legally tried by our laws and condemned, and the law must take its course, and the man must die." And the next morning the man was brought out; the grave was already dug for him, and the black cap was put on him, and the soldiers were there ready to receive the order, "Fire!" and in a few moments the man would be shot and be put in that grave and covered up, when who should rise up but the American Consul, who took the American flag and wrapped it around him, and the English Consul took the English flag and wrapped it around him, and they said to those soldiers, "Fire on those flags if you dare!" Not a man dared; there were two great governments behind those flags. And so God says, "Come under my banner, come under the banner of love, come under the banner of heaven." God will take care of all that come under His banner. Oh, my friends, come under the banner of heaven to-day! This banner is a banner of love. May it float over every soul here, is the prayer of my heart. God don't will the death of any who will come under His banner of love. It is pure love, and, sinner, may the love of God bring you into the fold is the prayer of my heart. I read once of a young man who left his father, and at last that father died and the boy came to the funeral; and there was not a tear that flowed over his cheeks during the whole funeral. He saw that father laid down into the grave, and he did not shed a tear. When they came to break the will, and the boy heard that the father had dealt kindly with him, and had given him some property, he began to shed tears. When that boy heard his father's will read, his heart was broken, and he came to his father's God. O sinner! if you want to find out God's love, take this last will and testament of Jesus Christ. He showed His love by going to Calvary; He showed His mercy by His death agony there. He loves you with an everlasting love; He don't want you to perish. Oh, may you love Him in return!

THE TWO ADAMS.

I want to speak to-day upon the subject of the two Adams. Every person in this hall to-day is either in the first or second Adam, and I want for a little while just to draw the contrast between the two Adams. In the 1st chapter of Genesis, 26th verse, we will find the Lord made the first Adam lord over everything, over creation. They have now, in the Old Country, a great many titled men, and a good many whom they call lords. You might say that Adam was the first lord ; he was the first man that was lord over creation. God had made Him lord, or you might say king, and the whole world was his kingdom. He was the father of all. The second Adam you will find if you turn to the 1st of Mark. You will see that when Christ commenced His ministry, after He had been baptized by John, he went off into the wilderness, and there He was among the wild beasts for forty days. He was not made lord over everything. He came not as the first Adam did, but he that was rich became poor for our sakes. Then in the 2nd chapter of Genesis, the 17th verse, you will find the first Adam introduces sin into the world. I used to stumble over that verse more than any other verse in the whole Bible. I could not understand how God said Adam should die the day he ate that fruit, and yet he lived a thousand years. I didn't understand then, as I do now, that the life of the body is not anything in comparison with the death of the soul. Adam died in his soul right there and then. Death is just being banished from God's sight ; for God is the author of life ; and the moment the communication was cut off between Adam and God that was the end of life. It was then "Eat and die." Thank God, it is now eat and live. If we eat of the bread of heaven we shall live for ever.

Then, in the 3rd chapter, at the 6th verse, God told him not to do it, and when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eye, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat. Now, there is the first sin that came into the

world. The second Man, instead of yielding to sin—He that knew no sin—became sin for us. The first man brought sin upon us, and brought sin into the world ; but the second Man, who was without sin, became sin for us. A great many complain because Adam's sin comes down upon the human race all these six thousand years. They seem to think it is unjust in God that Adam's sin should be visited upon the whole human race, but they forget that the very day Adam fell God gave us a Saviour and a way of escape, so that instead of complaining about God being unjust, it seems to me every one of us ought to look on the other side and see what a God of grace and love we have. God was under no obligations to do that. If it had been any one of us, we would have come down and pulled the rebel from the face of the earth. We would have created another man, it might have been, but God made a way for Adam and all his posterity to be saved. He gave us another man from heaven, and through Him all of us could be saved just by accepting life. Through the disobedience of one many were made sinners, but thank God, through the obedience of another many are made heirs of eternal life. I want every one in this hall to just turn away from this first Adam. He has brought all the misery into this world. It came by Adam's disobedience and transgression. He disobeyed, sin came, and death came by sin. God's word must be kept, but you turn to the eleventh chapter of John, and you find Christ is the Resurrection and the Life. One brought death, and the other brought immortality to life. If it were not for Christ we could know nothing about resurrection. I pity the poor man who ignores Christ, who rejects the Son of God. What has he got to do at the resurrection ? In the third chapter of Genesis the first Adam lost life. In the first chapter of John the second Adam gives it back to us if we will only take it. The gift of God is eternal life, and all we have to do is just to take it. All the pain and sickness in this world came by the first Adam, but thank God the second Adam came to bear away our griefs and sorrows. "Surely, He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." And you will find in the seventeenth chapter of Matthew that He cures our sicknesses. Now, when the first Adam had

done this, had sinned and brought death upon the world, had brought a curse upon it, he ran away and hid in the bushes ; but when the second Adam came to take his place and suffer his guilt, instead of hiding away in the bushes of Gethsemane, He came out and said to these men who were seeking for Him, "Whom seek ye?" and they said, "Jesus from Nazareth;" and he answered, "Here am I." He delivered himself up. The first man was disobedient unto death, but the second man was obedient unto death. Through the obedience of one, many shall be made alive, many shall live for ever. Turn back to Corinthians, 15th chapter, 45th verse. That is the most wonderful chapter almost in the whole Word of God. You ought to be well acquainted with the fifteenth chapter. And so it is written, "The first man Adam was made a living soul, the last was made a quickening spirit." Now there is a difference between a living soul and a quickening spirit. The first was made a living soul, but he could not impart life to a dead body. He could hand life down through his own family and his own line. He was made a living soul, and he could have lived for ever if he had not sinned ; but the second Adam was made a quickening spirit ; therefore He could raise others from the dead. All He had to do was to speak to a dead body and it would live. That is the difference between the first Adam and the second. The first was made a living soul and he lost life, and the second was made a quickening spirit, and all he had to do was to speak to dead bodies and they lived. He was the conqueror over death ; He bound death hand and foot and overcame it, and was a quickening spirit.

Now, the first Adam was of earth, earthy. God promised him the earth. God gave him Eden, and he was all of this earth, earthy. The second man is the Lord from heaven. That is the difference between the two Adams. One is all of earth, earthy, and the other is from heaven. Now, I don't see what people are going to do with these passages in the Bible where they try to ignore Christ's Godhead, saying that He did not belong to the Godhead, that he was not God-man. "The second man was from heaven," says Paul, "and therefore He spoke as a man from heaven." When the first Adam was tempted he yielded to the first temptation. When the second

Adam was tempted He resisted. Satan gave Him a trial. God won't have a Son that He cannot try. He was tried; He was tempted; He took upon Him your nature and mine, and withstood the temptation. The first Adam was tempted *by* his bride. The second was tempted *for* His bride. God says, "I will give you the Church." He was tempted in this world just for His bride—the Church. He came for His bride, and instead of the bride tempting Him, He overcame all that He might win the bride to Himself. And you can always tell the difference between the two Adams. When the first Adam sins he begins to make an excuse. Man must have an excuse always ready for his sins. When God came down and said, "Adam, where art thou? What have you been doing? Have you been eating of that tree?" he hung his head and had to own up that he had; but he said, "Lord, it is the woman that tempted me." He had to charge it back upon God, you see. Instead of putting the blame where it belonged, on his own shoulders, he tried to blame God for his sins. This is what the first Adam was. We have it right here every day in our inquiry room—men trying to charge the sin back on God instead of getting up and confessing their sins. They say, "Why did God tempt me?" "Why did God do this and that?" That was the spirit of the first Adam. But, thank God, the second Adam made no excuse. He took it upon Himself to bear our sins upon the tree. The first Adam looked upon the tree and plucked its fruit and fell. The second Adam was nailed to the tree. "Cursed is every one that is nailed to the tree." He became a curse for us. The two wonderful events that have taken place in the world are these, that when the first Adam went up from Eden he left a curse upon the earth, but when the second Adam went up from the Mount of Olives He lifted the curse. The first brought the curse upon the earth, the second as he went up from the Mount of Olives lifted the curse, and so every man that is in Christ can shout Victory! and there is no victory until he is in Christ.

When God turned Adam out of Eden, He put cherubim at the gate with a sword; Adam could not go back to the tree of life. It would have been a terrible thing if they had gone back and eaten the fruit, and had never died. O, my friends,

it is a good thing to be able to die, that in the evening of life we may shuffle off this old Adam coil, and be with the Son of God. There is nothing sad about death to a man that is in Christ Jesus. God put a sword there to guard the tree of life. The Son of Man went into the garden and plucked up the tree, and transferred it into Paradise. The gates are ajar (that is a poetical expression, but I use it for an illustration), and all we have to do is to walk right in and pluck the fruit and eat. Men complain because Adam was driven out of the Garden of Eden. I would rather be up there, where Satan cannot go, than be in the old Eden.

Thanks be to God, Satan cannot go up there ! The tree is planted by the throne of God, and there is the crystal stream by the river, and the tree is planted beside it. If God put Adam out of this earthly Eden on account of one sin, do you think he will let us into the Paradise above with our tens of thousands of sins upon us ? If he punished one sin in that way, and would not allow him to live in the old garden for one sin, will he permit us to go to heaven with all our many sins upon us ? There is no sense in the sacred history of the atonement unless our sins have been transferred to another and put away. There is no hope unless God's sword has been raised against sin, and if God finds sin on you and me we must die. All we have to do is to turn our sins over to Him who has borne our sins in His own body on the tree. Will you turn to the third chapter of Colossians, 3rd verse : " For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." When Adam was driven out of Eden, all he lost was an earthly garden. God never promised him heaven. He was not a fallen man ; he was an earthly man. God gave him Eden. What do we get if we are of the second Adam ? The moment that God pronounced His creation good, then evil began to creep in. You could hear the footsteps of Satan coming. Satan said to himself, " Good, is it ? I will mar it then ;" and he went to work to destroy God's work. But no sooner had Satan left Eden than God came right down and put man into a higher place than before. Thanks be to Him, we have our life hid with Christ in God. You know Satan was once the Son of the Morning, but God afterwards cast him out, and God takes a man and puts him in Satan's former place beside

Him on the throne. We have more in the second Adam than we lost in the first Adam. There is a poor sinner that takes and hides his life in Christ ; how will Satan get at him ? He is secure. Our life is where Satan cannot get at it. If he could he would get at it before we could have time to get our dinners to-day, and we could not have the power ourselves to keep him out ; but Christ keeps him out, and we are secure. When God said to old Adam, "Where are thou ?" Adam went and hid away. When he asked the second Adam, "Where art thou ?" he was at the right hand of God. When God asked the first Adam, "What hast thou done ?" he said he had sinned. The second Adam said, "I have glorified Thee for ever." He came for that purpose. That is all that He did when He was down here on earth.

I want to call your attention to the natures of the two men. It is one of the most important truths that can be brought out. I was a Christian for twelve or fifteen years before I understood the two natures. I had a good deal of doubt and uncertainty, because I did not understand one thing. I thought when a man was converted, God changed his whole nature. We very often talk about a change of heart. I do not think that is a good way to put it. You cannot find those words in Scripture. All through Scripture it is a "new birth;" it is a new creation ; it is new life given ; "born from above of the Spirit;" "born again." If it is a new birth it must be a new nature. I believe that every child of God has two natures. Some people say, "Why have you Christians so much conflict? You are always struggling with yourselves, and having conflict. We don't have it. Why is it?" Because we have two natures ; and there is a battle always going on between the worlds of light and darkness. Once there was a judge who had a colored man. The colored man was very godly, and the judge used to have him to drive him around in his circuit. The judge used often to talk with him, and the colored man would tell the judge about his religious experience, and about his battles and conflicts. One day the judge said to him, "Sambo, how is it that you Christians are always talking about the conflicts you have with Satan? I am better off than you are. I don't have any conflicts or trouble, and yet I am an infidel."

That floored the colored man for a while. He didn't know how to meet the old infidel's argument. The judge always carried a gun with him for hunting. Pretty soon they came to a lot of ducks. The judge took his gun and blazed away at them, and wounded one and killed another. The judge said quickly, "You jump in and get the wounded duck," and did not pay any attention to the dead one until the wounded one was safely secured. The colored man then thought he had his illustration. He said to the judge, "I think I can explain to you now how it is that Christians have more conflict than infidels. Don't you know that the moment you wounded that duck, how anxious you was to get him out, and that you didn't care anything about the dead duck, until after you had saved the other one?" "Yes," said the judge. "Well, I am a wounded duck; and I am all the time trying to get away from the devil; but you are a dead duck and he has you anyhow, and does not bother about you until he gets me for certain." So the devil has no conflict. He can devour the helpless and the widow, and it does not trouble him; he can drive a sharp bargain, and get the advantage of a man and ruin him, and not be troubled about it; and he can heap up such things all the time, and have no conflict within. Why? Because the new nature in him is not begun. When a man is born of God he gets a new life. One is from heaven and comes from Christ, that heavenly manna that comes from the throne of God. The other is of the earth, and comes of the old Adam. When I was born of my father and mother I received their nature; when they were born of their parents they received their nature; and you can trace it back to Eden. We then received God's nature.

There are two natures in man that are as distinct as day and night. With that old Adam in us, if we do not keep him down in the place of death, he brings us into captivity. I do not see how any one can explain the 6th, 7th, and 8th chapters of Romans in any other way. People sometimes tell me they have got out of the 7th chapter of Romans, but I notice they always get back there again. The fact is, we do not know ourselves. It takes us all our lives to find out who and what we are, and when we think we know, something happens that makes us think we are not much further than we were

when we started. The heart is deceitful above all things. In the 6th chapter of Romans it is written: "Knowing this, that an old man is crucified with him that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin. For he that is dead is freed from sin." And in the 11th verse there are just three words to be especially considered: "Reckon yourselves dead." If we were really dead, we would not have to reckon ourselves dead; but if we were dead as it means there, we have to think of it and "reckon" about it. Judicially we are dead, but in reality we are down here fighting the world, the flesh, and the devil. Some people seem to think they have got away from the flesh, and that they are soaring away in a sort of seventh heaven, but they get back again sooner or later. We find them wandering off down here. You cannot make the flesh anything but flesh. It will be flesh all the time; it will bring us into captivity. If we do not put it off and crucify it, and keep it in the place of death, it will keep us there for ever. What if a man does yield and says it is not he, but it is the sin in him? It is but one man after all, not two men; and one man is responsible. If I am led astray by Satan, I may protest against it as much as my accuser does. I say I know I have been wrong; I was off guard; I was not watching; but I hate it as much as any one does. That is the reason why in the 17th chapter of Romans he calls it, "I protest." But protestation does not excuse me. A man went into court, having been arrested for something. He said he did not do it, and when it was proved against him he said he did not do it—it was the old man in him. The judge said: "Well, I will send the old man to prison: the other may do what he can." If we yield and sin we have to suffer.

And at the very time that we are doing good Satan comes along and says, "That is a good action," and goes on and gets us all puffed up. There are a good many that have been ruined by spiritual pride. At the very time we are trying to do good the devil is present trying to get us to it with some impure motive. We are to put him off. He is no longer our master. We have been redeemed, and we belong to the new man. We must starve out the old man; give him no food at all; not let him speak. The more we put him down the

weaker he gets, and the more the new man speaks through us, the more power he has and the stronger he gets. As the house of Saul grew weaker and weaker, the house of David grew stronger. If you feed the old Adam he will go right on growing. If you go on with the world, and go to the theatres and dancing halls in preference to prayer-meetings, the old man will get stronger and stronger.

A friend of mine said that when he was converted and began preaching, he talked a good deal about himself. He said one day he saw in one of the hymn books left by a godly woman who had a seat in the church, a fly leaf on which was written these words: "Dear Harry, not I, but Christ; not flesh, but spirit; not sight, but faith." These words my friend pasted in his bible, and never preached or thought any more about himself. He kept himself out of the way. That is just what the old man does not do. With him it is self, self, self. If it is the new man, it is not I, but Christ. If it is the new man, it is not flesh, but Spirit. If it is the new man, it is not sight, but faith. In the old Adam it is death; in the new Adam it is eternal life. We all come under the two heads. Which, my friend, do you belong to, the old creation or the new? Let us pray that we may stand by the throne of God clothed in the righteousness of the second Adam.



ADDRESS TO YOUNG CONVERTS.

*Farewell Services at the New York Hippodrome, held
Wednesday Evening, April 19, 1876.*

In the fourteenth chapter of Romans, and fourth verse, you will find these words : “ *God is able to make him stand.* ” I have no doubt that there are many sceptics, and even lukewarm Christians, that are saying in their hearts that these young converts will not stand long. They say, “ Wait three months, or at the most six months, and see where all the converts are at the end of that time. ” “ They won’t stand ; they won’t stand ” — I have heard that said all my life. Our fathers and our forefathers heard it. “ Ah,” they say, “ they won’t hold out,” but look at the thousands and thousands of Christians that have held out notwithstanding all these prophecies. If you young converts, now in the morning of your Christian experience, will learn the lesson of this one word “ able,” it may save you many a painful experience.

You cannot stand of yourselves, but it is God that is going to make you stand. He was able to make Joseph stand down there in Egypt, and to make Elijah stand before Ahab, and to make Daniel stand in Babylon, and John Bunyan to stand in Bedford. Probably he had as mean a nature as any one, and yet God was able to make him stand and to enable him to overcome that mean nature. The moment we lean on an arm of flesh, that moment we fall ; then we are on dangerous ground ; we walk on the edge of a volcano, on the brink of the precipice. I remember when I was a young Christian I used to think that it would be easier after a time, and that when I had been a Christian fifteen or twenty years I should have but few temptations and difficulties ; but I find that the longer I live the more dangers I see surrounding me. Why, Samson judged Israel for twenty years and then fell into sin ;

and how many men there are who fall in their old age. I don't mean that they are finally lost, but they fall into sin. They make some mistake, or their old temper springs up, and they do some mean thing, and very often the church has not as much sympathy with such persons as it ought to have. Too much is frequently expected of young Christians. There is a great difference between a man falling into sin and loving sin. If you fall into sin and all the time hate it, go and tell God all about it, for he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Guard against self-confidence, and the Lord will strengthen you and "make you stand." We find in the tenth of 1st Corinthians this caution: "Wherefore, let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Be watchful; be prayerful; keep your eye fixed on Christ, not on any man, however good he may be.

Christ is able to make you stand, able to deliver you out of every temptation; and He will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able. In Hebrews ii. and 18th verse, we read, "For in that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted." It has often been wonderfully encouraging to me to think that my Master has travelled all through this wilderness, that he knows all about the trials and temptations to which we are subject, and that therefore he is able to succor those that are tempted. When the old nature and the old temper assail you, look to Him for strength. People lay it down as a wise rule in temporal things, "Don't live up to your income;" but you ought to live up to your income spiritually. Use all the grace you have. God has yet plenty more. He has got a throne of grace established so that you may go and get all you may need. Use all the grace God gives you, and don't save any, but when you want more go and ask Him for it. See the face of God every morning before you see the face of man. Don't get more than one day's march from the throne of Grace, and you will not go far astray.

An old Scotchman said to his son: "I want you to eat two breakfasts every morning. Do you know what I mean?" And the son reflected, "You mean I am to eat a breakfast for my soul as well as for my body." "That is right," said

his father. See the face of your Father in heaven before you see that of your earthly parent ; go to Him every evening, and do not sleep at night without seeking pardon for the sins of the day, for He is ever faithful to forgive. He delights to forgive. It is an old saying that "short reckonings make long friends." If you run up a long account with your grocer, when you come to settle you say, "Here's this two pounds of sugar I never had, and this thing and the other thing I never had." You have forgotten all about it, but if you had paid for it at the time you would have remembered all about it. Keep short accounts with God, and you won't fall far into sin. In 2nd Timothy, and the twelfth verse of the first chapter, we have Paul's persuasion. The Presbyterians, the Baptists, and every other denomination claim Paul as belonging to them. Mr. Sankey says he was a Methodist (laughter), but here we find what was Paul's persuasion. "For I know (he says) in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

I don't so much mind what church you belong to, but I want that all these young converts should be of Paul's persuasion. If you really believe you have received the pardon of your sins, commit your life, your reputation, your money—commit it all to the Lord. Tell Satan you have committed it to the Lord. Refer him right over to Christ. Don't attempt to make any argument with Satan, for the Lord is able to keep that which you have committed to Him. A boy wanted to fight with one who was smaller than himself, but the little fellow said, "Wait till I call my big brother." Christ is your big brother. You cannot fight with Satan, for he has six thousand years' experience, and is a deal wiser than you are. But the Lion of the Tribe of Judah had a battle with him, and overcame him ; and since then Satan always flies when he hears the name of Christ. Our elder brother is able to help us, and He will always make a way of escape. In a town where I once lived, a man commenced business at a store where several others had failed. He had not much capital, not as much as some other men who preceded him, and every one expected that he would very soon fail. But he did not, and people couldn't understand the reason, until one day

it was discovered that he had a rich brother down East who kept furnishing him with money. We have a rich brother in heaven, and He is able to keep that which we have committed to Him, and to supply all our need. Let the young converts bear in mind that Christ is their keeper, and that they cannot keep themselves.

In 2nd Corinthians xi. 9, God says, "My peace is sufficient, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." Now we want these young converts to serve Christ. It is not too much to expect that each one of you should bring twelve more. One young man came to me and said he was converted on the 3rd of February ; he had a list of fifty-nine persons, with the residence of each, whom he had since that time been instrumental in leading to Christ ; and if that young convert has led fifty-nine, every man, woman and child should be able to reach some. Let each one go to work ; that is the way to grow in strength. "They that water others shall themselves be watered, and the liberal soul shall be fed. God is able to make all grace abound." Let me give you a little advice. Let your friends be those who are in the church. Select for your companions experienced Christians. Keep company with those who know a little more than you do yourselves. Of course, you get the best of the bargain ; but from my own experience I know that it is the best way to make advance in a religious life. Get in love with the blessed Bible, and the world will lose its hold upon you. It will not be giving up and making sacrifices, but you will have no desire to follow questionable pursuits. All the time will be occupied in God's service, and life will seem too short to do all that you will want to accomplish.

My advice to all young converts is to join the church. If a minister preaches the Gospel, I don't care so much to what denomination he belongs. If your minister does not preach the Gospel, find some other minister that does, but do not be running from one church to another. In Romans iv. and 20th verse, God tells us that He is able to perform that which He has promised. Bear in mind that God's Word is true ; it will help you very much always to realize this. It is only when like Peter we begin to doubt that we fall. The old Scotch woman wrote against the promises in her Bible

“T” and “P”—tried and proved. Every promise that you try and prove you will find to be true ; and if you feed on them, the world will lose its influence over you. There is no discount to be allowed on any word that Christ ever said ; all Scripture is to be fulfilled. The year that Christ was born, Augustus Caesar, the Roman Emperor, ordered that all the world then under his rule should be taxed ; but that money was not collected until nine years afterwards. Why was it that that particular year was chosen for the taxing, except that the word of God should be fulfilled, and that the Virgin be brought to Bethlehem, so that Christ might be born at the time and place predicted ? Has God said it ? Then let us believe it. I have a good deal of sympathy with the belief of a colored woman who said that if the Lord told her to jump through a brick wall, her business was to jump, and the getting through was God’s work, not hers. For, do your part and God will do His. Take God at His word, and when He tells you to, jump.

I think the sweetest text in the whole Bible is that verse in Jude : “ Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy.” How precious, how sweet these words, “ Unto Him who is able.” Some people have an idea that every one must of necessity wander off into the world. Dr. Bonar, speaking at a meeting of young converts in Glasgow, said : “ I am an old man now, but I have never lost sight of Christ since the day I first saw Him.” You have not got to fall ; don’t believe such a thing for a minute, for, “ He is able to keep you and present you faultless.” What a beautiful thought for every one in this assembly, that we are to be presented by the Son of Christ, pure and spotless, for the Bible says we shall be “ without spot or wrinkle, and clothed with the garments of salvation.” “ The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.” But don’t forget where God found you. There is an institution in London which receives poor little vagabond boys from the streets and gives them a home and education and teaches them a trade. When they enter, a photograph is taken of each boy, just in his rags and filth as he was picked from the street ; and then in after years, when the lad is leaving to fill a situation, another pho-

tograph is taken, and the two pictures are given him—the first to remind him of what he was when found by the institution. Let us not forget where it was the Lord Jesus Christ found us. In Deuteronomy xxxii. and 10th verse, we read : “He found him in a desert land, and in the waste, howling wilderness ; He led him about ; He instructed him ; He kept him as the apple of His eye.” True things are here taught. He found him ; He kept him ; He led him about ; and he kept him as the apple of His eye. Remember that it was Christ first found you. He sought you before you sought Him ; but it does not take long for an anxious soul and a seeking Saviour to meet. I fancy some one here is saying, “I wish Mr. Moody would give us something practical.” And you are asking, “Is it right to go to the theatre ? Is it right to drink moderately ? Is it right to read novels ?” Well, I can’t carry your conscience. Christ does not lay down rules for our lives ; he lays down principles ; and wherever there seems room for any doubt as to which is right, I give Christ the benefit of it, rather than seek to live up to the very outside limit. I could not go to the theatre myself, because I would not like my children to go. I could not smoke, because I do not want my boy to smoke. I do not read those miserable, flashy novels, because I have no desire to do so ; but then I can’t carry your conscience. Just be men of the Bible and live near to God, and these things will regulate themselves. Then, if you have any doubt, ask for direction. “If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God.” Carry the whole matter to God ; pray over it, and don’t do anything about which you cannot ask God’s blessing. I remember once being asked to attend the opening of a billiard hall. The invitation was sent to me, and I went to the proprietor and asked him if he really wanted me to come. He said he did, and I promised to come. I asked him if he would have any objection to my bringing a friend along with me. He said I could do so if I would promise nothing should be said about religion. I said, “I never go anywhere that I can’t pray, and I mean to read a passage of scripture and offer prayer at your billiard hall.” “Then,” said he, “you shan’t come.” “But,” I replied, “you invited me, and I am coming. But look here, my friend, we will compromise this matter.

I will let you off on one condition, that you allow me to pray with you now." And there and then we went on our knees, and I prayed God to save his soul, but curse his business. The billiard hall was opened, but in two months the business failed and the place was shut up again. Don't go where you cannot take God with you. At a place in Europe some one got up in one of the meetings, and asked if I didn't think it was possible for a man to be a Christian and an honest distiller. I said, "My rule is, do everything for the glory of God ; and if, when you go into the distillery to-morrow, you can ask the blessing of God upon every cask of liquor, then you can carry on your business and be a Christian ; but if you can't, then you are not living to the glory of God. My counsel in this matter is : be out and out on the Lord's side, and the Lord will help and deliver you. Never touch strong drink as long as you live. Nearly all the young converts who have fallen back in Europe have fallen through strong drink. Even though certain classes of people may drink it moderately, don't you touch it. There are some people of strong will that drink and do not suffer thereby ; but ninety-nine out of every hundred men have not this strength, and they need the strength of your example. Give it up for Christ's sake ; give it up for the sake of those who have become the slaves of drink, but who now would rather lose their right hand than touch a drop of liquor.

One word more to the young converts : Be sure that you don't disgrace "the old family name," as Dr. Bonar puts it. Some of the people of New York are very proud of their old family name ; and let us remember that the family to which you now belong has a history reaching back eighteen hundred years. You are called the sons and daughters of God ; a high calling--a wonderful calling. Walk circumspectly ; walk as daughters of heaven, as the sons of a king. Walk so that the world may take knowledge of you, by your walk and conversation, that you have been with Christ. And now, brethren, I would, in the farewell words of Paul to the Ephesians, commend you to God and to the Word of His grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified. He is able to build you up, and to make you builders in Christ's kingdom, if you know your

Bibles well. The Word is the sword of the Spirit, and until the Word is hid in our hearts we can be of little service. There are two dangers ahead. The moment a young convert becomes an active worker, there is danger of spiritual pride. Satan comes and tells him what a great work he is doing, or some foolish man or woman in the church pats him on the back. The other danger is that young converts should get discouraged and not work at all, because some think all they do is not judicious and proper. In regard to what has been accomplished during the last few weeks we have no chance to boast. Instead of a few thousands being converted there might have been tenfold as many had we done our duty. Let us be ashamed of ourselves, but not ashamed of Christ. Bear in mind that we are only channels; the work is Christ's, and all the glory shall be His.

In conclusion Mr. Moody said: And now, dear friends, I must say good-by; but I do not like the word—rather let it be good-night; for the night will be but short, and the morning will soon come when we shall meet on the other side of the river, where there is no parting. We have received nothing but kindness since we came here, and the Lord has abundantly blessed our work. May God bless all the policemen, and the reporters, and the choir, and the ushers, and all who have aided the Lord's cause since we came here ten weeks ago. God bless all the ministers who have worked so nobly with us for Christ, and may the good work go on when we are far from here.

Mr. Moody then prayed long and fervently, and asked that the Holy Ghost might abound with all present. He wound up by again calling down a blessing on all concerned in the work, and was greatly affected at the close. Mr. Sankey sang a farewell hymn to the air of "Home, sweet home," and the services finished with the singing of "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and the benediction, pronounced by Rev. J. Cotton Smith, D.D.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey at once left the platform and retired to the private rooms, but it was a considerable time before the vast congregation had dispersed, many lingering to give the parting hand-shake to those with whom they had been associated during the past two or three weeks.

It is estimated that 3,500 new converts were present, the remainder of the audience being composed of Christian workers, clergymen, and the choir.

The words of the farewell hymn sung by Mr. Sankey are as follows :

“ Farewell, faithful friends : we must now bid adieu
To those joys and those pleasures we tasted with you.
We labored together, united in heart,
But now we must close, and soon we must part.

Our labors are over and we must be gone,
We leave you not friendless to struggle alone.
Be watchful and prayerful, and Jesus will stay—
Cling close to the Saviour, let him lead the way.

Farewell, dear young converts, we leave you likewise :
And hope we shall meet you with Christ in the skies.
Oh ! who will turn back and the Saviour deny,
Like Judas, the traitor, deny him and die ?

Farewell, trembling sinner, sad time now with you :
Our hearts sink within us to bid you adieu
One step back or forward may settle your doom—
'Mid the glories of heaven or eternity's gloom.

Farewell, every hearer, we now turn away :
No more may we meet, 'till the great judgment day.
Though absent in body, we'll be with you in prayer,
And we'll meet you in heaven—there's no parting there.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare us, dear Saviour, for yonder blest home.”



CHAPTER XVI.

NEW STORIES FROM AN OLD BOOK.



ONE peculiar charm of Mr. Moody's preaching is the fresh and life-like style in which he tells Bible stories. To him those Scripture characters are real men and women ; and he makes them seem as real to his audience as to himself.

It is a little surprising at first to see those ancient worthies behaving themselves like citizens of London or Chicago : wearing modern costumes, speaking English in Mr. Moody's own vernacular, and permitting him to turn their heads and hearts inside out, in order to show his hearers what is going on in them. But when the effect of the shock has passed away, the force and moral of their story begins to be appreciated as it scarcely could be, if set forth with Oriental stateliness of language, and covered with the dust of remote antiquity.

Irreverent people sometimes laugh at the idea of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abeg-nego, tumbling into Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace, in broadcloth coats and trousers, stove-pipe hats, and Wellington boots ; or to hear King David telling his experience, like a man in a Methodist class-meeting, and not always in grammatical style. But there is no small advantage in having these men modernized ; for thereby their trials and their triumphs come home to men's own hearts, making them feel that the Scriptures are not out of date, but were written for the learning and encouragement of all ages and all

people ; and leading them to say : What God did for these old-time believers, He is just as willing to do for me.

In this chapter it is proposed to give some of those old stories in their new dress, as Mr. Moody tells them.

It must be borne in mind that he never tells a story merely because it is interesting, or to help fill up the time, but always to illustrate and enforce the Gospel.

STORY OF A BLIND MAN.

In the 18th chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke, you will find Christ was going into Jericho ; and as He drew near the gates of the city, there was a poor blind man who, sat by the wayside, begging people to give him a farthing, and crying out, "Have mercy on a poor, blind man !" This blind beggar met a man who said to him, "Bartimeus, I have good news to tell you." "What is it?" said the beggar. "There is a man of Israel who can give you sight." "Oh no!" said the blind beggar; "there is no chance of my ever receiving my sight. I never shall see. In fact, I never saw the mother who gave me birth; I never saw the wife of my bosom; I never saw my own children. I never saw in this world; but I expect to see in the world to come."

"Let me tell you, I have just come down from Jerusalem, and I saw that village carpenter, Jesus of Nazareth; and I saw a man who was born blind, who had received his sight; and I never saw a man with better sight. He doesn't even have to use glasses." Then hope rises for the first time in this poor man's heart, and he says, "Tell me how the man got his sight."

"Oh," says the other, "Jesus first spat on the ground and made clay, and put it on his eyes"—why, that is enough to put a man's sight out, to fill his eyes with clay!—"and then He told him to wash his eyes in the Pool of Siloam, and he would receive his sight. More than that, Bartimeus, He doesn't charge you anything; you have no fee to pay; you just tell Him what you want, and you get it, without

money and without price. It does not need dukes, or lords, or influence ; you just call upon Him yourself ; and if He ever comes this way, don't let Him go back without your going to see Jesus." And Bartimeus said, " I will try it ; there's no harm in trying it." I can imagine him being led by a child to his seat as usual, and that he is crying out, " Please give a blind beggar a farthing." He hears the footsteps of the coming multitude, and inquires, Who is it passing ? What does the multitude mean ? They tell him it is Jesus of Nazareth passing by. The moment he hears that he says, " Why, that is the Man that gave sight to the blind ! " The moment it reached his ear that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out at the top of his voice, " Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy upon me ! " Some of those who went before—perhaps Peter was one them—rebuked him, thinking the Master was going up to Jerusalem to be crowned King, and did not want to be distracted. They never knew the Son of God when He was here. He would hush every harp in heaven to hear a sinner pray ; no music would delight Him so much. But the blind man still lifted up his voice, and cried louder, " Thou Son of David, have mercy on me ! " and the prayer reached the ears of the Son of God, as prayer always will ; and they led the poor blind man to Him. Well, when Jesus heard the blind beggar, He commanded him to be brought. So they ran to him, and said, " Be of good cheer ; the Master calls you ; He has a blessing for you." When Jesus saw him He said, " What can I do for you ? " " Lord, that I may receive my sight." " You shall have it ; " and the Lord gave it to him. And now the beggar follows with the crowd, glorifying God. I can imagine he sang as sweetly as Mr. Sankey ; no one sang sweeter than he when he shouted, " Hosanna to the Son of David ! "—no one sang louder than this one who had received his sight. Then he follows on with the crowd, which we see pressing into the gates of the city. I can imagine when he gets into the city he says to himself, " I will go down and see Mrs. Bartimeus,"—having, of course, after all those years of blindness, a curiosity to see what his wife looked like.

As he is passing down the street, a man meets him, and turns round and says, " Bartimeus, is that you ? "

"Yes; it's me."

"Well, I thought it was, and yet I thought my eyes must deceive me. How did you get your sight?"

"I just met Jesus of Nazareth outside the walls of the city, and I asked Him to have mercy on me; and He gave me my sight."

"Jesus of Nazareth! is he in this part of the country?"

"Yes; He is on His way to Jerusalem. He is now going down to the eastern gate."

"I should like to see Him," says the man, and away he runs down the street; but he cannot get a glimpse of Him, being little of stature, on account of the great throng round Him. He runs to a sycamore tree, and says to himself, "If I get up there and hide, without any one seeing me, He cannot get by without my having a good look at Him." A great many rich men do not like to be seen coming to Jesus. Well, there he is in the sycamore tree, on a branch hanging right over the highway; and he says to himself, "He cannot get by without my having a good look at Him." All at once the crowd comes in sight. He looks at John—"That's not Him," he looks at Peter—"That's not Him." Then he sees One who is fairer than the sons of men. "That's Him!" And Zacchæus, just peeping out from amongst the branches, looks down upon that wonderful—yes, that mighty God-Man, in amazement. At last the crowd comes to the tree, and it looks as if Christ is going by; but He stops right under the tree. All at once He looks up and sees Zacchæus, and says to him, "Zacchæus, make haste and come down." I can imagine Zacchæus says to himself,—“I wonder who told Him my name. I was never introduced to Him.” But Christ knew all about him. Sinner! Christ knows all about you; He knows your name and your house. Do not think God does not know you. If you would try to hide from Him, bear in mind that you cannot do so. He knows where each one of you is; He knows all about your sins. Well, he said to Zacchæus, "Make haste and come down." He may have added, "This is the last time I shall pass this way, Zacchæus." That is the way He speaks to sinners,—“This may be the last time I shall pass this way; this may be your last chance of eternity.” He may be passing away from some soul to-

night. Oh sinner! make haste and come down and receive Him. There are some people in this nineteenth century who do not believe in sudden conversions. I should like them to tell me where Zacchæus was converted. He certainly was not converted when he went up into the tree; he certainly was converted when he came down. He must have been converted somewhere between the branches and the ground. The Lord converted him just right there. People say they do not believe in sudden conversions; and that if a man is converted suddenly he won't hold out—he won't be genuine. I wish we had a few men converted like Zacchæus in London; it would make no small stir. When a man begins to make restitution, it is a pretty good sign of conversion. Let men give back money dishonestly obtained in London, and see how quick people will believe in conversion. Zacchæus gave half his goods to the poor. What would be said if some of the rich men of London did that? Zacchæus gave half his goods all at once; and he says, "If I have taken anything from any man falsely, I restore him fourfold." I think that is the other half. But to get Christ is worth more than all his wealth. I imagine the next morning one of the servants of Zacchæus going with a cheque for £100, and saying, "My master a few years ago took from you wrongfully about £25, and this is restitution money." That would give confidence in Zacchæus's conversion. I wish a few cases like that would happen in London, and then people would not go on talking against sudden conversions.

THE STORY OF MEPHIBOSHETH.

1 SAMUEL xx. 14, 15; and 2 SAMUEL ix.

There is a story, my friends, in the books of Samuel—away back as far as the time of the kings of Israel—which will help us to understand the Gospel. It is about a man of the name of Mephibosheth.

You remember what a hard time David had when Saul was hunting him to kill him, just as men hunt game.

Well: one day David and his good friend Jonathan were

taking a walk together in the fields. Saul was very angry, and was bent on killing David; but his son Jonathan was looking out for a chance to save him. It had been revealed to him that David was to be king after his father, instead of himself; but this did not hinder his love for David. It must have been real, true friendship, that could stand such sort of thing!

After they had agreed upon a sign by which David was to know whether it was safe for him to stay around the court of the king, where he could see his friend once in a while; or whether he must leave, and go off into the cave of Adullam, Jonathan says to him,—

“David, it has been revealed to me that you are to be king after my father. Now, I want you to promise me one thing: when you come to the throne, if any of the house of Saul are alive, I want you to be good to them, for my sake.”

“I’ll do that, of course,” said David. So he made a solemn covenant to that effect, and then he went off to the cave of Adullam, to get out of the way of Saul, who, was bound to kill him if he could.

But God took care of David. You never can kill or harm a man, if God is taking care of him.

About four years after that, David heard that there had been a great battle over by Mount Gilboa, and that the Philistines had beaten the Israelites with great slaughter, and that Saul and Jonathan were both dead. So he got his men together, and went out after the enemies of the Lord and of Israel; and it was not a great while before he had turned the tables on them, and set up his kingdom at Hebron.

It must have been pretty near fourteen years after that before David remembered his promise to his old friend Jonathan. It is a great deal easier to make promises than to keep them. How many broken vows has God written down against you to-night? But one day the king was walking in his palace at Jerusalem, where he had removed his capital; and all at once he happened to think of that promise. It is a good thing God does not forget *His* promise that way.

“That’s too bad!” said David. “I forgot all about that promise. I have been so busy fighting these Philistines, and fixing things up, that I have not had time to think of any-

thing else." So he called his servants in great haste, and said, "Do any of you know whether there is any of Saul's family living?"

One of them said there was an old servant of Saul's by the name of Ziba, and maybe he could tell.

"Go and tell him I want him, right away."

Pretty soon Ziba came; and David said, "Ziba, do you know whether there is anybody of the house of Saul in my kingdom?" Ziba said there was one he knew of—a son of Jonathan, by the name of Mephibosheth.

Oh how that name, Jonathan, must have smitten the heart of David! One of the sons of his old friend living in his kingdom for as much as fourteen years, and he had never known it! What would Jonathan think of him for forgetting his promise that way!

"Go, fetch him!" said David; go quick. Tell him I want him. I want to show him the kindness of God."

Now, my friends, where do you suppose Mephibosheth was all this time! Why, he was down at Lo-debar. Did you ever hear of that place? There may be some sailors here: did you ever come across that port? When you have travelled on the railway, did any of you ever stop at that station?

Ah! yes; that is where the whole human race are until they come to Christ for salvation; away down at Lo-debar,—which means, *a place of no pasture*.

The king is in haste to keep his promise now. I seem to see them hurrying off; maybe they take the king's own chariot, and rattle away to find this son of Jonathan.

When they reached the little out-of-the-way place, I fancy there was a great commotion.

"Where's Mephibosheth? The king wants him."

Poor fellow! when he heard that he hung down his head.

He was afraid the king wanted to kill him, because he was of the house of Saul, his old enemy.

Ah! my friends; that's just the way sinners receive Christ's offer of salvation. They think God hates them, and wants to cut their heads off. But that is a great mistake. God loves them for Christ's sake, a great deal more than David loved Mephibosheth for Jonathan's sake. I never knew a

sinner to take the Gospel right. They always think, at first, that it is too good to be true.

"Don't be afraid," said the servants. "The king says he wants to show you the kindness of God. He is in a great hurry to see you; so get ready, and jump right into the chariot. Don't you see the king has sent his own chariot to fetch you?"

It did begin to look as if the king meant no harm to him. But poor Mephibosheth had another difficulty. He was lame in both feet. He was a little fellow when David came to the throne; and an old servant, who was afraid that all the house of Saul were going to be killed, took him up and ran away to hide him. Somehow he managed to drop the lad, and lamed him in both feet.

And now I can see poor Mephibosheth looking down at his feet. Maybe the toes turned in—or, he was club-footed. And he says to himself, "I am not fit to go to the king. I am a poor cripple. I am not fit to be seen among the tall, handsome servants of the palace in Jerusalem."

That's just the way with a convicted sinner. He is all the time thinking of his own unworthiness, and saying to himself that he isn't fit to be saved.

"Never mind your lame feet, Mephibosheth; so long as the king sends for you, it's all right." So they take him up, and put him into the chariot, and start for Jerusalem on a run.

As soon as the king sees him, he takes him in his arms, and cries out,—

"Oh Mephibosheth, the son of my dear old friend, Jonathan! you shall have all that belonged to the house of Saul; and you shall live with me here in my palace!"

What a happy man he must have been to hear that! Sinner, that is just what God says to the soul that comes to him in Jesus Christ. He takes us in His arms; He gives us a great fortune of love and grace; and He promises that we shall live with Him in His heavenly palace for ever.

Some people think that Mephibosheth, like certain low-spirited Christians, after he went to live with the king, must have been all the time worrying over his lame feet. But I don't think so. He couldn't help it; and if David didn't mind it, it was all right. So I think that when he dined

with him in state, with the great lords and ladies all around him, he just stuck his club-feet under the table, and looked the king right in the face.

That is the Gospel, my friends. We are God's enemies, and the children of His enemies. We are lame, and blind, and wretched, and ragged, and hateful by reason of our sins. But the covenant of grace in Jesus Christ has been made ; and now God sends for you, poor sinner, to come in Christ's name and eat bread at His table, and be in His house, and in His heart for ever. Will you come ? Will you come *now* ?

THE STORY OF BARABBAS.

I have often thought what a night Barabbas must have spent just before the day when Christ was crucified.

As the sun goes down, he says to himself : To-morrow !—only to-morrow ! And I must die on the cross. They will hang me up before a crowd of people ; they will drive nails through my hands and feet ; they will break my legs with bars of iron ; and in that awful torture I shall die before this time to-morrow, and go up to the judgment with all my crimes upon me.

Maybe, they let his mother come to see him once more before dark. Perhaps he had a wife and children, and they came to see him for the last time.

He couldn't sleep at all that night. He could hear somebody hammering in the prison-yard, and knew they must be making the cross.

He would start up every now and then, thinking he heard the footsteps of the officers coming for him.

At last the light of the morning looks in through the bars of his prison.

"To-day—this very day—they will open that door and lead me away to be crucified !"

Pretty soon he hears them coming. No mistake this time. They are unbaring the iron door. He hears them turning the key in the rusty lock. The door swings open ; there are the soldiers.

Good-bye to life and hope ! Death, horrible death now !—and, after death, what will there be then ?

The officer of the guard speaks to him :—“ Barabbas, you are free ! ”

He hears the strange words, but they make very little impression on him. He is so near dead with fear and horror, that the good news doesn't reach him. He hears it ; but thinks it is a foolish fancy. He is asleep and dreaming. He stands gazing a moment at the soldiers, and then he comes to himself.

“ Don't laugh at me ! don't make sport of me ! Take me away and crucify me ; but don't tear my soul to pieces ! ”

Again the officer speaks : “ *You are free !* Here—the door is open : go out ; go home.”

Now he begins to take in the truth ; but it is so wonderful a thing to get out of the clutches of the Roman law, that he is afraid to believe the good news. And so he begins to doubt, and to ask how it can be.

They tell him that Pilate has promised the Jews the release of one prisoner that day ; and that the Jews have chosen him instead of one Jesus of Nazareth, who was condemned to be crucified.

Now the poor man begins to weep. This breaks his heart. He knows this Jesus. He has seen Him do some of His miracles. He was in the crowd, picking pockets, when Jesus fed the five thousand hungry people.

“ What ! that just man to die—and I, a thief, a highway-man, a murderer, to go free ! ” And in the midst of his joy at his own release, his heart breaks at the thought that his life is saved at such a cost.

Sinner, that is the Gospel. Christ died for you, “ the just for the unjust.” “ He was bruised for our iniquities, and by His stripes we are healed.”

Come out of your prison ; throw off the chains of sin. You were justly condemned, but Jesus died for you. Let your heart break in penitence ; weep tears of love and joy.”

ELIJAH AND THE PRIESTS OF BAAL.

Let us go to Carmel for a few minutes.

King Ahab had forsaken the God of Israel, and all the court people and "upper ten" had followed his example.

But there was an old prophet out in the mountains, to whom God said: "Go to Ahab, and tell him the heavens shall be shut up and there shall be no rain."

Away he goes to the wicked king. He bursts in upon him like a clap of thunder, gives his message, and hurries away.

I suppose Ahab laughed at the old prophet. "What! no more rain? Why, the fellow must be crazy!"

Pretty soon the weather gets very dry. The earth is parched, and begins to crack open. The rivers have but little water in them, and the brooks dry up altogether. The trees die; all the grass perishes, and the cattle die too. Famine; starvation; death! If rain doesn't come pretty soon, there won't be a live man or woman left in all the kingdom.

One day the king was talking with the prophet Obadiah.

You see he did have one good man near him, along with all the prophets of the false god. Almost anybody likes to have one good man within reach, even if he is ever so bad. He may be wanted in a hurry some time.

"See here, Obadiah," says King Ahab; "you go one way, and I'll go another, and we'll see if we can't find some water somewhere."

Obadiah hadn't got a great way before Elijah bursts out upon him.

"Oh, Elijah! is that you? Ahab has been hunting for you everywhere, and couldn't find you. He has sent off into all the kingdoms about, to have them fetch you if you were there."

"Yes, I'm here," says Elijah. "You go and tell Ahab I want to see him."

"I dare not do that," says Obadiah; "for just as soon as I tell him you are here, the Spirit will catch you away and take you off somewhere else; and then the king will be very angry, and maybe he'll kill me."

"No," says Elijah. "As the Lord liveth, I will meet Ahab face to face this day.

So Obadiah hurries off to find Ahab, and tells him he has seen the prophet.

"What ! Elijah ?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you bring him along ?"

"He wouldn't come. He says he wants you to come to him."

Ahab wasn't used to have people talk that way to him ; but he was anxious to see the prophet, so he went. And when he sees him he is very angry, and cries, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel ?"

"Not at all," says Elijah. "You are the man who is troubling Israel—going off after Baal, and leading ever so many of the people with you. Now, we have had enough of this sort of thing. Some people are praying to God, and some are praying to Baal, and we must have this question settled. You just bring all your prophets and all the priests of Baal up to Mount Carmel, and I also will come. We will make us each an altar, and offer sacrifice on it ; and the God that answereth by fire, let Him be God."

"Agreed," says Ahab ; and off he goes to tell his priests, and get ready for the trial.

I fancy that was a great day when that question was decided.

All the places of business were closed, and everybody was going up to Mount Carmel. There must have been more people on Mount Carmel than there are to-day at the races.* A better class of people, too !

There were eight hundred and fifty of the prophets and priests of Baal altogether. I fancy I can see them going up in a grand procession, with the king in his chariot at their head.

"Fine-looking men, ain't they ?" says one man to another as they go by. "They'll be able to do great things up there on the mountain."

But there Elijah marched, all alone ; a rough man, clad in the skins of beasts, with a staff in his hand. No banners,

* This was given on Derby Day, at the Opera House, Haymarket, London.

no procession, no great men in his train ! But the man who could hold the keys of heaven for three years and six months was not afraid to be alone.

Now says Elijah to the people, "How long halt ye between two opinions ? Let the priests of Baal build them an altar and offer sacrifice, but put no fire under ; and I will do the same : and the God that answereth by fire, let Him be God."

So the priests of Baal build their altar.

I am sure if God hadn't held him back, Satan would have brought up a little spark out of hell to set that sacrifice on fire. But God wouldn't let him.

Then they begin to pray : "Oh Baal, hear us ! Oh Baal, hear us !"

Elijah might have said, "Why haven't you prayed to Baal for water this dry weather ? You might just as well have asked him for water as for fire."

After a long time they begin to get hoarse.

"You must pray louder than that, if you expect Baal to hear you," says the old prophet. "Maybe he is asleep ; pray louder, so as to wake him up."

Poor fellows ! they haven't any voice left ; so they begin to to pray in blood. They cut themselves with knives, and lift their streaming hands and arms to Baal. But no fire comes down.

It is getting towards sundown.

The prophet of the Lord builds an altar. Mind ; he doesn't have anything to do with the altar of Baal, but he builds an entirely different one, on the ruins of the altar of the Lord which had been broken down.

"We won't have anybody saying there is any trick about this thing," says the prophet. So they bring twelve barrels of water and pour over the altar. I don't know how they managed to get so much water ; but they did it.

Then Elijah prays : "Oh God of Abraham and of Isaac and of Jacob, let it be known this day that Thou art God in Israel."

He didn't have to pray very loud. God heard him at once, and—*down came the fire ! !* It burnt up the sacrifice, burnt up the wood, burnt up the water, and burnt up the very stones of the altar. Jehovah is God : nobody can halt any longer.

Ah ! but some of you say, "I too would have decided for

God if I had been on Mount Carmel that day." My friends, Calvary is a great deal more wonderful than Carmel. The sacrifice of Christ on the cross is more wonderful than the sacrifice which was burned on that altar.

Decide for Christ now, with Calvary in sight. Choose *ye* this day whom ye will serve.

THE LEPER.

See that poor leper ! Do you know what an awful thing the leprosy is ? A disease so terrible that it separates its victim from all the world, and makes him an outcast, even from his home. Every one is afraid of him. His disease is so contagious, that to touch him, or even to breathe the air near him, is dangerous ; and so these poor afflicted wretches have to go away and live in caves and deserts by themselves. They sit by the wayside afar off, calling to the passers-by for charity, —who sometimes throw them a piece of money, and hurry away lest they also come into that terrible plight. Here is a poor man who finds the marks of what he thinks is this terrible disease upon his body. According to the law, he must go to the priest and be examined. Alas ! the priest says it is the leprosy—nothing else.

Now the poor man, with broken heart, turns away from the Temple, and goes to his house to say good-bye to his wife, and to take his children to his arms once more, before he goes away to spend the long years in the wilderness alone, or with other lepers like himself, until death shall come to deliver him from his sufferings. What a sorry house is that ! Surely this is worse than death itself. He goes out of his door with no hope of ever entering it again. He walks the street by himself, and if any one comes near him, he lifts up his voice in that mournful cry, "Unclean ! Unclean !" Out of the gates of the city he goes, away from all his friends and acquaintances, carrying with him the sorrow of separation and the seeds of death. One day he sees a crowd passing along the road, but he dares not go near enough to inquire what it is. All at once he happens to think it may be that Prophet

of Nazareth whom he has heard of—that same man that, people said, could open the eyes of the blind, make lame men walk, and who had even raised the son of the widow from death, over there at Nain. If only it were He ! At any rate he will take the chances, and cry out after Him ; and so he shouts, at the top of his voice, “ Have mercy upon me ! ” All the rest of the crowd are afraid of him ; but Jesus, who is in the midst, hears some one calling ; and, just as He always did when anybody wanted anything of Him, He stopped to find out what it was. He is not afraid of the leper ; and so, while the rest of the crowd stand away by themselves, He calls the poor fellow to Him and asks him what he wants ; and the leper, with his heart full of anxious hope, replies, “ Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou can’st make me clean.” “ I will,” says Jesus : “ be thou clean ! ” A strange sense of health and strength comes over the man. He looks at his hands, and finds the leprosy is all gone. He begins to pour out his heart in thanks to Jesus, who sends him away to the priests, saying, “ Go, show thyself to the priest, and offer the gift that Moses commanded.

Now I seem to see that cleansed leper hurrying away to show himself to the priest, to be pronounced cured, according to the law ; and then hastening to his little home, to see his wife and children once more. He bursts into the house, weeping for joy. He stretches out his arms to his wife and little ones, saying, “ I am clean ! I am clean ! Jesus did it—Jesus of Nazareth.”

Sinner, how glad you would be if Jesus had made you clean from the leprosy of sin !—and He is just as willing to cleanse you as He was to cleanse this poor leper. Come to Him just now. Ask Him to cleanse you, and hear Him say, “ I will : be thou clean ! ”

THE WIDOW'S SON.

Think of that poor widow at Nain ! She is an old woman now ; and her only son, the staff of her life, is sick. How she watches him ; sits up all night to see that he has his med-

icine at the right time ; sits by his bedside all day, fanning him, keeping away the flies, moistening his parched lips with water ! Everything he asks for, she brings. The very best doctor is sent for ; and when he comes and feels the pulse of the young man, and looks at his tongue, he shakes his head ; and then the poor woman knows there is no hope for her boy. What an awful thought ! My son, my only son must die ; what will become of me then ? Sure enough, the doctor is right ; and in a little while the fever comes to its crisis, and the poor boy dies, with his head upon his mother's bosom. The people come in to try to comfort the poor woman ; but it is of no use. Her heart is broken. She wishes she were dead too.

Some of you know what it is to look your last upon the faces of those you love. Some of you mothers have wept hot tears upon the cold faces of your sons.

Well : they make him ready for burial ; and when the time comes, they celebrate the funeral service, and put him on the bier to carry him away to the grave. What a sad procession ! Just as they come out of the city gates, they see a little company of thirteen dusty-looking travellers, coming up the road. There is One among them, tall and far fairer than the sons of men. Who can He be ? He is moved with compassion when He sees this little funeral procession ; and it does not take Him long to find out that that woman who walks next the bier is a poor widow, whose only son she is following to his grave. He tells the bearers to put down the bier ; and while the mother wonders what is to be done, He bends tenderly over the dead man, and speaks to him in a low, sweet voice, " Arise ! " And the dead man hears Him. His body begins to move : the man who was dead is struggling with his graveclothes ; they unbind him, and now he sits up. He leaps off the bier, catches a sight of his mother, remembers that he was dead and is now alive again ; takes her in his arms, kisses her again and again, and then turns to look at the Stranger who has wrought this miracle upon him. He is ready to do anything for that Man—ready to follow Him to the death. But Jesus does not ask that of him. He knows his mother needs him ; and so He does not take him away to be one of His disciples, but gives him back to his old mother.

I would have liked to see that young man re-entering the city of Nain, arm-in-arm with his mother. What do you suppose he said to the people, who looked at him with wonder? Would he not confess that Jesus of Nazareth had raised him from the dead? Would he not go everywhere, declaring what the Lord had done for his dead body? Oh how I love to preach Christ, who can stand over all the graves, and say to all the dead bodies, "Arise!" How I pity the poor infidel, who has no Christ; but who goes down to his death without any hope of resurrection! Is there a poor widow here to-night? Christ will have compassion on you. Your son is dead, maybe. Well, He will raise him up also at the last day, and you along with him; and give him back to you, and you to him, if you both have believed in Jesus, and given Him your hearts.

THE STORY OF NAAMAN.

I have been reading to you about a person who was a great man in his own country—a very honorable man, one whom the king delighted to honor. He stood high in position, he was captain of the hosts of the king of Syria; *but he was a leper*; and that threw a blight over his whole life. There was no physician to help him in all Syria. None of the eminent doctors in Damascus could do him any good. Neither could any in Jerusalem. But I will tell you what they had in Syria: they had one of God's children there—and she was a little girl. Naaman knew nothing about her, though she was one of his household. I can imagine this little Israelite, one day, as she said to Mrs. Naaman, her mistress, that there was a prophet in her country that could cure her master of his leprosy. "Why!" says the mistress, "what are you talking about? Did you ever hear of anybody being cured of leprosy?" "Ah!" said the little girl. "it's true, I can assure you: we have got physicians down there that can cure anything." So at last some one told the king what the little maid of Israel had said. Now Naaman stood high in the king's favor, for he had just won a great victory. He was

called a lord ; perhaps he was a prince—a sort of Syrian Princee Bismark, who stood near the throne. So the king said, “ You had better go down to Samaria, and see if there is anything in it, and I will give you letters of introduction to the king of Israel.”

Yes, he would give Naaman letters of introduction to the king. That’s just man’s idea. Of course, if anybody could help him it was a king. Of course the king had power both with God and man. Oh, my friends, it’s a good deal better to know a man that knows God ! A man acquainted with God has more power than any earthly king.

Away goes Naaman down to Samaria with his letter of introduction, and he takes with him a bag of gold and silver. That man’s idea again : he is going to pay the great doctor. And he took about £100,000 sterling, as far as I can make it out, to pay this doctor’s bill. There are a good many men who would willingly pay that sum, if with it they could buy the favor of God, and get rid of the curse of sin. Yes, if money could do it, how many would buy salvation ! But, thank God, it is not in the market for sale ! You must buy it on God’s terms, and that is “ without money and without price.” Naaman found that out. My dear friends, did you ever ask yourselves which is the worst—the leprosy of the body or the leprosy of sin ? Why, for my own part I would a thousand times sooner have the leprosy eating my eyes out, and eating off feet and arms ; I would rather be loathsome in the sight of my fellow-men than die with the leprosy of sin in my soul, and be banished from God for ever. The leprosy of the body is bad, but the leprosy of sin is a thousand times worse. It has thrown the angels out of heaven ; it has ruined the best and strongest men that ever lived in the world.

There is one thing about Naaman that I like—and that is, his *earnestness of purpose*. He was thoroughly in earnest. A good many people say, “ Oh, I don’t like such and such a minister ; I should like to know where he comes from, and what he has done, and whether any bishop has ever laid his hands on his head.” My dear friends, never mind the minister ; it’s the message you want. Why, if some one were to send me a message, and the news were important, I shouldn’t stop to ask about the messenger who brought it ; I should

want to read the news ; I should look at the letter and its contents, and not at the boy who brought it. And so it is with God's message. . The good news is everything, the minister nothing. The Syrians looked down with contempt on the Israelites ; and yet this great man was willing to take the good news from the lips of this poor little slave. Why, if I got lost in London, I should be willing to ask anybody which way to go—even if it were only a poor shoeblack. It is the way I want, not the person who directs me. But there was one drawback in Naaman's case : though he was willing to take the advice of the little girl, he was not willing to take the remedy.

The stumbling-block of pride stood in his way. The remedy the prophet offered him was a terrible blow to his pride. I have no doubt he expected a grand reception from the king of Israel, to whom he brought letters of introduction. He had been victorious on many a field of battle, and held high rank in the army—perhaps we may call him Major-General Naaman of Syria ; or he might have been higher in rank even than that. He had a letter of introduction from the king himself, and of course he would be received with high honors. But instead of the king rushing out to meet him, when he heard of Naaman's arrival and his object, he rent his mantle in a rage, and said : “ Am I a God, that I can kill and make alive ? ” But at last the king bethinks himself of Elisha the prophet ; and he says, “ There is a man in my kingdom who may be able to help you and cure your leprosy. ” Now I can imagine Naaman's pride reasoning thus : “ Surely the prophet will feel very much exalted and flattered that I, the great Syrian General, should come and call upon him. ”

He drives up in grand style to the prophet's house, and, after awhile, as nobody seems to be coming out to meet him, he sends in his message : “ Tell the prophet Major-General Naaman of Syria has arrived and wishes to see him. ” Elisha takes it very coolly. He does not come out to see him, but as soon as he learns his errand, he sends his servant to say, “ Dip seven times in the river Jordan and you shall be clean. ” What a terrible blow to his pride !

I can imagine him saying to his servant, “ What did you say ? Did I understand you aright ? Dip seven times in

Jordan ! Why, we call the river Jordan a *ditch* in our country !” But the only answer he got was, “ My lord says Go and dip seven times in Jordan.” I can fancy his indignation as he asks, “ Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel ? May I not wash in them and be clean ? ” So he turned and went away in a rage. The fact was, Jordan never had any great reputation as a river ; it flowed into the Dead Sea, and that sea never had a harbour to it. And its banks were not half so beautiful as those of the rivers of Damascus. Yes, it was a dreadful blow to his pride. The truth was, that Damascus was one of the most beautiful cities in the world ; and it is said that when Mahomet first saw it he turned his head away, for fear it should lead his thoughts away from heaven.

Naaman went off in a rage ; he got very angry. But I don’t think much of that ; for if you notice when a man turns away in anger, he generally cools down and comes back again.

He thought the prophet would have come out to him very humble and very solemn, and bid him do some great thing. Instead of that, Elisha, who was very likely busy writing, didn’t even come to the door or the window ; he merely sent out the message, “ Tell him to dip seven times in the Jordan.”

And away he went, saying, “ *I thought, I thought ; I thought.* ” I have heard that tale so often, and I am tired of it. I will tell you just what I think about it, and what I advise you to do—“ Give it up. Take God’s words, God’s thoughts, God’s ways. A man to be converted has to give up his will, his ways, and his thoughts. I have often noticed that when a man says, “ If ever I am converted, it will be this way or that,” God leads him in quite a contrary direction.

Whilst Naaman was turning the matter over in his mind, and thinking what was best to be done, one of his servants came and said—and a very sensible remark it was : “ My lord, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, would’st thou not have done it ? how much rather, then, when he saith to thee, Wash and be clean ! ” Yes, and there’s a deal of truth in that. Why, if Elisha had said to him, “ Go

back to Syria on your hands and knees," he would most likely have done it. If he had said, "Go back all the way on one foot," he would have tried to do it." Or if he had said, "Give me a hundred thousand pounds for the medicine I prescribe, and thou shalt be cleansed," no doubt he would have done it. But to tell him merely to dip in the river Jordan seven times—why, it was absurd on the face of it! "Why, if there is such cleansing power in the waters of Jordan, does not every leper in Israel go down and dip in them, and be healed?" "Well," says the servant, "you have come a hundred and fifty miles; and now don't you think you had better do what he tells you?"

His anger is cooling down; and he says, "Well, I think I might as well try it." That's the starting-point of his faith; but still he thought it a foolish thing, and could not bring himself to believe that the result would be what the prophet had said.

Naaman's will was conquered at last. He got to that point where he was willing to obey; and the Scripture tells us "to obey is better than to sacrifice." So he goes down to the river and takes the first dip; and as he comes up, I can imagine him looking at himself, and saying to his servant, "There! there I am, no better than I was when I went in. If one-seventh of the leprosy was gone, I should be content." Down he goes a second time, and he comes up puffing and blowing, as much a leper as ever; and so he goes down again and again, the third and fourth and fifth time, with the same result—as much a leper as ever. When he comes up the sixth time, he looks at himself, and says, "Ah! no better. What a fool I have made of myself! How they must all laugh at me! I wouldn't have the generals and aristocracy of Damascus know that I have been dipping in this way in Jordan for all the world. However, as I have gone so far, I'll make the seventh plunge." He has not altogether lost faith; and down he goes the seventh time, and up he comes again. He looks at himself, and shouts aloud for joy. "Lo, I am well! My leprosy is all gone—all gone! My flesh has come again as that of a little child. I never knew such a thing. I never felt so happy in all my life. I thought I was a great and a happy man when I accomplished that vic-


tory ; but, thank God ! praise God ! I am the happiest man alive." So he comes up out of Jordan and puts on his clothes, and goes back to the prophet, and wants to pay him.

That's just the old story : Naaman wants to give money for his cure. How many people want to do the same now-a-days ! Why, it would have spoiled the story of grace, if the prophet had taken anything ! You may give a thank-offering to God's cause, not because you can be saved, but because you are saved. But the prophet refused to take anything ; and I can imagine no one felt more rejoiced than Elisha did. So Naaman starts back to Damascus, a very different man than he was when he left it. The dark cloud has gone from his mind ; he is no longer a leper, in fear of dying from a loathsome disease. He lost the leprosy in Jordan when he did what the man of God told him ; and if you obey the voice of God, even while I am speaking to you, the burden of your sins will fall from off you, and you shall be cleansed. It is all done by the power of faith.



CHAPTER XVII.

PRAYER-MEETING TALKS.

OW TO CONDUCT PRAYER-MEETINGS.—I have noticed, in travelling up and down the country, and after mingling with a great many ministers that it is not the man that can preach the best that is the most successful, but the man who knows how to get his people together to pray. He has more freedom. It is so much easier to preach to an audience that is in full sympathy with you than to those who are criticising all the time. It chills your heart through and through. Now, if we could only have our prayer-meetings what they ought to be, and people go, not out of any sense of duty but because they delight to go, it would be a great help to a minister in his Sunday services. Now, I find it a great help in prayer-meetings to get the people right up close together, and then get myself right down among them. I believe many a meeting is lost by the people being scattered.

Another important thing is to see that the ventilation is all right. Sometimes I have been in rooms where I think the air must have been in there five or six years. You cannot always trust the janitors to take care of it. The people get sleepy, and you think it your fault. Very often such a thing is the fault of bad ventilation. See that you get fresh air—not too hot, and not too cold, but pure. Then it is a good thing to have a subject. Let all the people know a week beforehand what the subject is going to be. You take the subject of "Faith," say, and ask a brother or two privately to say a little on the subject. If they say, "I cannot get my thoughts together;" or, "I am so frightened when I get up that I tremble all over," then tell him just to get up and read a verse. It won't be long before they will add a few

words to that verse, and after a while they will want to talk too much, and the meetings thus become very profitable to those men. What we want is variety. Instead of having Deacon Jones and Deacon Smith and Deacon Brown to do all the praying and all the talking, have somebody else say something in this way, and thus create an interest.

I would not have the minister always take the lead, for I have noticed when the minister takes the lead, if he ever goes off there is a collapse. Now it seems to me a minister should get different ones into the chair, and when he goes off the meetings won't miss him, and there will be no falling off. Not only that, but he is training his members to work. They will go out around the town and in school-houses, and preach the Gospel, and we multiply preachers and workers in that way if they are only just taught to take part. Now I believe that there are a great many in our church prayer-meetings who could be brought out and made to be a great help if the ministers would only pay their attention to it. How many lawyers, physicians, public speakers we have who do nothing to actively help along the work, and I believe that difficulty could be removed if the minister would take a little pains. Let the father whose son has been converted get up and give thanks. Have once in a while a thanksgiving meeting. It wakes up a church wonderfully, once in a while to let the young converts relate their experiences. Then you say, what are you going to do with these men that talk so long? I would talk to them privately, and tell them they must try to be shorter. And it is a good thing sometimes for ministers themselves not to be too long. Sometimes they read a good deal of Scripture, and talk until perhaps only fifteen minutes is left, and then they complain because Deacon Smith or Jones or some one else talks too long. Just let the minister strike the key note of the meeting, and if he can't do that in ten minutes he can't at all. Very often a minister takes up a chapter and exhausts it, and says everything he can think of in the chapter, and then can you wonder a layman cannot say more who has had no study of the subject? Give out the subject a week ahead, let the minister take five or ten minutes in opening, and then let the different ones take part. That would be a greater variety. When a man takes part he gets greatly interested

himself. It was pretty true what the old deacon said, that when he took part in the meetings they were very interesting, and when he didn't they seemed very dull. [Laughter.]

SUGGESTION TO CHURCH MEMBERS.—If the ministers would encourage their members to be scattered among the audience, to never mind their pew but sit back by the door if need be, or in the gallery, where they can watch the faces of the audience, it would be a good thing. In Scotland, I met a man who with his wife would go and sit among them, as they said, to watch for souls. When they saw any one who seemed impressed they would go to him after the meeting and talk with him. Nearly all the conversions in that church during the last fifteen months had been made through that influence. Now, if we could only have from thirty to fifty members of the church whose business it is just to watch, and you laymen and laywomen to afterwards elinch them in. The best way in our regular churches is to let the workers all help to pull the net in. You will get a good many fishes; it won't be now and then one, but scores and scores. Now a stranger coming into a church likes to have some one speak to him. He does not feel insulted at all. A young man coming to New York a stranger and going to church, if some one asks him to go into the inquiry room it makes him happy and cheers him. Two young men came into our inquiry room here the other night, and after a convert talked to them, and showed them the way, the light broke in upon them. They were asked, "Where do you go to church?" They gave the name of the church where they had been going. Said one, "I advise you to go and see the minister of that church." They said, "We don't want to go there any more; we have gone there for six years and no one has spoken to us."

A man was preaching about Christians recognizing each other in heaven, and some one said, "I wish he would preach about recognizing each other on earth." In one place where I preached there was no special interest. I looked over the great hall of the old circus building where it was held, and saw men talking to other men here and there. I said to the Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association who got

up the meeting, "Who are these men?" He said, "They are a band of workers." They were all scattered through the hall, and preaching and watching for souls. Out of the fifty of them, forty-one of their number had got a soul each and were talking and preaching with them. We have been asleep long enough. When the laity wake up and try and help the minister, the minister will preach better. If the minister finds he has not been drawing the net right, if a good man in his church go to work and help him he will do better; he will prepare the sermons with that one thing in view. Will this draw men to Christ?

I don't see how men can preach without inquiry meetings. I like to see the converts. One minister in Scotland said he did not believe in disturbing the impression. If he had made an impression he did not want any one to say anything. He said, "After you sow the seed you don't want to go and dig it up to see whether it has sprouted." But I told him, "The farmers all harrow it after it is sowed." [Applause.]

ADDRESS TO CHRISTIANS.—One thing has been laid upon my mind in the last hour, and that is, that we should pray to God to fill us with the Spirit. We have had a good many questions asked us by the young converts about how they should go to work. There is a great deal of work done by people who have not the power of the Spirit; and to work without the power is like beating against the air.

I would call your attention to one thought; the gift of the Spirit for service. We may be sons and daughters of God; but we may be sons and daughters without power. God has a great many children that have not got any power. Their words are idle words; they might just as well speak in an unknown tongue; their speech is "as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." I suppose many of us have felt what it is to be preaching as though we were preaching to the air, our own hearts not moved, nor any one else's. When you go home, take your Bible an hour or two, studying up this one subject, the gift of the Holy Ghost for service. In the 4th chapter of Luke, the 18th verse, we read: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel." It was after the Spirit came upon Him that He

commenced His ministry. Then He went back to Nazareth, and His work was blessed.

We find in the 20th chapter of John, these words: "And when He said this He breathed on them and said unto them, receive ye the Holy Ghost." Of course His disciples had been converted before this. Back in the 7th chapter of John we find Him saying on that great day of the feast, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink. He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said—out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. Greater works than I have done you shall do, because I come of the Father, and the Holy Ghost shall be upon you which also comes of Him."

If we are only imbued with power from on High, it will then be ours to work for God. You cannot get water out of a dry well. You may pump, and pump, and pump, and the old machine will squeak, but there won't any water come. Sometimes pumps are dry, and you can't make any water come until you pour a little in at the top. So we have got to have water poured on us, or we cannot get any more power than a dry pump. What we want is this water of the Spirit poured upon ourselves. Oh, may He pour it upon us this afternoon.

In the 20th chapter of Luke and the 22nd verse, it says, "When He had said this He breathed on them and saith unto them, receive ye the Holy Ghost." Of course the disciples received the Spirit there.

Some persons think because they have had the Holy Ghost resting upon them at one time in power, it is going to remain. But I tell you that many a man that got converted and received the Holy Ghost, and was used ten years ago for the service of the Lord, has not got the power that he once had. He may be a good Christian, but he has lost the power. The people in his church know it. They say to each other, "What has come over our pastor?" He has not got the unction, he has not got the Holy Ghost. Oh, shall we not seek and pray for it here to-day? May the God of heaven breathe upon us one breath from the upper world before we go hence! To see that we are not to be satisfied with being filled once, turn over into the 2nd chapter of Acts. He told His disciples to go back to Jerusalem and tarry there until

they were imbued from on High. Those men had already been converted before. My friends, I think we do not tarry at Jerusalem until we get the power. We forget about the Holy Ghost, and about the necessity of our being anointed for service. These very men that He breathed upon then were afterwards filled with the Holy Ghost, as we read in the 4th chapter of Acts. Peter and James and John had not remained full. We are greatly mistaken in thinking that we may remain satisfied with past mercies of grace that God gave us away back these ten years ago. We do not love the fresh manna. In the 3rd chapter of John comes Nicodemus. In the 4th chapter of John He holds out the cup of salvation, and it becomes a well of water. The water always runs to one level as it comes down. The 4th chapter of John is a better Christian than the 3rd chapter. The best glories of a Christian are mentioned in the 7th chapter, where it says: "Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." In Luke we find it mentioned as a well, in John, a river. You know there are two ways of digging wells now. In one process, they do not stop as soon as they have come to water; but they dig on down carefully through the rock and sand, until they come to a lower strata, and a stream of the clearest crystal water starts and gushes to the top, like a fountain. You do not have to pump the water up from such a well. It comes of itself.

While in England I met a minister whose health had become so poor that he had to get an assistant to help him preach. He could only preach once a week, and not always that. One day, in meeting, the Spirit of God came upon him anew, and he got freshly anointed. He came down to London a year afterwards, and he told me that during the past year he had preached eight sermons a week. He said he had never been so well in all his life. I believe it is not work that breaks down our health; it is pumping without the water! What we want to do is just to wait on God until He gives it to us. I know a minister who told me he felt that he was preaching without this anointing, and he felt that his sermons had not been blessed for a long, long time. I know it was my own experience. I never like to talk about myself; it always makes me feel like a fool, but this may do some of you some good.

About four years ago I got into a cold state. It did not

seem as if there was any unction resting upon my ministry. For four long months God seemed to be just showing me myself. I found I was ambitious; I was not preaching for Christ; I was preaching for ambition. I found everything in my heart that ought not to be there. For four months a wrestling went on within me, and I was a miserable man. But after four months the anointing came. It came upon me as I was walking in the streets of New York. Many a time I have thought of it since I have been here. At last I had returned to God again, and I was wretched no longer. I almost prayed, in my joy, "O, stay thy hand!" I thought this earthen vessel would break, He filled me so full of the Spirit. If I have not been a different man since, I do not know myself. I think I have accomplished more in the last four years than in all the rest of my life. But oh, it was preceded by a wrestling and a hard struggle! I think I have never got out of this miserable selfishness. There was a time when I wanted to see my little vineyard blessed, and I could not get out of it; but I could work for the whole world now. I would like to go round the world and tell the perishing millions of a Saviour's love.

If in these closing months here we could get baptized by the Holy Ghost, would it not be blessed? Is there not a hungering and a thirsting to be filled to-day? "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." There is the word of the Lord Jesus. Is He not here to-day? Is not He able to fill us? If He would imbue us all, and expel all jealousy and sectarianism, would it not be blessed? He can conquer this earthly will and fill us with the Holy Ghost as were the early Christians. Your congregations will find your new anointing out, if you take the grace and the anointing away with you. They will say to each other directly, "What does it mean? What has come over our minister?" O, God grant that self may lose its interest for us to-day, and that Jesus may burst upon us with a new view; that we may behold Him to-day as we never yet beheld Him; and may He give us fresh anointing!

CHRIST THE GOOD SAMARITAN.—LUKE x. 25.—In this picture we get the whole Gospel. Jerusalem was the city of

peace. Jericho was a city condemned, and from one to the other was all the way down hill—an easy road to go, as the unfortunate man thought when he started on his journey. But he fell among thieves, who stripped him and left him half dead, and the priest and the Levite passed him by. These two men represent a large class of people. We can imagine the priest asking himself, “Am I my brother’s keeper?” and complaining, “What did he want to go down there for, any way? Why didn’t he stay at home? He was a great deal better off in Jerusalem—he might have known something would happen to him.” Some people think they have done their duty when they blame the poor for their poverty, and the unfortunate for the accidents which happen to them.

There is another class who always begin to philosophize the minute they see any suffering. “Why does God have these things? Why does He have sin and poverty in the world, I would like to know? He needn’t have it; He could just as well have made a world without it.” But here comes the good Samaritan; he does more than pity and philosophize; he helps, gives oil, and lifts the poor fellow on his beast. He is not afraid to touch him. He don’t stop to ask whether he is Jew or Gentile, or just what he is going to do with the man if he gets him away from there. Now a great many people ask us, “What are you going to do with these young converts when you get them? Where will you put them—into what church—Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal?” “Well, we don’t know; we have not thought of that; we are trying to get them out of the ditch first.” “Oh, well then, we don’t want to have anything to do with it; we want it to be done decently and in order, if we are going to have a hand in it.”

These people are no Samaritans; they won’t have anything to do with the poor fellows by the wayside if they cannot dispose of them ever afterwards to suit themselves. Let us not condemn those who have fallen into the ditch. Christ is our Good Samaritan; He has done for us, and tells us to do for others.

CREATE A CLEAN HEART IN ME, O GOD!—Ps. li. 10.—

It seems as if here is where we might well stop and say a word. Is our heart clean in the sight of God? Has He renewed a right spirit within us? Do we show that in our home, in our daily life, in our business, and in our contact with others? If we do not, it seems to me it is better to be praying for ourselves than for others, that the world may see that we have been with God's Spirit. If we are a great way from Christ in all our ways, our words will be cold and empty, and we cannot reach the world. There is power enough in this room to move all New York, if we had the right spirit and clean hearts. A friend of mine told me he had been preaching some time without seeing any results in his church, and he began to cry to God that he might have a blessing on his church. He said weeks went on and the answer didn't come, and he felt that he must either have a blessing or give up the ministry. He must have souls or die, and he said that on one Sunday he threw himself on his knees in his study and cried to God, "Oh, God! break this heart of mine and give me a contrite spirit." Just at this moment he heard a faint rap at the door, and opening it, his little child, four years old, entered. She had heard her father's prayer, and she said, "Father, I wish you would pray for me; I want a clean heart." "And," said he, "God broke my heart, and at the next meeting, there were forty inquirers, after that one sermon." "Oh, that our hearts may be tender, and may we know what it is to have broken hearts and contrite spirits."

GOD'S POWER TO SAVE THE DRUNKARD.—JER. xxxii. 17.—*"Oh, Lord God! behold, Thou hast made the heaven and the earth by Thy great power and stretched-out arm, and there is nothing too hard for Thee."* Mr. Moody said he had taken that chapter to every place where he had been. He had tried to find a substitute, but had never succeeded. He then said:

It's just what we want to give the keynote to our meetings. Many of us look about and see so many wretched and wicked people that we become disheartened. But it's as easy for God to save every drunkard and infidel in New York as it is for Him to turn His hand over. Think of this earth that God has made, with its mountains and rivers! Some


one has said it is only a ball thrown from the hand of God, and another that the stars and the moon are only the fringe of His garments. If God can do these great things, think you He can't save drunkards? If He could speak worlds into existence, can't He save dead souls! I have more hope of these prayer-meetings than of any others. But if we don't get a hold of God here we won't anywhere. I believe that God answers prayers. If we ask a fish, He won't give us a stone. Some have said these meetings will pass away and do no good. But it won't be so if God is with us. The late war taught men how to pray. It seems to me that some of the best work I ever saw was among the soldiers. Those boys away from their mothers, how many prayers were uttered for them, and how many were converted! I well remember a young lieutenant from Indiana. In one of our meetings, when we had been speaking of mothers' prayers, he got up and said the remarks reminded him of letters he had received from his mother, expressing great anxiety about his soul. He had told her that he would come to Christ after the war; but she reminded him he might never see that time. Another letter came from his home, and that mother was dead. And with the tears trickling down his cheeks, that noble young man told his tale, and came to know his Saviour. Now we come to-day to call upon the Lord for a great blessing to rest upon this mighty city.

A RAINY DAY PRAYER-MEETING.—Ps. ciii.—There are four precious clauses in this Psalm, viz. : "He forgiveth all thine iniquities;" "He healeth all thy diseases;" "He redeemeth thy life from destruction," and "He crowneth thee with loving kindness." Christianity is better than anything that the world can give. It satisfies us. That is what wealth cannot do. The crowns of Europe cannot give the peace and contentment that come from the Crown of Life. I like these rainy day prayer-meetings. It costs us something to get here.



CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PROPHET DANIEL, IN MR. MOODY'S VERSION.

O those who have heard the stately and brilliant oration of Dr. Punshon on "Daniel in Babylon," by which this line of address was first suggested to Mr. Moody, this rendering of the story in homely language will be especially interesting. The contrast in style will be striking, but the power and effect of the two discourses will be found almost identical. A diversity of gifts ; but the same spirit.

When we come to the life of such a man as Daniel, the first thing we ask is : What was the secret of his success ? Well, my friends, I'll tell you what I think was the secret of this man's success :—He knew his God.

A great many professing Christians never get on intimate terms with their God, and so they never amount to much. But Daniel, from his boyhood, knew and trusted in the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob ; and that was what put such courage into him.

There is another very important thing about Daniel : he was able to say *no* ! at the right time.

I tell you, my friends, it would be a great thing for our young men to be able to say *no* ! when the devil comes up to them and begins to coax them away from the God of their father and mother.

We don't know just how old he was when we hear of him first : probably about seventeen. The king Nebuchadnezzar had given orders to take some of the best and brightest boys among the Hebrew captives and bring them up among his wise men. They were to be taught the language and the

learning of the Chaldeans, and to be fed with meat and wine from the king's table.

"But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank." There was something in the law of his God forbidding him to eat meat or drink wine which had been offered to idols; and Daniel knew that the king's meat and the king's wine had been offered to idols, so he determined not to touch it.

If he had been like a good many of our modern Christians, he would have said something like this: "Well, it can't be helped. I don't like to defile myself this way; the law of God forbids it; and if I were only home in Jerusalem I never would do it in the world. But I really don't see how we are going to help it. We are slaves. Besides, it is the king's special order; and if he should hear of our disobedience, our heads would come off in no time. Really, we can't be expected to run such a risk as that."

That's it; the devil told him to do in Babylon as the people of Babylon do. But Daniel had the courage to stand up to the law of his God, and say *no*!

Consequences? Never mind the consequences. There wasn't any such word in his dictionary when it came to obeying the law of his God. He was bound to do it, let the consequences be what they might.

Do you hear what it says here in this eighth verse of the first chapter? "Daniel purposed in his *heart*." That's the trouble with a great many people: they purpose to do right, but they only purpose in their heads, and that doesn't amount to much. If you are going to be Christians, you must purpose to serve God away down in your hearts. "With *the heart* man believeth unto righteousness."

So when the servant who had charge of them came to bring them their dinner, Daniel and his three young friends told him they couldn't eat that meat and drink that wine, because it was against the law of their God.

Look at that! Daniel doesn't try to dodge the question at all; he gives the true reason right out at once.

I am afraid some of you, if you had been in his place, would have tried to hide behind some excuse. You would

say you weren't very well ; or that meat and wine didn't agree with you. Not so with Daniel. He tells that heathen the true reason why he can't eat the king's meat or drink the king's wine, and I have no doubt the man respected him for it.

"But, says he, "it won't do at all. If you don't eat it, the king will find it out. He'll see you some time looking lean and thin, and he'll ask what the matter is, and then I shall lose my head as well as you."

"Just try us for ten days," says Daniel. "Give us pulse to eat and water to drink, and see how we get along on it."

So the servant tried them on the pulse and water, and at the end of ten days they were the fattest and best looking of the whole crowd.

Some people think wine makes them look better, and that they can't get along without it. Look at their red noses and bloated faces !

I tell you, all the stimulant a person needs is the Word and the Grace of God.

There was a soldier down in Tennessee when I was there, —a great strong, hearty fellow, who was a teetotaler. One day, when the army was going on a long march, a man offered him a drink of whiskey.

"I am a teetotaler," was the reply.

"Never mind that. You're in the army now ; besides, you need some stimulant to help you on this long march."

Taking out a pocket Bible, he held it up before the face of his tempter, and said,—

"This is all the stimulant I want."

"Just so with Daniel. He took God's side in this question, and held to God's terms, and God made him strong and healthy ; gave him favor with those who saw his honesty, and, above all, peace in his own soul.

The next we hear of him is about two years after.

I seem to see the officer coming in and laying his hand on Daniel's shoulder, and arresting him in the king's name.

"What's the matter ?" says Daniel.

"Why haven't you heard ?" says the officer. "The king had a dream last night, and when he woke up he couldn't remember it ; so he called all his wise men together, and asked

them to tell him his dream, and then interpret it for him. Nobody could tell it. The king was so angry that he commanded that all the wise men should be put to death. You belong to that school ; so you will have to die."

"It seems to me the king is rather hasty," says Daniel—cool and calm as a summer morning. "Just let him give us a little time, and I'll show him his dream and the interpretation also."

He knew his God and trusted in Him. All secrets belong to God.

That night Daniel and his three friends had a little prayer-meeting together. I have no doubt they read the story of Joseph ; how the dreams of old Pharaoh were revealed to him ; and how he came to be a great man in Egypt afterwards. And then they went to sleep.

I don't think many of you would have gone to sleep with such danger as that hanging over your heads. But Daniel slept ; and in his sleep the king's dream was revealed to him.

The next morning there was a great stir all about the palace. It had gone out that a young Hebrew captive was going to tell the king his dream, and save the lives of all the wise men of Babylon ; and everybody was anxious to know all about it.

I can see the young man brought into the presence of the mighty monarch. He stands there without the slightest fear. His God, in whom he trusted, has made him master of the situation. The King looks at him, and says, "Young man, can you tell me my dream and the interpretation of it?"

"My God can !" answers Daniel ; and he begins.

"In your dream, O king you saw an image——"

"*That's it !*" says Nebuchadnezzar, his face lighting up all at once ; "You've got it ! I remember it all now."

"Yes." says Daniel ; "my God revealed it to me last night in a dream." You see he doesn't take any credit to himself for it, but gives the glory to his God.

"The head of this great image was gold, his breast and his arms were silver, his belly and his thighs of brass, his legs of iron, and his feet part of iron and part of clay. And then, O king, you saw a stone cut out without hands, which

struck the image upon its feet, and crushed it to pieces till it became like the dust of the summer threshing-floor."

"That's all right," says the king. "Now can you tell me the interpretation of it?"

Now I imagine some of you would have tried to soften down the interpretation a little. It was a pretty hard thing for Daniel to stand up there before that great monarch, and tell him his kingdom was to be like the dust of a summer threshing-floor: but he did it.

"Thou art this head of gold. And after thee shall arise another kingdom inferior to thee; and another third kingdom of brass, which shall bear rule over all the earth. And the fourth kingdom shall be strong as iron. Afterwards it shall be divided, and become part strong and part weak. And in the days of those kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed; it shall break in pieces and destroy all those kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever."

The king was greatly pleased with Daniel, and made a great man of him; and, for his sake, put his three friends into office. You see Daniel didn't forget his friends when he got into a good place himself.

Well: not long after that—maybe it was the dream that put it into his head—Nebuchadnezzar made a great image, and set it up in the plains of Dura. It was about ninety feet high and about nine feet wide. Some people say it was made of solid gold. I rather think the king intended that image to represent himself. He was going to have a universal religion, and he was going to be the head of it,—there are some such people now-a-days,—and so he gave orders to have all the nobility and great officers of his kingdom brought together to worship the golden image which he had set up.

I don't know where Daniel was at this time. Perhaps he was away in some other part of the kingdom on business; but his friends, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, were there to represent him. Their enemies were there too. A faithful servant of God is sure to have enemies, watching for a chance to get him out of the way.

It was a great day when the image was unveiled. I seem to see it flashing in the sunlight; the vast throng of worship

pers standing around it ; and the king, at the head of a splendid procession of his lords and ladies, coming across the plain with banners flying and music playing ; really, it must have been a trying time for those three men, who were so much out of fashion as not to bow down to the great idol when everybody else was doing it.

But the law of their God and the law of the king were in conflict. The king said, Bow down ! God said, No !—and it didn't take them a minute to decide what to do.

Some people would have said, "There's no great harm in bowing with all the rest ; but then you needn't *worship*, you know : just bend your knees a little, but don't say any prayers to the idol."

Not a bit of it. These men were not going to compromise their consciences ; and their enemies knew it very well. The hour has arrived ; everything is ready ; the king makes a sign with his hand, and the cornets and sackbuts, and all the other instruments, give a great blast, and the whole multitude fall down on their faces before the great image which Nebuchadnezzar the king has set up. No ; not all ! There are three pairs of stiff knees in that kingdom—three men who will not bow to the false god. Their enemies have taken care to put them in the front rank, near to themselves, where they can watch them, and so find occasion to accuse them to the king.

I seem to see these fellows looking out of the corners of their eyes, when, by the king's command, they ought to have been worshipping the idol : and I hear them saying to themselves, "Aha ! we have got you now !" and so they go to tell the king.

"O king ! live for ever. Do you know that there are three men in your kingdom who will not obey you ?"

"No : who are they ?"

"Three of those Hebrew captives ; they don't bow down along with the rest of us ; and we thought you would like to know it."

"Bring them to me," says the king, in a great rage ; "I will see whether these fellows are going to disobey my orders like this."

It is quite likely he would have ordered their heads to be

taken off at once, if he had not remembered that they were particular friends of Daniel.

Now they stand face to face with the great king.

"What is this I hear of you?" says Nebuchadnezzar. "They say you disobey my orders, and do not bow down and worship my golden image. Now, I will try you once more; and then, if you don't bow down, into the furnace you go."

We do not know who the speaker was on that occasion; perhaps it was Shadrach. He stands there with his two friends, looking calmly at the king, and thinking of the fiery furnace without trembling in the least, or feeling the slightest fear. And this is what he says,—

"We are not careful to answer thee in this matter, O king. The God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and He will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But whether He deliver us or not, we will not bow down."

"Who is this God of yours, that is able to deliver you out of my hands?" says the king, in a towering rage. "Go and heat that furnace seven times hotter than ever, and take these fellows up, and thrust them into it. Be quick about it. I will not have such rebels in my kingdom."

So some of the king's servants hurry away to the furnace to stir up the fire, and others seize Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, and take them away; and when the furnace doors are opened, they come near to cast them into the fire,—which is so hot that it burns the servants to death, but does not harm the men who are cast down headlong into it. Then the king goes and looks into the furnace; and what is his astonishment at seeing four men, instead of three, walking in the midst of the fire, as safely as if they were in the king's garden!

"Did I not tell you to cast in three men?—and lo! I see four walking about in the fire; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God."

The Lord Himself was with His three faithful servants. The great Palestine Shepherd looked down from heaven, and saw those three sheep of His flock about to be cast into the fire; and He made haste, and came down Himself, to see that they suffered no harm. Ah! Jesus is always with His people. Though they pass through water, they shall not be drowned;

though they pass through water, they shall not be burned. The fire burned off only the devil's bands : it did not singe a hair of their heads.

Does not Christ say that the hairs of our heads are all numbered ? There is wonderful care and love in that.

Did you ever know a mother who loved her little child so well that she would count the hairs on its curly head ? But the Lord loves His children so well that He counts their hairs—every one ; and not one of them comes to any harm, so long as His child is faithful to Him. There was not even the smell of fire upon their garments ; and the king's counsellors, and princes, and governors, and captains, and all together, saw these men upon whose bodies the fire had no power.

My friends, let us remember that it is always safe to do what God wants us to do. If our way to heaven leads through fire and water, it is all the same : it is all right. That is the proper way for us to go.

And now King Nebuchadnezzar orders these men to come out ; and he restored them to their places again. He has found out who was the God that was able to deliver His servants out of the hands of the king ; and I am quite sure that, from this time, neither the king nor anybody else in Babylon ventured to say anything against those men, or against the God whom they worshipped, and who had delivered them out of the fiery furnace.

The king himself makes a decree, "that every people, nation, and language, which shall speak anything amiss against the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, shall be cut in pieces, and their houses shall be made a dunghill, because there is no other God that can deliver after this sort." So the king promoted these men ; and, instead of being burned to death in the furnace, they came to be more honorable than ever.

The next thing that we hear of the king is, that he has had another dream. He seems to have been a great man for dreams. This time he saw a great tree which "reached unto heaven, and the sight thereof to the end of all the earth ; . . and, behold, a watcher and an holy one came down from heaven, and cried aloud : 'Hew down this tree, and cut down

his branches, shake off his leaves, and scatter his fruit ; let the beasts get away from under it, and the fowls from its branches. Nevertheless, leave the stump of his roots in the earth. . . . Let his heart be changed from man's, and let a beast's heart be given unto him, and let seven times pass over him : to the intent that the living may know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will.' ”

The king seems to have been as much puzzled by this dream as by the other ; and nobody could tell him what it meant, until he sent for Daniel. Even he was troubled about it at first ; but presently the Lord showed it to him ; and then he preached such a sermon to the king about his pride, and the necessity of repentance, that the king's face turned pale, and his knees began to shake, and it was not long before he lost his reason, and wandered away from his palace, out into the woods and the deserts, and became more like a beast than a man. But at last the Lord had mercy on him. His counsellors and princes gathered about him again, and brought him back to his palace. But the king's heart was softened. I think he became truly converted to God ; and from this time we don't hear him saying any more : “ Is not this great Babylon that I have builded ? ” But we hear him blessing the Most High, and praising and honoring Him whose dominion is everlasting, and whose kingdom is from generation to generation.

And now the king makes one more proclamation, different from all the others. Up to this time he has been telling other people what to do ; now he begins to speak of his own duty, and he says, “ I, Nebuchadnezzar, will do this—I will do that.” “ I will praise and extol and honor the King of Heaven, all of whose works are truth.” He has found out his own duty. His heart is softened ; and although we do not hear anything more of him, I have no doubt that Daniel and he used to walk the streets of Babylon, arm-in-arm, and talk over their experiences together ; and when the king died, I feel quite sure that he went safely to heaven, to be welcomed by the God of Daniel ; and through the long eternity King Nebuchadnezzar will rejoice that that young man, Daniel, took his stand for God when he came down to Baby-

lon, and did not follow the fashion of that wicked capital, though it might have cost him his life.

The next thing we hear of Babylon is, that the grandson of Nebuchadnezzar, a wild young prince, called Belshazzar, has come to the throne. On a certain occasion he makes a great feast to a thousand of his lords. They come together in a great banquet-chamber, and they drink and carouse all night long. They do not care for the armies of Cyrus, which are besieging the city. They trust in its high walls and its gates of brass, and feel themselves perfectly safe. At last, when the head of the young king has been quite turned with wine, he orders the golden vessels, which his grandfather captured from God's temple at Jerusalem, to be brought into the banquet-hall, that they may drink wine out of them in honor of the gods of Babylon. But while they are doing this impious thing, behold, a hand appears, writing with its fingers upon the wall—the doom of the kingdom of Babylon.

Drunk as he is, the miserable king is frightened.

"Bring in the wise men," says he. And the wise men come in haste, and stares at the writing, but not one of them is able to read or understand it. No uncircumcised eye can read God's handwriting.

Somehow or other, the news of this strange affair reaches the ears of the king's mother; and she sends a servant to him, telling him that, in the days of his grandfather, there was a man in Babylon who could interpret dreams, and reveal secrets, and do all manner of strange things, and maybe he would be able to read the writing.

It seems that Daniel had been lost sight of for the last fifteen years; but now there is special work for him to do; and so they find him out, and bring him in and ask him to read the writing. "*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin:*" and the meaning of it was clear as daylight to him.

Now I have no doubt that a good many courtiers, if they had seen such writing as that upon the wall of the king's palace, would have softened the meaning of it a little, and not have given it in its full strength, for fear of offending the king. But that was not Daniel's fashion at all. He reads it just as God writes it. "*Mene*: God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it. "*Tekel*: Thou art weighed in the

balances, and art found waiting. *Peres*: Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians."

Ah! poor miserable Belshazzar! Even now the soldiers of Cyrus have turned away the waters of the Euphrates, and are coming into the city along the empty banks. The soldiers are battering away at the doors of your palace, and before morning your blood shall be spilled upon the stones, along with the wine which you have been drinking, out of the vessels from God's holy temple at Jerusalem. You are weighed in God's balance, and found wanting.

My friends, suppose God should begin to weigh some of you to-day; suppose you were to step into the balances now, don't you think you would be found wanting? Get into the scales, take along with you your education, and your wealth, and your dignity, and your fashion, and your fine clothes, and everything you have that is splendid,—and the Lord will put the ten commandments in the other, and up you will go like feathers—"weighed in the balances and found wanting." Only they who have Christ in their souls can stand the test of God's weighing. Dare you step into the balances to-day?

Some one will ask me, "Mr. Moody, dare you step into the balances to-day, and be weighed? Do you know that you would be saved, if the Lord should bring you to judgment?" Yes; thanks be to God, Christ is able to save me—even me; and He will save all of you who will cast off your sins, and take Christ instead.

After a while, Darius, the Mede, comes to the throne of Babylon. He must have met Daniel somewhere in his travels, for no sooner does he set up the kingdom than he puts him into a place of great power. He chooses a hundred and twenty princes, whom he places over the kingdom; and over these princes he appoints three presidents, and he makes Daniel the president of the presidents; so that he really is the first man in the kingdom, after the king. His business was to "see that the king suffered no damage;" that is, he was to keep watch of the accounts, to see that nobody cheated the king. This must have been a very difficult place, and Daniel must have had his hands full. He had to watch those hundred and twenty rascals, who were all the while trying to steal something off the revenue; and to go over their accounts

again and again, so as to be certain that they were correct to a penny.

It was not long before Daniel became very unpopular with the princes. I seem to hear them talking amongst themselves in this way :—

“There is that miserable old Jew, Daniel : if we only had him out of the way, we could make no end of money. We would very speedily be rich ; we would have our country houses and our city houses, and our fine horses and chariots, and we would live in the very highest style, off the revenues of this kingdom ; but that old fellow watches us as narrowly as a cat watches a mouse. We can't cheat him—even to a shilling.” “Why,” says one, “I never saw such a man in all my life. I gave in an account the other day that was only a few pounds short ; and did not he send it back to me, and make me pay the difference ? I wish he were back in Jerusalem, where he came from.”

However, the king trusted Daniel ; and he was such a thoroughly good and honest man that they really could find no way to revenge themselves upon him. They talked it over together again and again, and all agreed that there was no chance of getting him out of the way, unless they could find something in his religion by which they could bring him into trouble.

“We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God.” What an honor ! Nothing wrong with him—even in the eyes of these bad men—except that he was too faithful to his God !

How many of you are likely to be complained of on that account ?

Finally, they hit upon a plan which they thought might possibly succeed. One night they are closeted together in secret ; and one of the princes says to the rest : “I think I have got a plan that will work. You know King Darius is very popular, and he is very proud of it. The people praise him a great deal, and he likes it. Now suppose we ask him to establish a royal decree, ‘that whosoever shall ask a petition of any god or man for thirty days, save of the king, he shall be cast into the den of lions.’ That will be putting the king in the place of the gods, and he is most likely to be flattered

more by that than by anything I can think of : then, if once we can get that old Hebrew into the lion's den, we shall make a good deal more money than we have been able to do with him watching us all the time."

This notion seemed to please the princes very well. They drew up the document immediately. It would not do to let Daniel hear of it, before the king should sign it ; and so they appointed a committee to take the decree down to the palace the very first thing in the morning. There were some lawyers among these hundred and twenty princes ; and I seem to see them drawing out the law with great care, making it firm and binding—laughing to themselves and saying : " The laws of the Medes and Persians change not. If once we can get Darius to stamp this document, with his signet-ring, Daniel is done for sure enough."

So the committee go down to the palace next morning to obtain his signature. They begin by flattering. If a man wants another to do a mean thing, he always begins by appealing to his vanity.

" O king, we have been thinking how popular you are in your kingdom, and what you might do to make yourself even more famous than you are ; and we have come to the conclusion that, if you would publish a decree that nobody in the kingdom, for thirty days, should pray to any other god except yourself, it would turn the hearts of all the people towards you even more than now. We should then have a universal religion, and the king would be at the head of it."

Darius felt flattered by this proposition. He turned it over in his mind and presently said,—

" That seems sensible."

" All right," said the princes. " We thought you would like it ; and in order that there might not be any delay, we have the document here already drawn up. Now if you will please to stamp this with your signet-ring, we shall have it published right away."

The king takes the document, reads it over, stamps his seal upon it ; and the committee go away laughing, and saying, " Ha, ha ! old Hebrew, we will have you in the den of lions before night."

The princes lost no time in publishing the new decree of

the king. I can imagine some one of Daniel's friends, who had seen the document, going up to his office in great haste, to give him warning that there was some trouble brewing.

"Have you heard the news, Daniel? Those hundred and twenty princes have gone and got Darius to publish a decree that nobody shall pray to any other god, except him, for thirty days. That is a conspiracy against you. Now I want to give you a little advice; and that is, to get out of this town in a hurry."

But Daniel says he can't leave his business. He is afraid these hundred and twenty princes will cheat the revenues while he is away. His duty is right there, and he is determined to stay there and attend to it.

"Well, then, had you not better pray more secretly? You have a habit, that is all well enough in ordinary times, of going up to your chamber, where the windows opened towards Jerusalem, and saying your prayers there three times a day. And sometimes you pray pretty loud, and people out of doors can hear you. Now just shut your windows while you pray, for the next thirty days; for these princes are sure to have some spies watching you at your prayers. You had better stop up the keyhole of your door also, for these mean fellows are not above peeping in to watch you. It would be still better, Daniel, if you would not kneel down at all, but say your prayers after you get into bed."

Ah! how many young men have gone to Oxford, or Cambridge, and lost their peace of mind and their hope in Christ, because they were afraid to pray before their room-mates!

And what does Daniel say to such advice as this? He scouts it. He tramples it under his feet. No man shall hinder him from praying. No king shall frighten him out of his duty. He attends to his morning's work; looks over the accounts as usual; and when twelve o'clock comes, he goes to his chamber, puts the windows wide open, kneels down and prays, not to Darius, but to the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. His windows are opened towards Jerusalem, and his face is turned that way; for Jerusalem is dearer to him than his life, and the God of his fathers is his sure defence. I can seem to see him kneeling there—that old man, with his white locks and beard, praying at the probable cost of his life; but

he does not seem to be troubled by the danger ; neither is he angry at the command of the king or the manifest wickedness of those hundred and twenty princes. He prays for the king, his friend,—who, he is sure, has done this wickedness in some thoughtless moment. He prays for his enemies, the princes, who are wickedly seeking to destroy him.

Those men have taken care that two witnesses shall be underneath Daniel's windows at the time when he usually goes to pray. "Hark !" says one to the other. "Did you hear that ? The old man is up there praying, sure enough ! Listen : he is not praying to King Darius."

"No, says the other ; "he is praying to the God of the Hebrews."

So they listen till the prayer is finished, and then they hurry away to the princes, to give their evidence against Daniel ; and the princes lose no time in laying the matter before the king.

"O King Darius ! live for ever. Is it not written that the laws of the Medes and the Persians change not ?"

"It is," said Darius ; "anything that is stamped with the king's seal cannot be changed."

"That is what we thought," said the princes. Did you not make a decree that no man should pray to any other god than to the king ?"

"Yes, I did, said Darius."

Then they tell him that the chief of the presidents—this Daniel, the Hebrew—has refused to obey the king's command. Poor Darius !

"What a mistake I have made !" says he. "I might have known that Daniel would not obey such a command as that. I had quite forgotten about him when I made it." There is not a man in all Babylon who is so troubled as the king. The account says that "he labored till the going down of the sun to deliver Daniel." But the command had gone forth, the law had been made, and it could not be changed, even for the sake of Daniel himself.

If Darius had loved his friend only as much as Christ loves us, he would have gone down into the den of lions for him. Our Darius, our King, counted not His life too dear unto Himself, but freely delivered it up for us.

At sundown the king's officers go for the old man, to take him away to the lions. They bind his hands behind his back, and lead him along the streets of Babylon towards the den. The whole city goes out to see the sad procession. The princes look out of their windows, and rub their hands, and laugh over the success of their wicked plot; and the people look on in wonder, to see such a sweet-faced old man led away to die like a criminal; and poor Darius walks the chamber of his palace, wringing his hands in agony, saying, "Ah me! I have destroyed my friend."

But Daniel walks with a firm step. His old knees don't shake a bit. The wind of the evening plays with his white locks, and with a smile upon his face he goes to meet the lions. He has served his God now for seventy long years, and he feels sure that God will not desert him in this great hour of trial. I can imagine him saying, "My God can bring me out of the jaws of the lions just as easily as He has saved my three friends from the furnace of fire. But even if they eat me, I shall only die for my God." And when they put him into the den, God sent one of His angels to shut the mouths of the lions.

At the hour of the evening prayer, Daniel kneels in the den; and if he can get the points of the compass down there, he prays with his face towards Jerusalem; and then, taking one of the lions for his pillow, he lies down and sleeps, as sweetly as any man in Babylon. The king sits up all night, thinking what his folly has cost him—even the life of his most faithful servant. But he remembers that the God of Daniel has done strange things for them who trusted Him. He has heard of Shadrach and his friends coming out of the fiery furnace; and he knows that Daniel went into the den feeling that his God would go with him and save him. At the first dawn of day he orders out his chariot, and you can hear the wheels rattling over the pavements of Babylon before the people are up. Away he goes, with his horses on the run, to the door of the lion's den; springs out of the chariot; looks down into it, and with a voice trembling with anxiety, cries out, "O Daniel, servant of the living God; is that God whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?"

Hark ! There comes up a voice out of the den. It is the voice of Daniel ; to whom this morning is like the morning of the resurrection. He has been down to the gates of death, and yet he is alive.

“O king ! live for ever. My God has sent His angel and shut the lions’ mouths, that they have not hurt me.”

Oh how glad King Darius was to hear the voice of his friend once more ! He has him brought up out of the den, takes him up in his arms, into his chariot ; and away they go home to the palace, to breakfast together and talk over this wonderful deliverance.

Then King Darius published another decree. The experience of Daniel had thoroughly converted him ; and now he declares “that, in every dominion of his kingdom, man shall tremble and fear before the God of Daniel, who worketh signs and wonders in heaven and earth, and hath delivered His servant from the power of the lions.”

May the God of Daniel be with us—the courage of Daniel be in us ! May we have grace to confess the Lord, to go through the fire and amongst the lions, if need be, for the sake of his truth ; and at last, after all the trials of this life are over, may we be so happy as to sit down with Daniel and all the ancient worthies, in the kingdom of our God !



CHAPTER XIX.

HOW TO STUDY AND MARK YOUR BIBLE.



HAVE been wonderfully cheered, said Mr. Moody, in going to the young men's meeting, to hear so much scripture quoted. Any revival that don't bring people to their Bible is a sham, and will last only for a few weeks ; but if the people are brought to love the Word of God, there will be a revival that will last 365 days in the year.

In Nehemiah viii. 2, we read that Ezra, the priest, brought the law before the congregation of both men and women in the street, and he read therein from morning until mid-day ; and in the eighth verse, it is said, "they read in the book in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." I can imagine the priest reading the passage over twenty times until the people understood it. Bible Christians are all the time rejoicing in the Lord, for the Lord is their strength, but the people who neglect their Bibles are in a backsliding state.

Mr. Moody quoted Jeremiah xx. 9, to show that Christian men are constrained to open their lips and speak for the Lord. He said : If the Holy Ghost is our teacher, we will understand the Word of God. The best thing to interpret the Bible is the Bible itself.

There are three books every Christian ought to have : the Bible, Cruden's Concordance, and the " Bible Text-Book."* If you have not got them, get them to-morrow.

Newspapers only tell you what has taken place ; this book tells you what is going to take place. Take up one subject at

* These may be had of the publisher of this volume. Cruden's Concordance, unabridged, \$2.25. The Bible Text-Book, \$1.00. Sent by mail post paid to any address on receipt of price.

a time. Take up "Love," and spend a month upon it. Take a Concordance and go through the Bible with it upon this subject, and then you will be full of love, and there will be no room for malice and hatred in your heart. After that take up "Faith;" it is better to go to the Word of God and get faith than to pray for it. Then take up "Blood;" it shows the way to heaven. Now take up "Heaven," and spend months upon it. Then "Prayer." We do not know how to pray as we ought to. Nine-tenths of us read the Bible just to ease our conscience. You do not get the whole Bible by reading it in that way. In family worship people often put a mark in their Bible to know where they left off. I hoed corn when a boy, and I used to put down a stick to know where I left off; so it is with reading the Bible. The only way for us to study the Bible is to take up one subject and try to master that subject. A man said to me, "Can you recommend the best Life of Christ?" I said I could recommend four—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. Each of them wrote a very good account, but I like John's best. A man had better spend a year over these four Gospels than to run over the whole Bible. If a man studies Genesis he has a key to the whole Bible. It is the beginning of everything, and then the other parts of the Bible will unfold themselves to us. Let us take the Bible up with some object in view—to get at some truth. In California the best gold is found at the greatest depth; and so with the Word of God, the best part is deepest. Here is some law document; it is uninteresting. Now suppose it is the will of some man, giving you a great inheritance, you will become interested. This Book tells me of this inheritance. What can the geologists tell you about the Rock of Ages? He can tell you about the rocks of this world. What does the astronomer know about the bright and morning star? He can tell you about other stars. God did not tell Joshua how to use the sword and fight in the promised land, but he told him to meditate upon the law day and night, and no one could stand before him. These words apply to every one here. This sword cuts right and left, and with it a man can cut his enemies right up to the throne of God.

A man filled with the Spirit dwells much with the Scrip-

ture. Peter quoted Scripture at the day of Pentecost, when he was full of the Holy Ghost. This is the sword of the Spirit. What is a man good for if he has no weapon? We don't know how to use this sword; we should get into the habit of using it. David says, "Thy Word have I hid in my heart." A good thing in a good place for a good purpose. If you lose your health, you lie upon your bed and feed upon the Word of God.

When you meet together to dine it is better to bring out the Bible than to bring on wine. I was glad in England at seeing that done in a great many of the houses of the upper classes. An Englishman said to me, "Moody, did you ever observe this, that Job is the key to the whole Bible?" I said, "No, I never did." He said, "If you get a key to Job you get a key to the whole Bible." "What has Job to do with the Bible?" He said, "I will tell you. I will divide the subject into seven heads. First, Job, before he was tried, was a perfect man untried. He was like Adam in Eden until Satan came in. Second, he was tried by adversity. Third, the wisdom of the world is represented by Job's friends trying to restore him. See what language they used. They were wonderfully wise men, but they could not help Job out of his difficulties. Men are miserable comforters when they do not understand the grace of God. Job could stand his scolding wife and his boils better than these men's arguments; they made him worse instead of better. Fifth, God speaks, and Job humbles himself in the dust. God, before He saves a man, brings him down into the dust. He does not talk about how he has fed the hungry and clothed the naked, but he says, 'I am vile.' Seventh, God restores him, and the last end of Job was better than the first. So the last state of man is better than the first. It is better than the state of Adam, because Adam might have lived ten thousand years and then fallen; therefore it is better for us to be outside of Eden with Christ than that we should be in Eden without Him. God gave Job double as much wealth as he had before, but He only gave him ten children. He had ten before his calamity came upon him. That is worthy of notice. God would not admit that Job had lost any children. He gave him ten here and ten in heaven."

We want the Word of God so hidden in our hearts that we will be constrained to speak of Him. Many flinty hearts and scoffers have come to the meetings, but before they left, they have been converted to God. A man while in a saloon picked up a newspaper containing a report of one of the meetings, the first line of which was, "Where art thou?" The man was struck with it, and said to himself, "I am not in the right place," and left. He came to the meeting and was converted, and is now leading a Christian life. We must take the Bible without prejudice, and not as Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, or Episcopalians. I advise all to have a Bible which they can call their own, and to get the best that can be procured. It might be said that it cost too much money; but so much the better, it will be valued all the more, and will stand usage longer. I have carried the Bible I now use to California and to Europe and back, and nothing would induce me to part with it. It has been a great comfort to me, and I have found much pleasure in it. It might be argued that the kind I recommend is too large for a man to put in his pocket. Then carry it under your arm; you should always be willing to show your colors; and if you have to walk five miles, you will just be preaching a sermon five miles long. I have known a man convicted by seeing another carrying his Bible under his arm. Get a good Bible, for then you are likely to take better care of it. Suppose you pay ten dollars for a good Bible, the older you grow the more precious will it become to you. But be sure you don't get one so good that you will be afraid to mark it.

HINTS ON BIBLE MARKING.

If I were to go and hear Dr. Newton preach a sermon, I would turn to my Bible, which I always carry with me, and on the margin mark down some of the heads of the discourse, with the date, and five years after, these heads would freshen my mind upon the sermon. Every one in studying the Bible should make notes on the margin of any matter bearing upon particular passages. It impresses the subject upon the mind, and in after years, if the necessity occur for a recurrence to it, an explanation can be given at once.

In marking your Bible draw horizontal lines under the words required to convey the thought, and call them "*Underlines*;" and then draw diagonal lines across the page to connect them; these diagonal lines call "*Railways*."

In any given verse, underline *only* the word or words required to convey the thought; leaving other words to be underlined in connection with other thoughts which may occur hereafter.

It often occurs that "Railways" are connected with two or three separate parts of one verse. This can only be expressed by carefully observing the above Rule.

The connection between an underline and a "*Railway*" should always be made at one end of the underline, and not in the middle of an underline.

Draw the "*Railways*" on each page as nearly as possible at the same angle; by so doing, the print will be far less interfered with.

A "*Railway*" continued into the Margin and ended with a letter or number, indicates that a similar continuation, with a corresponding letter or number, will be found elsewhere on the same page (though it may be in the other column.)

If a connection be needed with a *distant* page, the same is indicated by continuing the "*Railway*" into the Margin, and writing at the end of the "*Railway*" the chapter and verse with which it is connected, thus:—*See page 47, Luke 8. 50.*

A "*Railway*" may often be useful to connect a verse with a group of jottings or foot notes, thus:—*See top of page 57, Ex. 28. 1. Also page 158, Heb. 2. 17.*

Never draw "*Railways*" without a small Ruler, and a fine Etching Pen; and be very careful that the underlines and the "*Railways*" are drawn accurately.

Draw all lines as lightly as possible, particularly the "*Railways*."

Make your own Marginal references as freely as possible, writing each verse against the other, thus:—*Heb. 2: 11 = Ex. 25. 19: write Heb. 2. 11 beside Ex. 25. 19; and Ex. 25. 19 beside Heb. 2. 11.*

In all jottings or "*Notes*," be very concise, so as to occupy little space.

SIGNS AND ABBREVIATIONS.

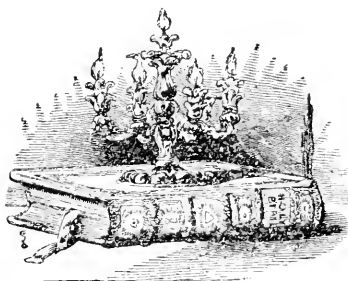
⊙ signifies the new Rendering according to Alford.

✕ signifies a Foot-note or Head-note.

△ “ “Trinity.”

Ctr. “ Contrast.

Cf. “ Compare.



CHAPTER XX.

MOODY'S GEMS OF CHRISTIAN THOUGHT.



HE peculiar aptness and power of some of Mr. Moody's running comments on texts of Scripture will appear in the following selections :—

Poor drunkard ! Come to Christ ; Christ is stronger than strong drink !

Judas got near enough to Christ to kiss Him, and yet went down to damnation.

We have three great enemies : the world, the flesh, and the devil. But we have also three great friends : the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

You should be in earnest about seeking God. He was in earnest when he gave His Son to die for sinners. Christ was *in earnest* when he hung upon the cross.

A good many people are complaining all the time about themselves, and crying out :—" My leanness ! my leanness ! " when they ought rather to say, " My laziness ! my laziness ! "

A man once wanted to sell me a " Book of Wonders." I took it and looked it over, and could not find anything in it about Calvary. What a mistake ! A book of wonders—and the greatest wonder of all left out !

" What shall I then do with Jesus which is called Christ ? " Pilate has Christ on his hands, and now he wants to know how to get rid of Him. So it is with every convicted soul !

who is not ready to be saved now. Poor Pilate ! Poor Herod ! Poor Agrippa ! How near they got to the kingdom of heaven, and yet never got in.

Do you think it was an awful thing for those Jews to choose Barabbas instead of Jesus ? All you who are refusing to become Christians this afternoon are worse than they ; for instead of Christ you choose Satan himself.

There are some who say, " We don't have any sympathy with these special efforts ;" and I sympathize with that objection. I believe it is the privilege of the child of God to make *continuous* efforts for the salvation of others, every day throughout the year.

Many of the Bible characters fell just in the things in which they were thought to be the strongest. Moses failed in his humility, Abraham in his faith, Elijah in his courage, for one woman scared him away to that juniper tree ; and Peter, whose strong point was boldness, was so frightened by a maid, as to deny his Lord.

Let no time be spent in arguments. I believe that is a work of the devil, to take off attention and cause delay. If a man comes to argue, we should go on our knees, pray with him, and then let him go. Job never fell until he got into an argument with his friends ; he could stand his boils, and all his other afflictions, better than an argument.

It is said of David's mighty men that they were right and left-handed. They were wholly consecrated ; they could use their left or their right hands for the king. That is what we want in London. Men who are right-handed and left-handed for the King of Glory. Men who can use their eyes, and tongues, and ears, and everything for the Lord Jesus.

Paul said he was the " chief of sinners ;" and if the chief has gone up on high, there is hope for everybody else. The devil makes us believe that we are good enough without salvation, if he can ; and if he cannot make us believe that, he

says, "You are so bad the Lord won't have you ;" and so he tries to make people believe they are either too good or too bad to be converted.

One reason why we don't have more answers to our prayers is because we are not thankful enough. The divine injunction is, "Be careful for nothing ; but in everything by prayer and supplication, *with thanksgiving*, let your requests be made known unto God." Some one has well said there are three things in this verse : careful for nothing—prayerful for everything—thankful for anything.

Naaman left only one thing in Samaria, and that was his sin—his leprosy : and the only thing God wishes you to leave is your sin. And yet it is the only thing you seem not to care about giving up. "Oh," you say, "I love leprosy ; it is so delightful, I can't give it up. I know God wants it, that He may make me clean. But I can't give it up." Why, what downright madness it is to love leprosy !

"*Now* is the accepted time." The last night I preached in Farwell Hall, in Chicago, I made the greatest mistake of my life. I told the people to take that text home with them and pray over it. But as we went out the fire-bells were ringing, and I never saw that audience again. The fire had come. The city was in ashes ; and perhaps some of those very people were burned up in it. There is no other time to be saved but *now*.

"And now abideth faith, hope, charity—these three ; but the greatest of these is charity." Love is the greatest of God's gifts, and of all the Christian virtues. I don't think we shall require faith when we get to heaven. Before the throne of God we shall walk by sight, and not by faith. Nor shall we need hope there, as we shall have attained to the full measure of possession. Faith and hope will be past, but love will still reign. Therefore love is called the greatest.

There are but few now that say, "Here am I, Lord ; send me ;" the cry now is, "Send some one else. Send the min-

ister, send the church officers, the church wardens, the elders ; but not me. I have not got the ability, the gifts, or the talents." Ah ! honestly say you have not got the heart ; for if the heart is loyal, God can use you. It is really all a matter of heart. It does not take God a great while to qualify a man for his work, if he only has the heart for it.

The most powerful sermon Christ ever preached was His discourse to Nicodemus. I believe there have been more souls born again by reading the third chapter of St. John's Gospel than by reading any other chapter in the Bible. And that beautiful and wonderful sermon was preached to *one man* only ! If we Christians have the same mind that Christ had, not despising the day of small things, but each one of us doing what we can to bring some one to the Saviour, we shall see a great work accomplished.

Our Lord said on one occasion, "There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the Gospel's, but he shall receive a hundredfold more in this present world, and in the world to come life everlasting." But Peter answering said, "Lo, we have left *all*, and followed Thee." So it always is. We make much of our sacrifices. What *had* the disciples left ? A few old broken nets, and some boats. What did they get in exchange ? The kingdom of God !

I wish people would use their dictionaries more and study the meaning of some of these Bible words. There is that word "repentance." Some people are saying, "Why don't Mr. Moody tell us more about repentance?" Well, what is repentance ? Some one says it is a "godly sorrow for sin." But I tell you a man can't have a godly sorrow, or a godly anything-else till after he repents. Repentance means right-about face ! Some one says, "Man is born with his back towards God, and repentance is turning square round."

When men going up in a balloon have ascended a little height, things down here begin to look very small indeed.

What had seemed very grand and imposing, now seem as mere nothings; and the higher they rise the smaller everything on earth appears;—it gets fainter and fainter as they rise, till the railway train, dashing along at fifty miles an hour, seems like a thread, and scarcely appears to be moving at all, and the grand piles of buildings seem now like mere dots. So it is when we get near heaven: earth's treasures, earth's cares, look very small.

Did any of you ever go down into a coalpit, fifteen hundred or two thousand feet, right down into the bowels of the earth? If you have, don't you know that it would be sheer madness to try to climb up the steep sides of that shaft and so get out of the pit? Of course, you couldn't leap out of it; in fact, you couldn't get out of it at all by yourself. But I'll tell you this,—you could get out of a coalpit fifteen hundred feet deep a good deal quicker than you can get out of the pit that Adam took you into. When Adam went down into it, he took the whole human family with him. But the Lord can take us out.

A friend of mine was walking along the streets one dark night, when he saw a man coming along with a lantern. As he came up close to him, he noticed by the bright light that the man had no eyes. He went past him; but the thought struck him, "Surely that man is blind!" He turned round and said, "My friend, are you not blind?" "Yes," was the answer. "Then what have you got the lantern for?" "I carry the lantern," said the blind man, "that people may not stumble over me." Let us take a lesson from that blind man, and hold up our light, burning with the clear radiance of heaven, that men may not stumble over us.

I once heard of two men who, under the influence of liquor, came down one night to where their boat was tied; they wanted to return home, so they got in and began to row. They pulled away hard all night, wondering why they never got to the other side of the bay. When the gray dawn of morning broke, behold, they had never loosed the mooring line or raised the anchor! And that's just the way with

many who are striving to enter the kingdom of heaven. They cannot believe, because they are tied to this world. Cut the cord ! cut the cord ! Set yourselves free from the clogging weight of earthly things, and you will soon go on towards heaven.

Read the 103rd Psalm, and mark how the Psalmist bids us, "forget not all His benefits." Some one has said we cannot remember them all, but we must not forget them all—they are too numerous too keep them all in mind, but let us keep some of them in mind. Observe five things in the 3rd, 4th, and 5th verses of this psalm :—(1) "He forgiveth all thine iniquities." (2) "He healeth all thy diseases." (3) "He redeemeth thy life from destruction." (4) "He crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies." But there are very many crowned heads that are still not satisfied. God, therefore, does more,—(5) "He satisfieth thy soul." What more can we have than that ?

When Jesus, along with His little band of disciples, came to the grave wherein Lazarus was laid, they found it covered by a stone. Jesus could have removed the stone Himself ; but, notice, He bade His followers to remove the stone. And we find that after the Master had restored the dead man to life, He also said to them : "Loose him and let him go." The Master could have loosed him ; but He said to His disciples : "You loose Him." What lesson does the Master mean to teach us by this ? He means to teach His followers that, whilst He alone can speak the word of life to dead souls, He wants us to remove the stone, and to loose the poor souls and let them go. He would have us to be co-workers with Him.

Some people tell us it does not make any difference what a man believes if he is only sincere. One Church is just as good as another if you are only sincere. I do not believe any greater delusion ever came out of the pit of hell than that. It is ruining more souls at the present than anything else. I never read of any men more sincere or more earnest than those men at Mount Carmel—those false prophets. They were terribly in earnest. You do not read of men getting so in

earnest now that they take knives and cut themselves. Look at them leaping upon their altars; hear their cry—"Oh Baal! oh Baal!" We never heard that kind of prayer on this platform. They acted like madmen. They were terribly in earnest: yet did not God hear their cry? They were all slain.

You have all sinned and come short of the glory of God, but God comes and says, "I will pardon you. Come now, and let us reason together." "Now" is one of the words of the Bible the devil is afraid of. He says, "Do not be in a hurry; there is plenty of time: do not be good now." He knows the influence of that word "now." "To-morrow" is the devil's word. The Lord's word is "now." God says, "Come now, and let us reason together. Though your sins are as scarlet, they shall be white as snow. Though they be red as crimson, I will make them as wool." Scarlet and crimson are two fast colors; you would not get the color out without destroying the garment. God says, "Though your sins are as scarlet and crimson, I will make them as wool and snow. I will do it now."

I have an idea that there are thousands of crownless saints in heaven. They just barely get in at the doors. They have, indeed, been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb; but there is no reward for them. They have sought their own ease in this world; they have not sought to work for Christ here below; therefore, though admitted to heaven, they enjoy no distinguished reward. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." But none of those that have lost heart, and have given up working for the Master here, will shine as the stars, or receive the great reward hereafter. For those careless ones there is no bright glory, no place near the throne; they have just got in at the gates—that's all!

When it is dark and stormy here, strive to rise higher and higher, near to Christ; and you will find it all calm there. You know that it is the highest mountain peaks that catch the

first rays of the sun. So those who rise highest catch the first news from heaven. It is those sunny Christians who go through the world with smiles on their faces, that win souls. And, on the other hand, it is those Christians who go through the world hanging their heads like bulrushes, that scare people away from religion. Why, it's a libel on Christianity for a religious man to go about with such a downcast look ! What does the Master say ?—"My joy I leave with you, my joy I give unto you." Depend upon it, if our minds were stayed upon Him, we should have perfect peace ; and with perfect peace we should have perfect joy.

"I waited patiently for the Lord, and He inclined unto me ; and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings ; and He hath put a new song in my mouth." Now in those three verses that little word *He* occurs three times : *He* heard my cry ; *He* brought me up out of the pit ; and *He* put a new song in my mouth. There is nothing there for the sinner to do—is there ? *He* does it all. The great trouble people have now-a-days is to make a new song for themselves. Why, you cannot sing without God tunes your heart and voice ! You cannot establish your own goings. You have tried that—have you not ? How many times have you tried to get the control over your temper, or said, I will do this, and I will do that, and have failed every time ? You can't do it yourselves. *He* must do the saving.

"Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." I often rejoice Christ did not say this to that woman at the well, nor to that woman who was a sinner. If He had spoken it to them, people would have said, "Oh, that poor woman needed to be converted ; but I am a moral character—I do not need to be converted. Regeneration will do for harlots, thieves, and drunkards ; but we who are moral do not need it." But who did Christ say this to ? He said it to Nicodemus. Who was he ? He was one of the church dignitaries ; he stood as high as any man in Jerusalem, except the high priest himself. He belonged to the seventy rulers of the Jews ; he was a doctor of divinity, and taught the law. There

is not one word of Scripture against him ; he was a man that stood out before the whole nation as of pure and spotless character. And what does Christ say to him ?—" Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

There is a large class of people who are always looking upon the dark side. Some time ago, I myself got under the juniper tree. In those days I used to fish all night, and catch nothing. One of the workers in our Mission came in to see me one Monday morning, full of joy, saying what a good Sunday he had. " Well," said I, " I am glad you have had a good day ; but I have had a very bad one." He knew I had been in trouble of mind, and so he said, " Did you ever study Noah ?" " No," said I ; " I have read about him, but I don't know that I have ever studied him." " Well," said he, " study him. It will do you good." So I began to study Noah, and I found out that he preached for a hundred and twenty years without making a single convert. " That is a good deal worse than my case," thought I ; and that made me feel better at once. That day I went down to the noon prayer meeting, and one poor sinner rose and asked us to pray for him. " What would old Noah have given for that ?" thought I. I tell you, my friends, what we want is perseverance. When God sets us at anything, we want to keep at it, and leave all the consequences with Him.

I can imagine when Christ said to the little band around Him, " Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel," Peter said, " Lord, do You really mean that we are to go back to Jerusalem and preach the Gospel to those men that murdered You ?" " Yes," said Christ ; " go, hunt up that man that spit in my face, and tell him he shall have a seat in my kingdom if he will accept of salvation as a gift. Yes, Peter ; go, find that man that made that cruel crown of thorns and placed it on my brow, and tell him I will have a crown ready for him when he comes into my kingdom, and no thorns in it. I will give him a crown of life. Hunt up that man that took a reed and brought it down over the cruel thorns, driving them into my brow, and tell him I will put a sceptre in his hand, and he shall rule over the nations of the earth if he

will accept salvation. Search for the man that drove the spear into my side, and tell him there is a nearer way to my heart than that. Tell him I forgive him freely, and that he can be saved if he will accept of salvation as a gift. Go to the men that drove the nails into my hands and feet, and tell them I forgive them freely, and that they shall have a seat in my kingdom if they will accept of it. Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to *every* creature."

Many think they have been born again because they go to church. A great many say, "Oh ! yes, I am a Christian ; I go to church every Sabbath." Let me say here that there is no one in all London that goes to church so regularly as Satan. He is always there before the minister, and he is the last one out. There is not a church or a chapel, in London, but that he is a regular attendant of it. The idea that he is only down in the slums and lanes and alleys of London is a false one. The idea that he is only in public-houses—I will confess I think he is there, and that he is doing his work very well—but to think that he is only there, is a false idea. He is wherever the Word is preached ; it is his business to be there and catch the seed. He is here to-night. Some of you may go to sleep but he won't. Some of you may not listen to the sermon, but he will. He will be watching and when the seed is just entering into some heart he will go and catch it away. Now, I tell you, my dear friends, before you get home the devil will meet you and say, "Don't believe it,—you can't be saved that easy ;" and you will have a terrible struggle with him. But I'll tell you what to do when he meets you. Just quote scripture to him, and he will flee away at once. That's what the Saviour did. He said to him, "It is written—it is written,"—and away went the devil in an instant ; he couldn't stand Scripture. And that's the only way to conquer him. Say to him, "It is written, and I believe the Word of God before I believe you, devil,"—and depend on it he will leave you.

SELECTIONS FROM SANKEY'S HYMNS.

The following selections from "Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs,"* by Bliss and Sankey, include those which were first introduced to the public by Mr. Sankey. One of his favorites, "The Ninety and Nine," will be found on page 254, and another, the "Farewell Hymn" that was sung at the close of nearly all of Moody and Sankey's meetings, on page 390.

I AM PRAYING FOR YOU.

"Evening and morning and at noon will I pray.—Psa. lv. 17.

- 1 I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,
A dear loving Saviour, though earth-friends be few ;
And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me,
And oh that my Saviour, were your Saviour, too !

CHO.—For you I am praying,
For you I am praying,
For you I am praying,
I'm praying for you.

- 2 I have a Father: to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon will He call me to meet Him in heaven,
But oh that He'd let me bring you with me too!

- 3 I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view:
Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness,
Dear friend could I see you receive one too !

- 4 I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of the world never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And oh, could I know it was given to you !

- 5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too ;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you !

* This may be had of the publisher of this volume. In paper covers with music, 30 cents. Cloth, 50 cents. Will be sent to any address, post paid, on receipt of price.

THE CROSS OF JESUS.

His children shall have a place of refuge."—Prov. xiv. 26

- 1 Beneath the Cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand—
The shadow of a mighty Rock,
Within a weary land.
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat,
And the burden of the day.
- 2 O safe and happy shelter,
O refuge tried and sweet,
O trysting-place where Heaven's love,
And Heaven's justice meet !
As to the Holy Patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's Cross to me,
A ladder up to heaven.
- 3 There lies beneath its shadows,
But on the further side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That gapes both deep and wide;
And there between us stands the Cross,—
Two arms outstretched to save,—
Like a watchman set to guard the way
From that eternal grave.
- 4 Upon that Cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One,
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart with tears,
Two wonders I confess—
The wonders of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.
- 5 I take, O Cross, Thy shadow
For my abiding place ;
I ask no other sunshine
Than the sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,—
My sinful self, my only shame,—
My glory all the Cross.

THE WONDROUS GIFT.

“By grace are ye saved.”—Ephesians ii. 8.

- 1 Grace ! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear ;
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

REF.—Saved by grace alone,
 This is all my plea ;
 Jesus died for all mankind,
 And Jesus died for me.

- 2 Grace first contrived a way
 To save rebellious man ;
 And all the steps that grace display,
 Which drew the wondrous plan.

- 3 Grace taught my roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road ;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.

- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days ;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves our praise.

 SUBSTITUTION.

“He was wounded for our transgressions.”—Isaiah liii. 5.

- 1 O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head ?
 Our load was laid on Thee ;
 Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
 Didst bear all ill for me.
 A Victim led, Thy blood was shed ;
 Now there's no load for me.
- 2 Death and the curse were in our cup—
 O Christ, 'twas full for Thee !
 But thou hast drained the last dark drop—
 'Tis empty now for me.
 That bitter cup—love drank it up ;
 Now blessings' draught for me.

- 3 Jehovah lifted up His rod—
O Christ it fell on Thee !
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God ;
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed ;
Thy bruising healeth me.
- 4 The tempest's awful voice was heard—
O Christ, it broke on Thee !
Thy open bosom was my ward,
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred ;
Now cloudless peace for me.
- 5 Jehovah bade His sword awake—
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee !
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake ;
Thy heart its sheath must be—
All for my sake, my peace to make ;
Now sleeps that sword for me.
- 6 For me, Lord Jesus, thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee !
Thou'rt risen: my hands are all untied,
And now Thou liv'st in me.
When purified, made white, and tried
Thy GLORY then for me.
-

NOT NOW MY CHILD.

" Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."—
Psalms iv. 6.

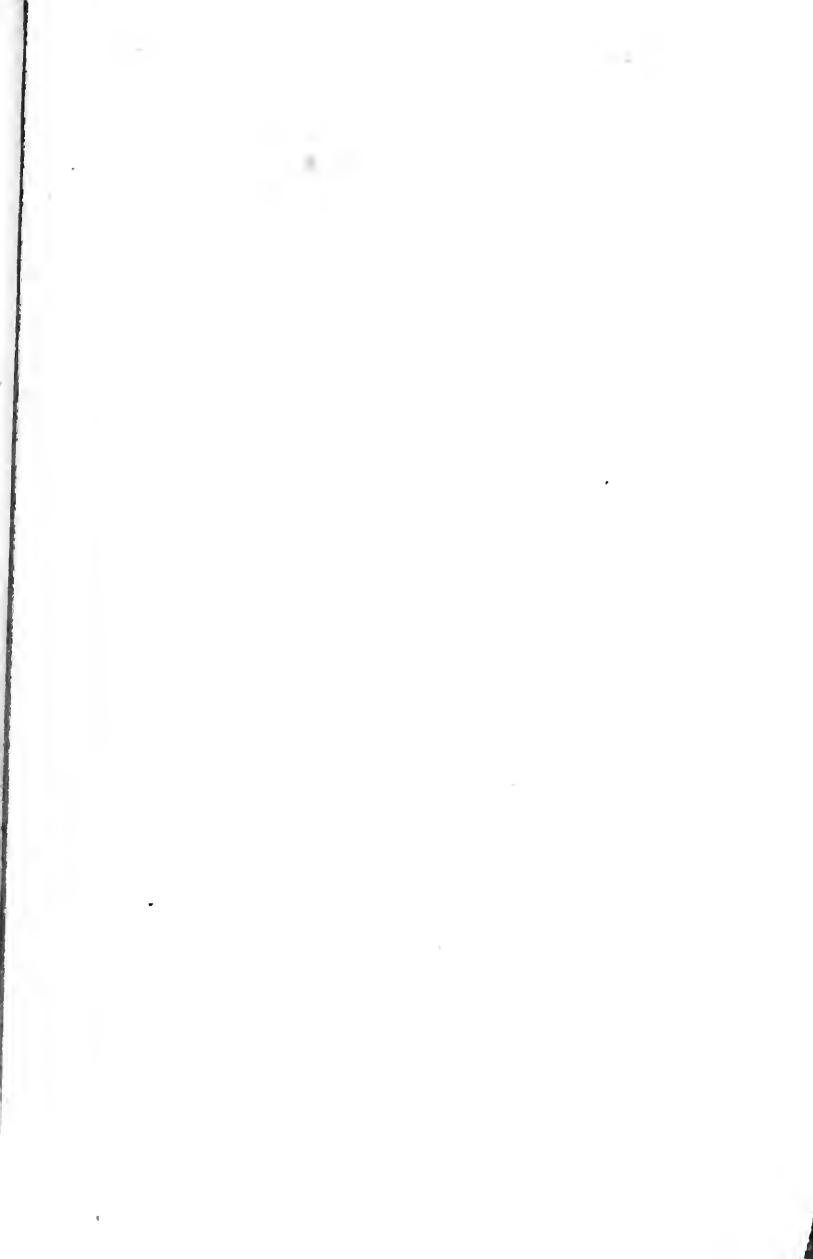
- 1 Not now, my child—a little more rough tossing,
A little longer on the billows' foam ;
A few more journeyings in the desert darkness,
And then the sunshine of thy Father's home !
- 2 Not now ; for I have wanderers in the distance,
And thou must call them in with patient love ;
Not now ; for I have sheep upon the mountains,
And thou must follow them wher'er they rove.
- 3 Not now ; for I have loved ones sad and weary ;
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile ?
Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow ;
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while ?
- 4 Not now ; for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing ;
Not now ; for orphan's tears are quickly falling,
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

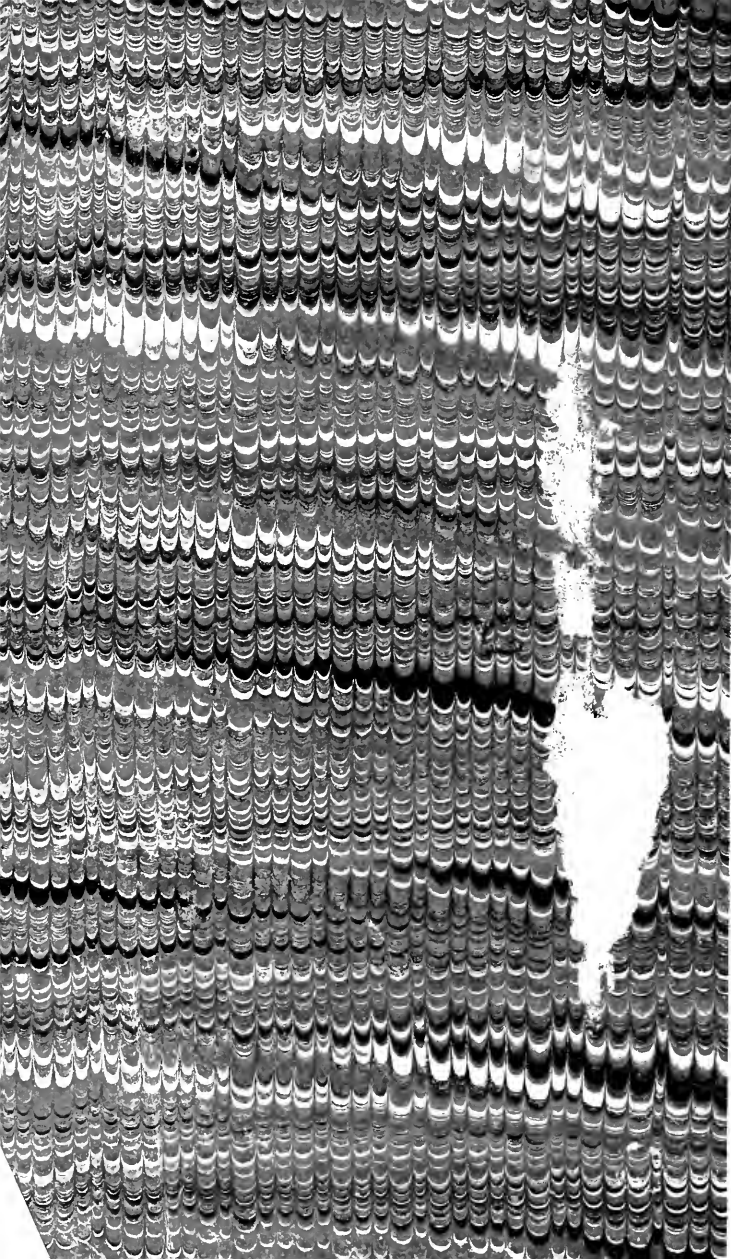
- 5 Go, with the name of Jesus, to the dying,
 And speak that Name in all its living power ;
 Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary ?
 Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour ?
- One little hour ! and then the glorious crowning,
 The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm ;
 One little hour ! and then the hallelujah !
 Eternity's long, deep thanksgiving psalm !

IT PASSETH KNOWLEDGE.

The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."— Eph. iii. 19.

- 1 It passeth knowledge ; that dear love of Thine
 My Jesus ! Saviour ! Yet this soul of mine
 Would of that love, in all its depth and length,
 Its height, and breadth, and everlasting strength,
 Know more and more.
- 2 It passeth *telling* ! that dear love of Thine,
 My Jesus ! Saviour ! Yet these lips of mine
 Would fain proclaim to sinners far and near
 A love which can remove all guilty fear,
 And love beget.
- 3 It passeth *praises* ! that dear love of Thine,
 My Jesus ! Saviour ! Yes this heart of mine
 Would sing a love so rich, so full, so free,
 Which brought an undone sinner, such as me,
 Right home to God.
- 4 But ah ! I cannot tell, or sing, or know,
 The fulness of that love, whilst here below
 Yet my poor vessel I may freely bring ;—
 O Thou who art of love the living spring,
 My vessel fill.
- 5 I *am* an empty vessel ! scarce one thought
 Or look of love to Thee I've ever brought
 Yet I *may* come, and come again to Thee
 With this—the contrite sinner's truthful plea—
 “ *Thou lovest me !* ”
- 6 Oh ! *fill* me, Jesus ! Saviour ! with Thy love
 May woes but drive me to the fount above
 Thither may I in childlike faith draw nigh,
 And never to another fountain fly
 But unto Thee.
- 7 And when, my Jesus ! Thy dear face I see,
 When at Thy lofty throne I bend the knee,
 Then of Thy love—in all its breadth and length,
 Its height, and depth, and everlasting strength—
 My soul shall sing.





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